Seeing Europe Through SIGHTLESS EYES

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

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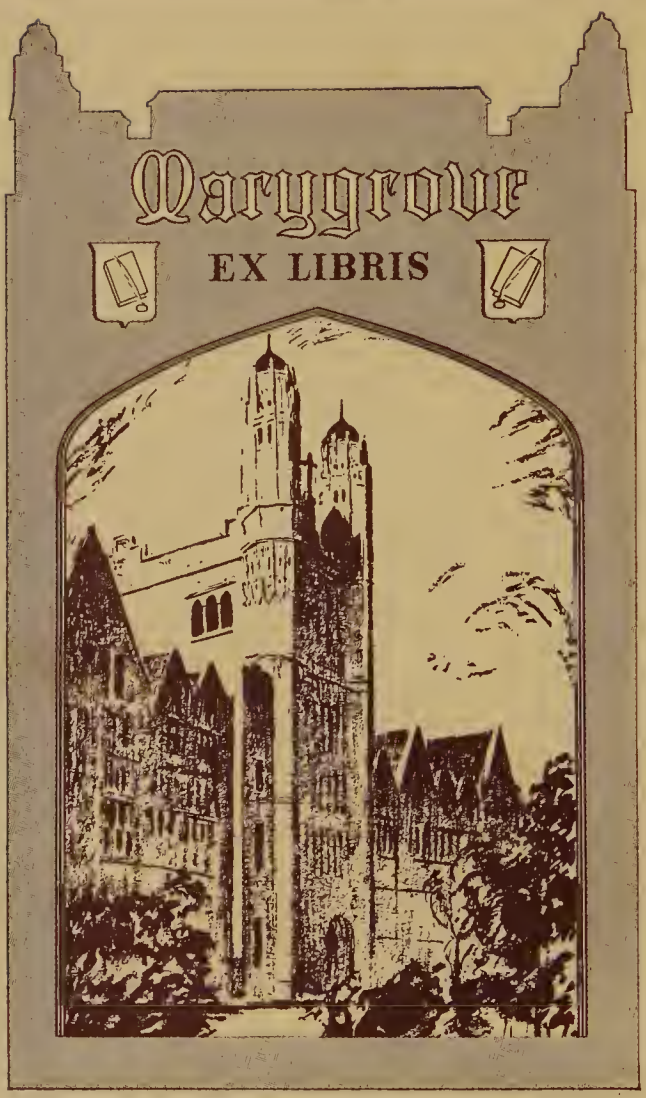
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Almeda C. Adams

SEEING EUROPE THROUGH SIGHTLESS EYES

BY

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

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FOREWORD

LEST the purpose of this little book be misunderstood, I must beg of you who do me the honor to take it in hand, that you pause a moment to read this foreword.

Perhaps that purpose may best be defined by stating what it is not.

First, it is not a book on travel. The author is far too conscious of her limitations to attempt any such task. By the same sign, neither is it a treatise on Art nor yet a study in the psychology of blindness.

It is just the simple story of a happy year, and its object is threefold. First, to bring to others, if she may, something of the marvelous thrill, the deep gladness, which the experience brought to her.

A joy shared is a joy doubled and so the writer has dared to hope that she might add her tiny measure to the sum of happiness, of which there is not too much in this old world.

But this little book is the outgrowth of an impulse much more vital and far-reaching than the mere giving of pleasure, namely, the hope that it may awaken in the hearts of those who read, a deeper sense of the unity of all human life and human experience, no matter in what language those experiences may find expression. Thus shall the writer have added her tiny torch to light that flame of universal love and understanding which shall some day outlaw war from the world.

Last, but by no means least, this book is offered as a tribute, all too unworthy, to the beloved lady to whom the writer owes, not only this perfect year, but also many other joys which her shadowed life has known. She will not permit

me to use her name. I can therefore but dedicate this book to My Wonder Lady, with all the deepest love and devotion of my heart.

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

503 Frederick Building,
Cleveland, O.

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SEEING EUROPE THROUGH SIGHTLESS EYES

Pension Stoessinger,
47 Augsburgerstrasse,
Berlin, Germany.
September 15, 1926.

My Beloved Friends Overseas:

To you, who in the past have been kind enough to be interested in my very ordinary and uneventful life and my commonplace personality, I am going to write, in full detail, the story of the only real event which has ever distinguished my humble history. If, in inflicting upon you this narrative, I am presuming too far upon that kindly interest, please do not hesitate to consign this letter to the obscurity of the waste basket without the least compunction, because I fully realize that this experience cannot possibly assume the vital importance or bring the intense thrill to any one else which it is constantly doing to me.

There is a certain young soprano as yet unknown to fame, but of whom I feel sure that the world will some day hear. Her name is Esther Cadkin and if you ever see it on a programme, go and hear her. She has studied for several years with the noted teacher, Percy Rector Stephens of New York. Last spring the Wonderful Lady of the Great Heart, who is her patroness, decided that it was time for her to go abroad in order to bear that foreign stamp and acquire that cosmopolitan culture which a singer must have in order to achieve success.

When this wonderful lady did me the honor of asking me

to accompany Miss Cadkin as her chaperone, I was at first quite overwhelmed. Now, as a chaperone, I am sure I would be a howling success. Brave indeed would be the young specimen of masculinity who would dare to face my frowning visage and capture the maiden under my charge. Miss Cadkin is a most charming and vivid young person, and she is as attractive to young men as a sugar jar to flies; still I have full confidence in my ability to fend off these dangerous foes to the success of a singer. But a chaperone who takes a singer to foreign fields has need of other qualifications than the ability to look fierce and forbidding, and as I had never been abroad, as I am a very humble person without foreign connections or influence of any sort, I felt that Our Lady of the Great Heart had made a bad choice and I told her so. But perhaps because of my advanced age and my aforementioned ability as a buffer or for some other reason, she seemed to think that I was the person.

A trip abroad is a thing of which all my life long I have dreamed. I am a poor sleeper and through long wakeful nights I have painted dazzling pictures of Paris, Berlin and the Swiss Alps. But never in my wildest moments did I hope to see those wondrous places except in dreams. My friend, if you have any dear desire and wonder dream, do not give up hope of its realization, for nothing is impossible. This I am learning. Life is a very checkered thing. Sometimes we think its colors are all somber blacks and blues; but always the Great Artist has waiting for all of us some beautiful days all pink and gold and glorious and we never can tell when the picture will suddenly glow and sparkle with loveliness.

We sailed from New York on the U. S. ship "President Roosevelt" on Wednesday, August 11th, at high noon. Our stateroom which, by the way, was very commodious, having real beds instead of berths and running hot and cold water, was bright with flowers, the gifts of loving and thoughtful friends who thus wished us bon voyage, and we spent a large part of the first afternoon reading our dear boat letters.

The "President Roosevelt" is a boat of medium size, but she distinguished herself and her captain, if you remember,

by rescuing a small boat in the Pacific Ocean several years ago in the midst of a severe storm. Her commander, Captain Fried, was given a great ovation on his return to New York. He is, by the way, an extremely modest man and hates to be lionized.

We should by every sign have had a delightful trip over. The sun shone and the water was like glass most of the time. But my companion is a better singer than sailor, I am sorry to say, and disgraced herself by being very ill almost every moment of the trip. And her chaperone equally disgraced herself by worrying needlessly. Never having seen an extreme case of seasickness, I imagined all sorts of things and only you who know me, know what a worry bug I can have on occasion. Possibly I might have given a little better account of myself if I had not been desperately tired when we started, but perhaps this is only an alibi after all.

We had expected to land at Bremen and go from there immediately to Berlin. But when I learned that the boat stopped at Cherbourg and that a convoy came and took off passengers, I determined to get my young lady off the briny deep at the earliest possible moment. Not quite that, for we did stop at Plymouth the afternoon before we reached Cherbourg, but England was not in our line of march. Does a water trip have a line of march?

Seldom have I felt a more intense thrill than that which the shores of Plymouth gave me. For the first time in all my thoroughly American existence, I realized what it really meant for that little band of Pilgrims to turn their faces from that beautiful friendly shore towards a wild and unknown sea, a sea then almost uncharted, to adventure upon it in boats which we would consider about as seaworthy as egg shells, to leave behind all that they knew as home and sail in these utterly futile craft to a shore, the very location of which was wrapped in mystery. This they did. This heritage of heroism, of devotion to an ideal, of high adventure, they left to us.

Ah, tragic it seems to me that we should be and are so unworthy of that legacy, that we have so little real brotherhood for all mankind, that our men in high places so often

fail to hold as a hallowed trust the money and power placed in their hands, that we live so softly, love so scantly, worship so casually. "Pessimistic," you say? Perhaps, but as I watched the green shores of Plymouth, I could but feel that we were not worthy of our Pilgrim forebears.

The boat which took us from the "Roosevelt" to land at Cherbourg was a good deal like a New York ferry-boat. The trip from Cherbourg to Paris took seven hours, though an American train would, I think, have made it in four. Nobody seems to know how far any place is from any other over here. You ask them and they just tell you how many hours it takes.

We reached Paris about four in the afternoon. Tired? Yes. Thrilled? Oh, a thousand times Yes! With my usual faculty of doing the wrong thing, we went first to the hotel which had been recommended to us—a cheap downtown hostelry. I thought we would hardly like it so we squandered taxi fares going to two others, which we liked less, and came back to the one from which we started. Efficiency? Oh, no. Just plain stupidity. The little hotel was, or rather is, called "Hotel Madelaine" and is situated on Rue de Surene just back of the Cathedral Magdalene. It is nothing remarkable in any way unless it be remarkable for noise. The family who kept it consisted of monsieur, madame, and their daughter, the charming young mademoiselle. I liked them better than any French people I met.

Our first day in Paris was spent trying to get our bearings and having a shampoo and, by the way, in spite of all they say about French skill in that direction, it was a very poor one.

On Saturday we went with a party, sent by one of the touring agencies, to Versailles. Perhaps if one knows the ropes the touring agencies are not the ideal way, but for strangers and especially inefficient ones like us they are certainly lifesavers. I had a strange experience in the beginning. The guide, when he discovered that I was without sight, was determined that I should remain in the car the whole afternoon and evening. In vain I reminded him that the company which employed him had sold me the ticket knowing perfectly

the circumstances. He said blind people ought to stay in their rooms and he became so disagreeable that I finally was obliged simply to insist that I was going. Then he said, "You shut up then and don't speak a word or I will throw you out." It was dreadful, and for a few moments I really felt that I could not stay, but when the rest of the party discovered the situation the men said some exceedingly plain things to him and he immediately began trying to be very polite. His attitude toward my handicap seemed to reflect a feeling universal in Paris. Everywhere people looked their disapproval of me and of Esther for having me. It would seem that they shut their sightless people up in cages or something of the sort. I had heard much of French polish but frankly I failed to see any evidence of it except in the clerks who serve one in stores and in the nice little family at our hotel. Of course, I realize that this may have been partially due to the fact that at present Americans are "persona non grata" to the French, and they certainly make no effort to conceal the fact.

We were unusually fortunate in our choice of the day. The fountains, whose magic transforms Versailles into an enchanted palace, were playing. They do this on Sunday as a rule, and then not more than once or twice a month, but this Saturday was made a Fête-day, and the whole scene was one of indescribable beauty. The Gardens of Versailles are to me less beautiful in themselves than those of Fontainebleau, but the palace is more interesting, and when the fountains play the whole scene is fairy-land.

The palace of Versailles is marvelous. Each salon is different from any other. The building is marble and gilt and every inch of wall space is covered either with mural paintings or exquisite tapestries. One room, the Salon de Miroirs, is entirely covered with mirrors and has in the center a chandelier of indescribable beauty.

The most interesting portion of the palace we did not see, and that too was because we had a poor guide. He was new to our tourist company and so many complaints were made of him that I doubt if they ever hired him again. The portion

which we failed to see was the suite of tiny apartments belonging to Marie Antoinette, to which she used to retire to escape the pressure of the life about her. Poor little Marie! The whole palace breathes the presence of that hapless young queen who died because she could not understand. Her life of luxury made it impossible for her to comprehend either the sufferings or the resentment of her people. She was not wicked, this poor little Marie; she just did not understand. I wonder if that is not the cause of all the trouble in the world.

We thought Versailles was beautiful in the afternoon, but the evening held still more wonderful revelations. At eight a concert was given by the stars from various opera houses, including some from the Grande. Their platform was a barge out on the little lake from which the music floated in like some mystic choir. A soprano and chorus gave the prison scene from "Il Trovatore," and one excerpt from "Samson" and a ballet danced in true French fashion.

During one of the intermissions, suddenly, without warning, a miracle happened. From under the fountain green lights shot up transforming the columns of water into green liquid trees from which white blossoming spray branches radiated as if a fairy forest were created by the touch of some magic wand. Then, just as suddenly, the lights were changed to red and it was as if fire glowed in the heart of each upspringing fountain. Again the lights changed from red to white and millions of diamonds sparkled every whither. You felt as if you were seeing all Marie Antoinette's jewels at once. As the light faded they sent up brilliant fireworks making a gorgeous finale to the color scheme. One was literally steeped in color.

Never before in my life have I felt that I really *saw* color, but this was so vivid that actually it seemed perceptible to other nerves than those of the eye. One bathed in color. One absorbed light. I cannot express what this experience meant to me. I seemed, that night, to have been born anew into your world of vision. Color has become to me a vivid reality. There are times, it is true, when I seem to lose this new color

sense but it always comes back. Will it make me able to see pictures, I wonder?

This marvelous display is, they tell us, very costly and is rarely indulged in. We certainly had to bless our Fate Genie for sending it the day we were there. My little Music Maiden was simply enraptured. All the sensitive, responsive chords of her thrilled to it and I can but feel that she will always sing better for having seen it.

Sunday morning we should have gone to church at one of the wonderful cathedrals of Paris, but in actual fact we stayed in bed until nearly noon. We were so weary. In the evening we went to the Opera Comique to hear "Lakme." It was a wonderful performance. The Grande Opera is, of course, the most expensive of the two opera houses of Paris, but to our way of thinking, the mantle of its former glory has fallen upon the Opera Comique. We heard "Faust" at the Grande later in the week and never heard a more wretched performance, and we heard "Louise," that epic of Parisian life, at the Comique and it was wonderful.

We saw less during the week that followed than we could have wished because Miss Cadkin was ill one day and not very strong thereafter. However, we did go to the Eiffel Tower. We also spent one day with the Cathedrals, seeing our neighbor, St. Magdalene, a comparatively modern and charming structure; also the Cathedral of Sacre Coeur, which stands in the midst of a most thickly populated district. But most of all, we lingered in Notre Dame, that mother of Paris into whose great heart are poured the anguishes, the fears, the hopes, the despairs of this passionate people, and within whose sacred portals they seem to find cooling peace for their fevered spirits and comfort for their sorrows.

Paris made upon me a strange and vivid impression, from which I cannot even yet wholly escape. It seemed to me like a vast farce comedy played above a volcano which might at any moment swallow up alike theatre and players. The condition of France is desperate. The value of the franc literally fluctuates hourly. The government seems uncertain and vacillating,

and because the people are desperate, they laugh; because they know not what the morrow may bring, they play madly today.

One thing is certain and only one. Namely, that debt and the burden of relentless toil to pay that debt, is all the legacy they have to bequeath to their children and their children's children. That they meet this situation with defiant laughter and an undercurrent of hot bitterness is not to be marveled at. It calls forth but pity and a sort of admiration.

Yet there is one thing that goes deeper even than all the tragedy of war, the worm at the heart of the rose; the peril worse than pestilence: namely, the social evil. If France ever dies as a nation, it will not be because of debt or of all the horrors of war. It will be because she has failed to guard the "white cross" of her womanhood. They drink wine incessantly, morning, noon and night, and although they are not drunk, this constant stimulation makes them crave more stimulation, and they seek it in sexual life. The opera of "Louise" is to me a perfect picture of Parisian life and its tragedy is daily enacted a thousand times in that great passion-tossed city.

One thing we failed to do, and that failure I blush to admit. We did not see the Louvre. This cannot be done in an hour or in two, and because Miss Cadkin was not well we were unable to attempt it. For the same reason our stay in Paris was shorter than it might otherwise have been.

On Saturday, August 26th, we left the city behind with mingled emotions of regret and relief, and journeyed to Interlaken. Straight from the feverish life of one of the world's most hectic cities into the heart of the most beautiful, most peaceful country in all the world.

Switzerland! Ah, the very word has magic. Switzerland, where the mountains kiss the feet of God all day and the valleys lie like green velvet under the gold of the sun. Where the people seem to have inbreathed the silent strength of their mountains.

Such cultivation I never dreamed of. Every inch of space grows something. Even the plots around the railway stations grow flowers and vegetables. I can never describe the sense of

utter peace which stole over me when we entered our rooms in the Hotel Jura where we stopped for a week under the very shadow of the Jungfrau.

Along the main streets of Interlaken, there are numbers of little shops which simply tempt the money out of one's purse. Such exquisite things these Swiss make: pins, clocks, carved boxes. I shall never be happy till I can go back with money enough to buy every one of you some lovely bit.

One day we went to the top of the Jungfrau, that is, as near the top as the little mountain railway will take one. And that means eleven thousand feet above sea level. The other two thousand feet which measure the entire height of that large Mountain Lady have to be climbed on hands and knees and I had to leave that to the men, much as I hate to admit it. There is a small hotel on the plateau where the railway ends. They stop there over night and the guides take them up in the morning. Wish I were a man. I certainly would never stop till I touched the Jungfrau's white coronet. She was snow-clad where we were, and when the sun touched her she sparkled like a diamond-clothed queen, which she is. She stands above her valleys and guards them with eternal vigilance and clothes them in peace as in a garment.

The railway which took us up the mountain is the most marvelous engineering achievement which one can conceive, sometimes climbing straight up the sheer sides of the mountain, where it seems that it must slide backward at any moment, and sometimes going through tunnels blasted out of the solid rock, tunnels four miles long and just big enough to make a box for holding the cars. Imagine making tunnels of that length at a height where just breathing is a task. The labor must have required years and been paid for with a toll of human life. Looking out of the train, one is everywhere confronted by the evidence of Divine power and majesty; and looking in, one is almost equally thrilled with the genius of man, that could so conquer seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

We were in Interlaken a week, and I shall always remem-

ber it as the most perfect experience of my life. From Interlaken we went to Lucerne en route for Berlin. The journey is a matter of about three hours.

From my earliest childhood, the very word Lucerne has held for me a kind of magic. When I was very tiny, my mother used to sing me a song about "Poor Rose of Lucerne," and the charm still holds. I must admit, however, that it lost some of its potency in actual experience. I do not know whether it was because no place would ever seem perfect to me after Interlaken or whether it was due to the weather. It rained nearly all the time. The Lake of Lucerne is lovely. We took a trip on it on Sunday, but even then it rained. I am sure, however, that there are beauties in Lucerne which we did not see for we were there only from Saturday afternoon until Monday afternoon, the reason being that my young lady was growing restive for her work.

From Lucerne about four hours brought us to Freiburg where we spent one night. Although we did not reach it until after seven in the evening, we walked through its quaint, narrow streets and I felt that I should love to stay a week in this fascinating little German town.

There, as at Lucerne, and again when we first reached Berlin, we stopped at one of a chain of hotels which are found throughout Germany, called "Christliches Hospiz." I have an idea that these are conducted by some organization connected with the Lutheran Church, although they do not exactly admit this. They have all the advantages of a Y. W. C. A. They are large and commodious, and are for both men and women. The atmosphere is extremely gracious and refined and they are reasonable beyond belief. If you ever travel in Germany try the "Christliches Hospiz."

The only wearying trip we had was that from Freiburg to Berlin. We left the former at eight in the morning and did not reach Berlin till nearly nine at night. The train was extremely crowded.

By the way, I rather like these compartment trains when they are not too congested. But crowding six people and their

luggage into one small compartment is not conducive to comfort, especially as some one of the six always hates fresh air and some other one is apt to need a bath. We did not travel third class, either, but second as do all middling people like us.

Our Christliches Hospiz looked doubly attractive to us that night. My young lady knows some German, as also some French, and I have never seen anyone so adept at making that knowledge serve. She disproves the usual supposition that singers are impractical, for she is exceedingly clever about finding her way and getting whatever she wants.

We reached Berlin late Tuesday night and by Thursday afternoon we had found our pension, and a pleasant one it is. We each have a room. Mine small, but my young lady's good sized as it must be to hold a piano. For these two rooms and three meals we pay fifteen marks or three dollars and seventy-five cents a day, with an additional mark and a half for service. It could not be done in America, I am sure.

Many things about living arrangements seem very strange to us. Breakfast, for instance, is one invariable thing; hard rolls and coffee served in your room. No cereal or fruit, and no hope of eating it outside your boudoir. I do not like it. The heavy meal of the day, so-called, is served at two in the afternoon. But the suppers are to me impossible. Always some fried thing, so hopelessly indigestible, that I cannot see why everybody does not die of it. Personally, I do not attempt it and so usually go to bed hungry. They do not even serve tea or coffee at night. Poor old maid me!

Blankets seem to be unknown. Even at our hotel, the covering was a feather comfort buttoned into a white cover. As for a bath which is in America a mere incident of the day, here it is an event and should be celebrated by blare of trumpet and flying flags. In the first place it costs two marks (fifty cents) and in the second place you have to tell the maid about it and after some half hour or more she produces it. Fortunately we have running hot and cold water in our rooms which is unusual here and helps much.

Before we came to Berlin, we were told that it was far less musical than some other German cities, Munich or Salzburg, for instance. But if these cities have any more music in quantity than Berlin, I do not see how they have time to do anything else. Berlin has two opera houses: The Staats Oper, Royal Opera, formerly patronized by the Kaiser; and Staedtische Oper. The latter is newer and, many say, better.

So far, we have heard but one opera and that at the Staats Oper, "Magic Flute." The singing I did not like. German voices seem to me dreadfully throaty, possibly because of the guttural consonants in which the language abounds. But the performance was to me a revelation. When one struggles with the difficulties of a Mozart aria like that of the "Queen of the Night," it is impossible to realize that these arias really belong to operas that are almost as light as musical comedy. "Magic Flute" is one laugh from beginning to end and the Queen of the Night, with her tremendously difficult coloratura stuff is the villain in the play.

Besides opera and symphony, the recital boards are full to overflowing and there is a coming Bach Festival to last four days from September thirtieth. Every young artist who hopes to appear in America soon gives a recital here and upon the press notices received depends in measure his or her fate. For we Americans certainly take our cue from Europe and feel in duty bound to like what European critics like and condemn what they condemn.

One can, of course, not hope to go to everything, but it is true that prices are much less here. We secured good seats for one night of the Bach Festival for a dollar apiece and you can hear three operas for what you would pay for one in New York.

One thing constantly amazes me. Namely, that the Germans against whom we fought in the Great War seem to have no resentment towards us and treat us with the utmost courtesy, while the French, whom we came over to help, seem at present to hate us cordially. One is reminded of the proverb "Lend money to a friend and you lose both your money and your

friend." I cannot believe that the rank and file of the German people would ever have chosen to fight a war as cruel as any in all history. They seem to me a gentle and courteous people and marvelous it seems that a few years could work such radical change. The Crown Prince rides down Unter den Linden in his car and no one pays special attention, while ten years ago such an event would have been accompanied by the utmost pomp and ceremony.

So far as I have spoken to Germans, and they were very intelligent, the universal feeling is that they do not wish the return of the Kaiser and that this is desired only by that small class of the nobility to whom his regime gave power and wealth. Some one laughingly said he doubted if the Crown Prince himself wanted the old days back again, he is having a much freer and better time. But even here, where the war was not fought, its bitter price is being paid. The people toil long hours for almost nothing, and their children must accept this heritage.

The more I meet those of other tongues than mine, of other racial inheritance than mine, of other types of education than mine, the more deeply I am impressed, not with differences, but with the underlying unity of all human nature. Ah, when will the world learn that common pain, common joys, common struggles, make of us one great family whose law should be love and compassion and deepest sympathy.

With love to you all and the hope that possibly in all this there may be something worth your reading, I am,

Yours always,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

PENSION STOESSINGER,
47 AUGSBURGERSTRASSE,
BERLIN, GERMANY.
September 26, 1926

Yesterday added a new and most vivid chapter to the story of our European experiences. We went to Potsdam, a town of some sixty-nine thousand inhabitants, where, for two hundred years, the monarchs of Germany have had their summer home and held summer court. There, for generations, the beauty and wealth of Europe were assembled.

The trip is in itself delightful. We took a large motor bus and the route took us through some of the most interesting parts of Berlin and Charlottenburg.

Charlottenburg was originally a town by itself. It is now really West Berlin and is under the Berlin government. We live in Charlottenburg, so of course it is at present a distinguished spot. We passed the Technical High School, the largest high school in the world, with its vast grounds where the students learn all kinds of agriculture and floral culture.

The journey by bus ended at Wannsee. The Germans call every tiniest lake "See" same as our sea. At the Wannsee, we went down steps and some more steps. Really, I am sure there were a hundred of them, I wish I had counted. At last we reached the water and there was the loveliest motor boat I ever saw. Not just a little deck sort of thing, but a real boat, with a cabin all glassed in, through whose windows one could look out upon the beautiful shores as one passed.

Of course, the cabin was all set with tables for lunch. The Germans must eat, wherever, whenever, whatever. Unfortunately, we had taken lunch with us from our pension because we did not know that they furnished a wonderful hot meal on the boat. So we ate sandwiches like poor little step children, and the Germans do not know how to make them. They put the meat on small hard rolls. We had to watch all the other people having a nice hot dinner. We did have tea, however, which helped some. But I hate cold lunches.

The Wannsee narrowed after about half an hour into a mere river or canal. Here the shore almost kissed our boat and we could see the beautiful summer homes set a little way back with their well-kept lawns and their private boats tied at the water's edge. The trees were marvelous. They have trees here of which I do not even know the names and I am going to get myself educated on that subject as soon as possible. In another half or three quarters of an hour the little river widened again into another small lake. The harbor of Potsdam is between two of these lovely little lakes, Jungfernsee, or the "Lake of Maidens," and Tiefensee or "Deep Lake."

If Versailles breathed the name of Marie Antoinette, then Potsdam literally cries out the name of Frederick the Great, that marvel of monarchs, who changed the national geography of all Europe and sowed the seeds of that doctrine of German domination which fructified in the World War.

We passed by the garrison where were trained the hussars and the cavalry which have made Germany the greatest military nation on the globe and the guide spoke of this garrison as the military cradle of Germany. Our guide, by the way, was simply wonderful. I never saw anything like these European guides. They speak German, French, Italian and English with equal fluency and they know absolutely everything. The history of the world is at their tongues' ends, and they reel off dates and events without a scrap of paper. Ours was one of the finest of these.

Our first stop was at the Garrison or Court Church, built by William the First, father of Frederick the Great, in 1732 to 1735. Of course, this is a Lutheran church and so is not like the cathedrals we saw in France. In this solid and somber stone structure are interred the bones of Frederick the Great and here have worshiped the kings of Germany from his day to that of the Kaiser. In fact the cross of the pulpit was given by the Kaiser and the Bible by his Queen. The royal family might not sit in one seat and worship together as a family should. The king occupied the highest "loge" and his wife the one below.

In a niche in the wall is the coffin of Frederick the Great. When, in 1805, Napoleon was in Potsdam as a conqueror, he and his guard entered this church. The members of the guard did not remove their hats, but kept them on as a sign of their superior position as victors. Instantly Napoleon exclaimed, "Hats off, gentlemen. If this man were alive we would not be here." Thus did one great general pay tribute to another.

From the Garrison Church we went to the New Palace, as it is called. This marvelous and magnificent structure was built by Frederick the Great after the Seven Years' War, to show Europe, as he said, that Frederick's coffers were not exhausted. On the top of the tower are the figures of three women, representing his three enemies: Lady Pompadour of France, Maria Theresa of Austria and Elizabeth of Russia. On a great cushion, these women bear a crown. Frederick said, "These ladies tried to deprive me of my crown; now they may carry it for me for all time." When the palace was completed he laughingly remarked: "I have money enough to build this palace and to furnish one hundred and eighty rooms sumptuously, but not enough to dress the three ladies on top."

I made an attempt to describe Versailles, but this palace with its vast salons, so marvelously furnished, baffles my power of description. There are cabinets inlaid with tortoise shell and mother of pearl and filled with most beautiful vases. Many of these are of Pompeiian ware and are the originals excavated from the ruins of that city. The German monarchs seem to have been intensely interested in these antiquities. The chandeliers in these rooms are of china, some of Berlin china, and some of the Dresden ware, known as Meissen.

There are a number of dining rooms ranging from the small private dining rooms on the second floor to the banquet hall seating three hundred and fifty people. The music room is fascinating; its collection representing all the instruments used from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, spinets and harpsichords inlaid with mother of pearl and flutes of every

description. Frederick the Great loved the flute and was no mean performer on that instrument.

One room I must describe or attempt to describe in detail, the Shell Room, or, as the Germans call it, "Der Muschelsaal." The walls and ceiling of this salon are literally tapestried with shells of every variety, inset with precious and semi-precious stones. At one end is a flower-like cluster of lapis-lazuli whose vivid blue dominates the color scheme as the poignant notes of a violin dominate the orchestra. The effect is indescribable.

It seems incredible that until a few years ago the Kaiser lived in this gorgeous palace and ruled Germany with an iron hand. All the German kings are either William-Frederick or Frederick-William. The Frederick-Williams are Frederick First, Second and so forth. There have been just two William-Fredericks. Someone in the party said something about William the Third. The guide smiled and said there had never yet been a William the Third, the last Kaiser being William the Second. I asked, "Will there ever be a William the Third?" The guide wisely refrained from committing himself, merely replying, "Who knows?" But if I get the attitude of the German people aright, there will never again be a Kaiser to live in this palace.

In the Temple of Antiques, where are kept all the treasures, we saw the grave of the Kaiserin who died about five years ago. On it were fresh flowers and wreaths which prove that she is not forgotten.

From the New Palace we went to the Palace of Sans Souci. The words means, "free from care." I doubt, however, if any of its royal inmates ever realized this ideal. The instant one looks at this palace, one realizes that it has been modeled after Versailles. It is on a much smaller scale. It is older than the New Palace and colder and more poignantly breathing the spirit of the past. William the First built it about 1745. The New Palace was built 1763 to 1769. Although Frederick the Great built the New Palace, he lived chiefly in the old. Here in a room which was once his bedchamber stands an ancient

armchair in which on August 17, 1786, at two o'clock in the morning died the man who made the Prussian Empire a unity and instilled into it that military spirit which in the past ten years has changed the geography of Europe and made the most startling history the world has yet known.

Everywhere in both these palaces are the rarest treasures of art: vases, shells, gems, cups, musical instruments. In Sans Souci is a small theatre. The royal family gave, or rather were given, plays there. The last one was given in 1912, shortly before the war, in honor of some royal guests.

For two days after my visit to Potsdam, I seemed to be living in another world, where royal ladies and their nobles played and laughed and sorrowed and died. Herein are we all kin. The monarch on his throne and the peasant at his toil; death claims us all and makes us one.

So you see I am slowly, oh! so slowly, getting educated. But when I see these guides I know that I never really will know anything.

On Sunday evening we went to hear Beethoven's "Fidelio." I cannot understand why these old German operas are not given in America. To me they are marvelous, and they are given here with an accuracy of detail and a beauty of setting which makes them remarkable presentations even though I do not always like German singing. However, "Fidelio" had a wonderful soprano, Wildbrunn by name, and a fine tenor, Karl Oestvig, the best I have heard here.

I hope this letter will not bore you. I am,

Yours with the love of my heart,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

Monday, October 4, 1926

DEAR FRIENDS:

On Saturday evening we went to the Staedtische Oper (which you will recall is the municipal opera house, and the

one where at present the finest work is done) to hear the Russian opera "Pique Dame," by Tschaikowsky. The work is one of the most remarkable which I have ever heard. The name of Tschaikowsky is sufficient guarantee that the orchestral parts of the opera would be wonderful in themselves, reaching many times the dignity of symphonic composition. But unlike most composers whose fame rests on their orchestral works, the vocal score is almost equally marvelous and extremely well adapted to exploit the gifts of the singer.

The artists in this case were utterly equal to the demands of the composition, a thing which I have not before been able to say. The soprano, Beata Malkin, has a glorious dramatic voice and is an actress of unusual ability. The tenor, Karl Martin Oehman, is comparatively new even here, but he was simply marvelous. He is one of the finest dramatic tenors I have ever heard, and he is, moreover, an actor of such gifts as would make him great if he had no voice.

The title rôle "Pique Dame" is really not a singing part, but it is one which makes tremendous demands dramatically and Marie Schultz did some Bernhardt work, I assure you. One laugh, which she gave at a climactic moment, turned your blood to ice. Again I cry "Why, why do we never hear these marvelous German and Russian operas in America? Why is our operatic horizon bounded on the north by Rigoletto, on the south by Lucia, on the east by Pagliacci, and on the west by Butterfly?" Certainly the four operas I have heard here are musically and dramatically utterly worthy of presentation anywhere.

On Sunday morning, we went to the Haupt Probe (open rehearsal) of the Philharmonic Orchestra. This rehearsal takes place at eleven-thirty on Sunday mornings, and is attended by all students and many others, the subscription concerts being given on Monday evenings. The Philharmonic Orchestra does not, like our orchestras, have one single conductor. There is so much conductor material lying around here that an orchestra can have two or three and, therefore, one hears works given from the angle of more than one conductor's conception

of them. This time we had Bruno Walter, who, by the way, conducted "Pique Dame" the night before.

I imagine that the Saal Philharmonie, in which the concerts are held, might seat about fifteen hundred persons. This is purely a guess; I have not yet been able to find anyone who seems to really speak with the authority of knowledge. Every seat was taken and the floor in front of us was literally covered with people who sat there for the whole concert. They are not allowed to stand; if they have no seats they must sit on the floor.

The first number was a suite by a comparatively new composer, Schreker, called "Geburstag der Infantin," the Birthday of the Princess. Unlike much extremely modern music (at least as I hear it) this suite was charming. The composer was in the audience and was called for most enthusiastically.

The second number was a motet by Mozart, the one ending with that marvelous and almost inachievable Hallelujah. It was given by Ivogun and the orchestra. Ivogun, as you doubtless know, is a coloratura soprano of the very first rank. To me, indeed, her voice is one of the most beautiful of its class. For one thing, she sings on pitch which cannot always be said of coloratura sopranos. Furthermore, she has a most beautiful middle register and does not have to depend for her appeal on either her vocal gymnastics or exploitation of a few high notes. The Mozart number gave her marvelous opportunities which she met with a technique and a vocal endowment which was utterly satisfying.

The last number was the Schubert C Major Symphony, beautifully rendered. These Germans do not patronize music, they worship it. To them it is the very expression of the divine. The silence is so intense that in any pause of the orchestra, it seems to rest upon you like a velvet hand. Their enthusiasm at the close of a number or a programme is the most spontaneous, delightful thing I have ever witnessed. To them the classics are sacred, the orchestra or artist a thing to be listened to with bated breath, and the conductor a hero to be worshiped and applauded.

Last evening I went with my German teacher to a meeting of a German-English Club called "The Longfellow Club." This is organized by the Germans for the purpose of studying the English language and literature. The first part of the programme was taken up by a review of an English book, given by a lady of rather ordinary ability, which was followed by a discussion of the book by the members of the club. The one who spoke English the worst did it so many thousand times better than I speak German that I have nothing whatever to say. To be sure, one man did coin a word. He was speaking of the religious character of the book which had been reviewed, and he said the "religiosity." But then, why should there not be such a word as religiosity? Words just happen anyway. The simplicity and earnestness with which these Germans approach all things is refreshing after the struggle one has to induce the American young person to think at all.

Next Sunday, Furtwaengler directs the Philharmonic, and I am awaiting his message.

My young lady is obliged to go for a few days to Poland to visit some relatives there, and I look forward with some trepidation to a week alone. However, my dear little maid, Mitzi, is so kind that I am sure I shall not have any real difficulties. Also, my dear German teacher, Fräulein Heilbrun, is already planning to walk with me. To be with this gentle, cultured German lady is an education not only linguistically but in many other ways.

I am wafting my loving good night to all of you so far, far across the sea.

Yours always,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

Monday, October 11, 1926

With my young soprano far away in Poland, life has been rather less gay this past week for the old maid chaperone.

Yesterday morning, however, I went with a nice American girl, who lives in the Pension and is the wife of a young Theologue who has a scholarship over here, to hear the usual Sunday Symphony.

This time the conductor was Furtwaengler who last year was heard in this capacity a good deal in New York. His general style and interpretation are quite different from that of Bruno Walter, and, in fact, from any conductor I have ever heard. The most outstanding feature of his conducting is his marvelous pianissimo of which he seems very fond and which is sometimes so delicate as to be almost inaudible.

The programme was first the lovely "Freischütz Overture," by Weber, which was exquisitely done. Then a modern thing by Honegger which I hated. It was so funny. The ultra-modernists in the audience clapped and the classicists hissed after it was over. I did not hiss, but I certainly felt somewhat in sympathy with those who did, although I do not think that a nice way of expressing disapproval.

The third number was the lovely "Lalo" Symphony for orchestra and solo violinist with the French artist Thibaud. He played beautifully, but I felt that the applause lacked spontaneity and I must admit that it seemed to me this was due to his French name. I would like to feel that this were not true since there should surely be no nationalism in the world of art, but I could not but feel that had his name been Schwarz he would have been received with more enthusiasm.

The programme ended with the Brahms "Second Symphony D Major." And here, more than elsewhere, I felt the individualism of Furtwaengler's interpretation. He played the whole three first movements with an intense repression which resulted in a piano and pianissimo that to me was almost monotonous. The last movement, of course, was more climactic, but even there, it seemed to me that he held the forte in check. There is one thing which I observe here: namely, that their programme arrangement is exactly opposite to ours. They put the lighter numbers at the beginning and end with the heavy symphony. I really cannot help thinking that our

custom of putting the Symphony first and the lighter numbers after, grading toward the finish, is better psychology. A Brahms symphony of four long movements at the end of a lengthy programme requires a prolonged mental concentration which for poor me, at least, is difficult, and even in an audience largely German, I thought I could detect signs of restlessness toward the end. But perhaps this was only on the part of us poor American students who have not been trained to five-hour operas and three-hour concerts.

My youngster should be at home tomorrow, and I shall be glad although everyone in the Pension has been wonderfully kind to me, and I have walked every day.

Monday, October 18, 1926

Last evening we had a most interesting experience. We heard Richard Strauss conduct one of his own operas, "Der Rosen Kavalier." The impression made upon me by the work was almost that of a beautiful diamond in a cheap and unworthy setting, or better, perhaps, a gorgeous gown on the shapeless shoulders of a peasant. The libretto seems to me rather unworthy of the beautiful music which Strauss has set to it.

There is, of course, in the humor of all these German operas, nothing of subtlety or finesse. It is bald, childlike, and perfectly apparent. But the simple music of Mozart befits its spirit as the complex harmonies and modern recitative of Strauss do not seem to me to do. I may, of course, be altogether wrong. This is merely the impression which "Der Rosen Kavalier" made upon me. The Germans adore Strauss, and he was wildly applauded. He is extremely modest and seemed to hate to come before the curtain to make acknowledgement.

Monday, October 25, 1926

Yesterday morning we had a breath from home. Edna Thomas, that most charming southern woman and most artistic of all singers of her class, gave a programme of Negro Spirituals and Creole Songs. It was utterly delightful, so much so that we have gotten together a party from the Pension and are going again this evening. If you have not heard her, do so the next time she comes your way. I am not her advertising agent, by the way.

I am yours with love,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

Tuesday, November 2, 1926

At last we have achieved the carrying out of a plan which we have had for weeks, namely, the spending of a week-end at Dresden. We left Berlin Friday afternoon about 1:20.

I am certainly fortunate in having as a traveling companion a small lady who attracts to herself interest as the magnet draws steel. We met the most intelligent and charming man who sat in our compartment and talked all the way. He had been in Berlin attending a convention of the American McCormick interests. He is from Budapest and has charge of the McCormick interests for a large European territory. He is German by nativity but has lived much of his life in Hungary. Having worked for American concerns, he speaks English beautifully although he has never been in America.

He told us more wonderful things about Budapest than I had ever dreamed of, so much, in fact, that I am now eager to visit that city of which before I had never thought. It is only about four hours from Vienna, and is much larger than I had supposed, having a population of about a million. The gentleman's name was Gellner, and of course his interest was for the young and fair, but he talked, just by way of con-

versation, to the old maid chaperone. Of all the European cities, there is none of which I knew less than of Budapest and he made me feel that not to know Budapest was not to know one of the most worth-while places of the Old World.

I question whether there is on this old planet a cleaner spot than Dresden-on-Elba. Its cleanliness hits you between the eyes, as it were, the moment you leave the train. Dresden is divided into two distinct parts by the river Elba, that famous stream of which Napoleon said "able was I ere I saw Elba." The older and larger portion of the city is called Alter Stadt, and the other, naturally, Neuer Stadt. There are five large stone bridges which connect the one with the other. In coming from Berlin, one reaches Neuer Stadt first. But one does not stop there; at least we did not, but went on to the Alter Stadt, where are located all the Art Galleries and other points of interest. In summer the approach must be beautiful. In fact, we were at a great disadvantage to have seen Dresden in the winter. The Grosser Garten and the river, as well as many other things, must be much more beautiful in summer.

We stopped at a hotel called the Union. It was very lovely: good food and nice rooms. It is an old building, I fancy. In fact, it seems to me that there has not been a new building in either Dresden or Berlin for twenty-five years. But of course, there has. Our Berlin Pension is thirty-five at least. We had rooms at the hotel up under the gabled roof, large and quaint. One thing which made us feel immediately at home was the fact that everybody round the place, from the Bell Boy to the Manager, spoke most excellent English. In fact, nearly every one in Dresden seemed to know our language more or less. The hotel manager told us that this year, during the months of August and September, he entertained over 1500 Americans. Of course, Dresden is one German city which tourists never fail to see because of its marvelous art treasures.

Dresden is the capital of Saxony, and has been reigned over for two centuries by the joint kings of Saxony and Poland.

I never before realized how utterly ignorant I am. I can-

not understand the history or the relationship of these German provinces. They seem to be independent and to have their own rulers, and yet, to be in some way tributary to the Kaiser and the centralized government. Saxony really belongs to Germany, and yet some of its rulers, dukes they were called, have also been kings of Poland. Its last duke was Frederick Augustus. He reigned from 1902 to 1918, that is, until the close of the World War. Saxony seems to have had three great rulers, all Augusts. August der Starke (the strong), was the most notable of these kings, but all three seem to have been lovers of every form of art and the collections which they made are today in the museums of Dresden, and constitute probably the richest and most marvelous art collections in the world; at least, of certain kinds.

Dresden is the home of the wonderful Meissen china, often spoken of as Dresden china, although it is really manufactured at factories near Meissen, about one hour's ride from Dresden. We wanted so much to visit the factories but could not do so in the short two days allotted to our visit. For richness of coloring, delicacy of texture and quaint and exquisite shaping, I suppose there is no china in the world equal to the Meissen china. There are those who like Haviland better, but of course, that is merely a matter of taste.

We spent Saturday morning in the picture gallery. At last I approached the one subject regarding which I have hitherto felt myself to be at a hopeless disadvantage. Pictures are for those who see with the eye, or at least, so I have always supposed. Because I felt hopelessly handicapped regarding them, I have made little effort to understand them. To my amazement, I found that as they were described to me, they made upon me a most vivid impression. Miss Cadkin had never before seen a great art gallery. She has had no opportunity to know pictures, and was able to tell me literally only what her eye saw. Yet I found that my imagination instantly grasped the content of a picture, often supplying details which she had failed to see, but which when I suggested them, she found to be right. I cannot explain it, but somehow I think that

it is the result of that wonderful night at Versailles which I call my color birth, and which seems to have unveiled to me a new wonder world of vision.

Any great picture gallery is a place in which, not hours, but weeks must be spent if one would really know it.

The greatest Dutch, Flemish, and German artists are represented in the Dresden gallery, sometimes by works which seem almost grotesque. One picture showed a table with food upon it. There was a kuchen already cut. It was not beautiful, but it was so vivid that you wanted to eat it and thought you could. However, if I were a painter, I would choose another subject.

There was one picture which affected me strangely. It was called "Löwen Jagd" or "Lion Hunt." Some men on horses were chasing lions and the beasts had turned upon them and were become pursuers instead of the pursued. It was dreadful to see them killing men and horses.

However, by far the larger number of all the pictures, dating back as they did to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were based on one of two themes, Grecian Mythology or the stories of the Bible. The Holy Family was, perhaps, more often the theme than any other, and the conceptions of Christ and of the Holy Mother were as many and varied as were the artists who painted them.

The works of the different artists were grouped together so that one could study the characteristics of each. The Rubens and Rembrandt collections seemed to me the most beautiful, always excepting the one supreme treasure of the gallery. The treasure round which everything else centers and which has a room entirely its own, namely, the Sistine Madonna of Raphael. This picture, to many minds the greatest of the world's great madonnas, is the pride of Dresden. Before it we stood, as did others, for almost an hour, in silent awe. The supreme spell of the picture is in the eyes. Wherever you stand, they follow you, wistful, questioning, as if they implored you to solve life's mystery of sorrow. The picture enfolds you like a presence. The beauty of all maternity from

that of the Divine Mother to that of the mother who rocked you on her breast seems to be breathed into and about you. No theme of Grecian mythology has any such potency, nor can any other cast such a spell over art as is in-woven with every conception of the Holy Mother and her human Divine Son.

No subject of the Grecian mythology seemed to be so popular as Diana and her Nymphs. They sported somewhere on almost every wall, and gave dash and gaiety to the scene.

Because these collections were made by the three Augusts, they seem to be wanting in modern, impressionistic art. Perhaps they are none the worse for that.

We spent Sunday morning at what is known as "Gruene Gewoelbe" or "Green Vault." In spite of its name, it is neither green nor yet is it a vault in the sense of being underground. It acquired the term green because the walls of the old treasury were decorated in this color. This is really a collection of stone rooms under the Schloss or castle of Dresden, where the Saxon kings held winter court. The castle itself is not on exhibition. I imagine that it is no longer beautiful, and that all its art treasures, the most costly in Germany, are in these rooms.

The first of these chambers contains jewel caskets of every variety and of indescribable beauty. Many of these are of Chinese workmanship. They are many-mirrored and studded with precious stones of every kind.

Of the beauty and magnificence of this priceless collection of ivories, mosaics, enamels, and costly jewels, I can give you no adequate conception.

The ivories fascinated us. There were entire scenes done in ivory. Men on horseback, the muscles of arms and limbs and even the wrinkles or creases in the body as it turned, clearly visible. Some of these were carved, some molded. The carved ivory tables were marvelously wrought and inlaid with precious stones. August the Strong seems to have been a great art collector and to him Dresden owes the larger part of these treasures, and everywhere, both in the art gallery and

in the Gruene Gewoelbe, are representations of him on his horse.

In one room were glasses and drinking cups of gold, studded with gems. Here also are kept the Saxon Crown Jewels. But the one thing that fascinated us most was in the Silver Room. It is a Hindu court scene, entirely wrought in silver. The guide told us that in this group there are five thousand, five hundred tiny figures. The Rajah and his Queen sit on a daïs and there are slaves, courtiers, ladies-in-waiting, in fact, every conceivable adjunct of a court scene. There are platforms with tiny stairways and some of the figures are in the act of climbing these. They are all so small and so marvelously perfect that they look like fairy folk. It took fourteen men eight years to create this marvel of workmanship and it is German wrought.

In the Copper Room the entire middle portion of the wall was made of copper panels. A few of the tables I managed to touch, but the guards, of whom there is one in each room, watch you so closely that it was not easy to play that great American game of "putting something over."

Among the Crown Jewels is one of the largest diamonds known to the world. These of course, were carefully encased, but I did not regret being unable to touch them, since they did not intrigue me half as much as the ivories and enamels. Never having possessed jewels, I suppose I lack appreciation of them. The things wrought from beautiful materials by the hands of men appeal to me much more.

The Dresden Opera is supposed to be the best in Germany. At least, Richard Strauss has all his premier performances there, if that signifies anything. I wanted so much to hear them present a "really for truly" German opera, but just here, our luck fairy, who is usually right on the job, must have gone to sleep, for instead of "Der Freischütz" or "Magic Flute," or any of my beloved German operas, they gave "Turandot."

We all know "Turandot" as the opera on which Puccini was working when he died, and which Toscanini gave to some-

one else to finish. The story is Chinese, and Puccini has endeavored to set it to what is his conception of Chinese music. Frankly, I hated it. It is all blare of brasses and roll of drums. Vocally, unlike everything else Puccini ever wrote, it is utterly unsingable. Perhaps I should not express an opinion, having heard it but once, especially when that presentation was in German, instead of in the Italian in which the libretto was written. But it would need to appeal to me much more, in its original language, before I could really like it. The company composing the cast did not seem to me remarkable. Though I realize that I should suspend judgment because, as I have said before, I think the German singers present German opera better than they do those translated into German. So, on the whole, I heard Dresden opera at every disadvantage.

On Monday morning, we went to the Porcelain Gallery. But first we stopped at the warehouse where the products of the Meissen factory are sold. They make every conceivable kind of thing out of porcelain, notably the most varied and charming animals. There were great lions on beautiful porcelain standards, adorable sheep whose china wool you would have declared to be real. I touched one and he felt exactly like a sheep, only he was cold. There were the darlingest ducks and birdies and swans and lovely little shepherdesses that I wanted to kiss. The very tiniest of these cost a fortune, so I am not going to bring one of them to you, though I certainly did want to. The smallest cups and saucers cost six dollars a piece, so you won't get them either, Old Dears. There were cunning imitations of them in the shops, but, alas! they were only imitations.

From the warehouse we went to the gallery where are preserved the treasures of porcelain which belonged to the Saxon kings. Here again, August the Strong was much in evidence. There were entire scenes, done in porcelain, of August on his horse with soldiers all about him.

Before we saw these, however, we passed through two rooms which contain priceless collections of Chinese and Japanese porcelain. I really never knew that the Chinese were so

artistic. The colorings are unlike anything which we know, blues so exquisite as to be like an atmosphere, blues which we never see anywhere, and yet so intensely blue that they seem tinted of the very sky itself. Every variety and shape of great vase and water jar was there, in most exquisite coloring. There were cups and saucers on quaint standards. Oh! Here again I feel helpless to give you any real idea of its beauty and wonder.

In the collection of Meissen, there is one thing which stands out vividly. Namely, a representation of the entire scene of the crucifixion, Christ on the cross with the accompanying figures standing or kneeling. The Holy Mother was there, and the three chief Apostles, the Roman Centurion, the mob, and the very grass on which the scene was enacted. I touched that, and it was china so fine as to be like a thread.

My second vivid impression was a scene done not in Meissen but in French porcelain, and was a gift of Napoleon to one of the Saxon Augusts. It is a scene depicting Napoleon on a horse with wounded soldiers all about him. You could see that they were wounded, just as clearly as if it had been a painting instead of a creation in china.

Everywhere, in painting, in ivory, in porcelain, the one Figure and its supreme sacrifice for men was enshrined. Alas, that the twentieth century so fails to enshrine Him in the heart. Everywhere the art which He inspires is the noblest and supremest.

There were many other things in Dresden which I should have loved to see. But they were mostly in the environs, and took more time to reach than we could spend.

We returned home last evening. These European trains move about as rapidly as a third season Ford, and of course we were late. When we reached our Pension, very weary and dreading the task of unlocking the various doors, which bar our entrance, and of carrying our suitcase up the three flights of stairs, there, like a good angel, stood our dear little German maid waiting for us. I felt as if I really had a home. Her name is Mitzi, and she is just a dear.

I feel that of all the places which I have seen, I have done least justice to Dresden, partly because its treasures beggar the powers of speech, and partially because we could find no English guide and so were able to see them less intelligently. I can only hope that I have given you some faint idea what it is like.

The little shops are delightful, filled with all sorts of quaint little things: china animals in imitation of the Meissen and charming brasses and ivories. The people who own them are so courteous, and speak a quaint, broken, but wholly appealing English. Incidentally, at the hotel we had real American coffee with cream. Do you wonder that Dresden endeared itself to my heart?

So once more we have seen one of my Cities of Dreams, and the reality was more beautiful than the dream. I hope that I have shared it with you at least a little. I am now and always yours, with tenderest love,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

P. S. Dresden has 605,000 people, but not like Berlin 610,000 dogs, unless I except the china ones.

BERLIN,
Monday, November 15, 1926

Yesterday was another of our red letter days. In the morning we went to hear a presentation of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony, and in the evening we heard Weber's "Der Freischütz" at the Staedtische Oper.

Right here and now I am going to make a confession, even though, in so doing, I shatter such regard for my musicianship as you may have been kind enough to entertain. I have always, deep in my heart, thought the Beethoven Ninth a bit heavy and dull. Perhaps I should not have the courage to make this damaging admission if I did not now feel that the responsi-

bility was not wholly mine but must be shared by the conductors who have been to me its medium of expression. Certainly there was nothing dull or uninteresting about the Ninth Symphony as rendered yesterday morning by Dr. Ernst Kunwald, and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. The orchestra was assisted in the finale by two singing societies and a quartette of most efficient soloists. The only impression which the choral parts of the Ninth Symphony has ever made upon me is that of being utterly unsingable and presenting such vocal difficulties as to render them practically impossible. These Germans sing them as if they had learned them in kindergarten. They give the impression of being simple folk melodies, as in fact they largely are. For one thing, Schiller's "Ode to Joy" is much more effective sung in German, as is, of course, always true of any work heard in its original tongue.

Dr. Kunwald brought out every theme of the composition with crystal clarity until I wondered how I could ever have thought it involved or difficult to comprehend. In the final movement he achieved a pianissimo of the basses that was indescribably beautiful. It sounded as if the basses were not in the room but came from a remote distance. I have never heard anything like it. I left the Saal Philharmonie feeling that the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven was not only a great composition but was also clear and perfectly comprehensible, and, incidentally, that Dr. Kunwald was a marvelous Beethoven interpreter.

"Der Freischütz" is regarded as Weber's greatest work. Like all these old German operas, it has spoken parts and the dialogue is much too detailed and drawn out to suit our modern taste. These operas leave nothing to the imagination. They seem to feel that you must be told every smallest detail of the story. However, the music of "Der Freischütz" is charming, and it more than once prefigures the dramatic recitative of Wagner, especially in the second scene of the second act, the scene in the Wölf Schlucht, or wolf's hole. Of course, in the main, the opera is written in the old melodic style and the melodies are charming. But, that the genius

of Weber influenced the greater genius of Wagner, seems to me beyond question.

Human progress along artistic, as well as other, lines, often, it would seem, has its inception in the blind gropings of some great soul after a truth which he neither realizes nor comprehends, but whose dim foreshadowings in his work become the dawn of realization to some other great soul in the generations that follow. Thus, no travail of a human soul in its quest for truth is ever in vain, even though the quest fail, since it serves to point the trail which leads to the truth's ultimate discovery.

Enough philosophizing for tonight. Good night, dear friends.

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

November 24, 1926

One day last week we took a vacation, a thing which we seldom allow ourselves these days, for my young lady is working intensively. The luxury of a day off was justified by two facts. First, our coach was ill, and therefore we had no lessons for several days. Secondly, I was not myself feeling quite up to the mark, whatever the mark may be. In Germany it is about twenty-four cents, but my valuation was, I am sure, not more than five.

Thus it was that on Thursday morning we took a street car and went to a suburb of Berlin known as "Grünewald" (Green Forest). This is the fashionable residence section of the city. My German teacher says that the Green Forest really surrounds Berlin, and can be reached from anywhere in the city in a half hour or so. This portion of it is where the beautiful estates are to be found. The grounds all slope down to the forest. This forest is real woods, and is everywhere dotted with tiny lakes. Thus each estate has its own small lake and boat house. The day was perfect Indian summer,

and the forest was beautiful beyond words. I had not dreamed that there was anything like it in Berlin.

There is a very large restaurant in Grünewald known as "Hunde-kehle" (dog's throat); it does not sound inviting, but I assure you it was most delightful. On the outside, the restaurant has two large statues of reindeer and no dog at all. I assume that the dog must have chased the reindeer and gone to sleep inside. In summer this restaurant must be crowded, but the day we were there we found only a few people.

Among the guests was a most interesting German family. The father was not very young, but was extremely fine-looking. The mother was much younger, and very beautiful. They had two adorable little girls, twins of seven years. I ached to get hold of them, and finally took my nerve in my hand, as it were, and asked the parents if I might see them. One was very quiet while the other chattered and laughed but always in a low, sweet voice. They ate what was given them with no accompanying teasing or whining. In short, they had perfect manners.

These German children are adorable, and they are certainly beautifully brought up. This is true not only of those who come, as these children evidently did, from families of culture and wealth, but it is equally true of the plainly dressed youngsters you meet in stores and on the street.

After lunch, which, by the way, ended with a cup of delicious coffee and real cream, we walked in the forest. I dipped my hands in the water in the little lake, and climbed a hill, and altogether had a beautiful time, as a result of which I felt much better.

Sunday morning I went to the American Church. It is presided over by a dear and gentle old man named Dickey. He was here when the church was built, and his life and money have made it what it is. He preached a nice American Thanksgiving sermon, and we sang all the home hymns.

In the evening we went to hear "Parsifal." This is our first experience of Wagner opera since we came to Germany. Spectacularly, they have not the facilities for presenting this

marvelous work which we have at the Metropolitan in New York, but there is in their rendition something indescribable which I have never felt in America. To them, "Parsifal" is not an opera, a spectacle; it is a worship. Sunday was their Memorial Day for their dead, national and personal, and "Parsifal" was for them a part of its solemn ceremonial. There was almost no applause and the silence throughout the long five hours was so intense as to be felt. Altogether, although I have heard "Parsifal" three times before, this was an unique and unforgettable experience.

Last night we heard "Das Rheingold," that most delightful and appealing of all the operas which constitute the Ring. Wagner is to these Germans as the breath of life, and they sing and play his operas with "eine herzlichkeit" which is a revelation of its deeper meanings. You do not witness a spectacle, you become for the time being, a dweller in that world of gods and goddesses, of giants and dwarfs, wherein Wagner dwelt when he wrote.

It is true that when the Metropolitan presents the Wagner operas it employs, in the main, German singers. Perhaps the difference in atmosphere which I certainly vividly feel is as much due to the attitude of the audiences as to the work of the artists themselves.

Sunday night we are going to hear "Lohengrin." We do not usually indulge in so much opera in one week, but hitherto we have not heard Wagner, and as our stay in Berlin is more or less uncertain, we feel that we should rush our opportunities, as it were.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. I am thinking tenderly and longingly of you all at home. I am thankful for three things. First, for the wider culture, musically and otherwise, which I hope this supreme opportunity is giving me. Secondly, that my patriotism is being broadened and deepened by an ever-growing sense of world citizenship. Thirdly, and above all, for the knowledge that you, my dear friends, still think of and love me. Without that knowledge, even this wonderful experience could not make life worth while. If I can only bring

back to you something vital and beautiful out of this deeper contact with life, then, indeed, will it be abundantly blessed.

Yours always,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

BERLIN, GERMANY,

December 6, 1926

DEAR FRIENDS:

I have just listened to an opera which is, to my mind, the strangest ever written, namely, Richard Strauss's "Electra." Although it is nearly twelve o'clock, I must get "Electra" out of my system before I can hope to sleep. The opera is based on the blackest and wildest of Greek tragedies, which seems to be without a single touch of human tenderness or beauty to redeem its horror. The music, it must be admitted, is an admirable vehicle for its expression; but to me, it seems like trailing the robes of the divinest of the arts into the dust, to link it with such a theme. Of course, the orchestral parts display all the skill and genius of the man whom many regard as our greatest living composer; but if the first essential of all art is beauty, then "Electra" seems without reason for being. There be those who would tell us that the first mission of art is to be a medium for human expression. But there are so many other means by which the low and unlovely finds expression that it does not seem necessary to degrade art to this purpose. Altogether, I can but feel that the world of music would be no poorer if "Electra" had never been written.

December 7, 1926

After that outburst, I went to bed, though not to sleep. Our Thanksgiving dinner was a very pleasant little affair. We had toasts and sang and ate; not an American Thanksgiving

dinner, it is true, but as nearly like one as our kind Frau Stoessinger knew how to make it. I sat beside a young theologue and I am sure that was not one of his reasons for being thankful. However, he concealed the fact heroically. I made one of those "prophecies in rhyme" which often seem to be a part of such an affair, and told them all what was going to become of them ten years from now. The fact that I am still alive to tell the tale proves their generosity.

Christmas is in the air. Everywhere the shops are decorated and everywhere people are rushing about, package-laden. It seems almost like home. Almost—but to me, not really, because I am so far away from all of you whom I so love. In Germany, Christmas is, indeed, the children's festival, and the dolls and toys are wonderful; and everywhere is the star. The Germans never forget that Christmas is indeed the Christ's day. I wish we were as vividly conscious of its deeper meaning.

December 9, 1926

Today we had a most interesting experience. We visited a factory where are employed one hundred blind workers. These were largely men, but there were a few women. The employment of the blind in industrial plants, together with the sighted, is purely an outgrowth of the war, and was undertaken solely to aid the blinded sodiers. Now, however, it has extended to the civilian blind.

The gentleman in charge of the blind workers in this vast concern is devoted to them, and serves them in every conceivable way. Nor will he ever allow the slightest insinuation that they do not do their work as well as their sighted comrades. Of course, the number of processes possible to them is limited. The concern is one of the largest electrical plants in Germany, and employs hundreds of people. Just now, like every other industry, it is suffering greatly from the business depression, but the gentleman in charge told me that they would keep their blind employees at any cost. It seems that there is in Ger-

many, since the war, a law compelling every manufacturer to employ one war-disabled for every twenty normal employees, or some such proportion. But they would not, of course, be compelled to employ the civilian blind.

My admiration for this sane, serious, practical people grows with every new contact. They have assumed the heavy burden of debt and loss which the war has imposed with a silent, uncomplaining courage which one can but admire. The German gospel has two great commandments: "Thou shalt obey rightful authority" and "Thou shalt never, under any circumstances, be a coward." It was their loyalty to the first which kept them in the war for four years with all the odds against them. Even when they faced utter defeat they would have remained loyal to the man who, to them, represented constituted authority, if he had not himself violated the second. When Kaiser Wilhelm ran away in the night, he forever branded himself a coward in the eyes of the German people. This they could not forgive. Then, and not till then, was their inherent loyalty to their sovereign broken.

I asked a gentleman of great intelligence this question: "How is it that Von Hindenburg, who had been so utterly the Kaiser's man, could now be the trusted head of the German government and be worthy of that trust?" His reply seemed to me to throw much light upon the German character. He said:

"Because Von Hindenburg is a German and a soldier, and has that inbred loyalty to authority which characterizes every such. When that authority was vested in the Kaiser, he was utterly loyal to it. Now that it comes from the German people themselves, he brings to it an equal loyalty, and we all know that we can trust him to the death."

Whatever the German soldier may have done through this sometimes mistaken ideal of loyalty, I find them a kindly, lovable, intelligent, and deeply thoughtful people. In small externals, they have, it is true, less polish than the French. They present, like all other peoples, many types, some of which are crude, some refined. But they have a rugged

strength, a stern sense of duty, and withal, a childlike simplicity which I love.

After all, are we not all of one family? And as the Christmas star draws us all to worship at the manger, should we not join hands around the cradle of the Prince of Peace and pledge our lives to the cause of peace in this old world of ours? So it is that across the sea, I place one hand in that of Germany and the other in that of my own beloved land that we may all keep Christmas together in love and faith and brotherhood.

Good night, and a happy Christmas to you all.

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

Monday, December 20, 1926

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS:

This is the very first time since I began to write you the happenings of this marvelous experience that I find myself behind with my story. For the past week or two, it has seemed impossible to write. For one thing, I have had a series of dates with the dentist, and I find him just the same time-consuming and peace-destroying being that he is in America. In fact, if anything, he requires more time here, for the German dentist is the most painstaking and deliberate person in the world. Indeed, I am more and more impressed with the fact that German efficiency of which we have heard so much consists in being absolutely accurate, in having infinite regard for detail and an utter lack of regard for how much time this attention to detail consumes.

In addition to the hours spent at the dentist's, we are doing the thousand and one last things that you keep thinking all the time that you will do but never achieve till the date of your departure is actually set. Then suddenly you begin to realize that you have failed to see and do much that you really must accomplish. We are, at present, at just this stage of the game.

We leave Berlin next Monday, December 27th; leave its

opera, its concerts, its interesting German life with deep regret, and its unspeakable climate with some joy. It has rained every moment of every hour for the past two weeks, and this is not a rhetorical figure; it is a literal statement of fact. Perhaps this is why I am finding it a bit more than difficult not to think too much about all of you and my beloved Christmas at home.

Our decision to leave Berlin is the direct result of several auditions which my young lady has had with managers and teachers here, all of whom seem to feel that she should by all means study for opera. When we left America, our objective was the concert field, but every one who has heard her immediately suggests opera. Because she is small, her operatic rôles would of necessity be those of the Italian, not the German operas. Here they like them BIG. Thus it is that we have decided to go to Italy.

We have heard three very remarkable and utterly different operas within the past two weeks. The first was that vivid and most unusual music drama, "Die Toten Augen," by D'Albert. The composer has a French name but wrote his opera in German. I have failed to find out why.

The story was to me the most gripping of any that I have ever seen or heard depicted on the stage. The heroine is Myrtocle, a Grecian woman of high rank married to one Alzesius. She was blind. He was a man of marvelous beauty of character, and adored her, but he was a hunchback dreadfully deformed. She did not know this, and his only hope of happiness lay in her blindness. They lived in Jerusalem. On the day when Jesus made His triumphal entry, her maid, hearing of Him through a young Jewish maiden, takes Myrtocle to Him. You do not, on the stage, see the figure of the Christ; you see only his hand touching her eyes. When the multitudes burst into exultant cries of "She sees! Glory to God, she sees!" I cried like a child and disgraced myself hopelessly. Then a voice behind the scenes warns Myrtocle that before sunset she will curse Him for making her see. This is supposed to be the voice of Jesus, and it was sung in a lovely, liquid tenor. She

goes home with joy, decks herself for her husband, and when he comes, conceals herself. When she at last sees him and discovers that he is ugly and deformed, her grief is terrible. When she was taken to Jesus, Mary Magdalene met them, and it was she who brought Myrtocle to the notice of the Master. She then told Myrtocle that her sight would not bring her joy unless she used it for others. At first, Myrtocle prays to die, but after a while she remembers what Mary Magdalene said, thinks of her husband's great love, and knowing that if she sees him she cannot continue to love him, she looks into the brilliant oriental sun until she is once more blind. She then goes out and lies gallantly, telling her husband that she did not see him.

It is a strange story, but perhaps you who know me can understand how deeply it moved me. So far as my knowledge goes, this opera has never been presented in America, although it may have been.

Last Thursday, we heard an utterly different opera, "Lustige Weibe," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Ivogun as Frau Flute. We laughed till we were tired, and Ivogun was adorable. She possesses a coloratura soprano the like of which one seldom hears and is withal a charming actress.

Last evening we heard what was, to my mind, the high water mark of all our Berlin opera going. At least from an artistic standpoint. The Staats Oper presented "Tristan und Isolde" with Frieda Leiter as Isolde and a young tenor named Urlus as Tristan. Leiter was simply marvelous. In America we seem to feel that unless the orchestra plays Wagner with all the instruments forte and the voice screaming to keep up with them, we are not Wagnerian. Here they do not scream Wagner, they sing it. It seems impossible to conceive, but Leiter sang the Isolde rôle as delicately in many places as if it had not been Wagner, but Verdi. It was exquisite, and a type of Wagner singing I had never heard, and the conductor made the orchestra shade for the singer and did not expect her to make herself felt above an impossible blare. Altogether, I shall remember "Tristan and Isolde" with unmixed joy. And

always, always I ask myself: "Who am I that I should be having this wonderful, wonderful opportunity?"

Sunday afternoon we are going to hear "Haensel und Gretel," that adorable Christmas idyl, and this will be our last Berlin opera.

Good night, dear, dear friends of my heart, and may the gracious presence of Him who heals all hurts and whose gentle hand laid on blind hearts can give them the vision to see His adorable face, be with you through all the glad New Year.

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

BERLIN,

Sunday, December 26, 1926

This is the last time that this record will bear the above heading, and I realize the fact with keenness of regret which I would hardly have deemed possible. Climatically, Berlin has not smiled upon us, and sometimes its incessant rain has been a bit depressing, but for all its lack of sunshine, its cold damp days, its inadequate tile stove, I love it still, for oh! its operas and its concerts, and my wonderful German teacher who has taught me so much more than language and made me understand in some measure the warm sincere German heart. Her own is gold, and I shall never forget her. Her name is Fräulein Hedwig Heilbrun. She lives at 47 Augsburgerstrasse, and she knows more history and language and music than almost anyone whom I have ever been privileged to meet.

At her home on the day before Christmas, I had a very wonderful experience. I knew that the destitution in Berlin is, this year, very great, and I wanted to do my bit to help, so I asked Fräulein Heilbrun and her sister to find a family for me. In the end we found two who needed help. One of them lived in the basement of a tenement, as do, alas, too many in Berlin these post-war days. It was very far from our house, and so the mother came with her four children to Fräulein

Heilbrun's home to receive her gifts, and Fräulein asked me to come in and see them. The children were a boy of twelve, a girl of eight, a boy of ten who seemed somehow younger than the girl, and a darling tot of four. No children brought up in a home of the utmost wealth and opportunity could be more charming or have more perfect manners. That they were desperately poor was evident; but the boy addressed me with the grace of a young prince, and the tiny girl was simply adorable. Another student of Fräulein Heilbrun had brought clothing which made it possible for me to spend my money for food and toys. I have never seen such quiet but radiant joy. Every one of the children recited for me lovely Christmas poems, and they sang Holy Night most beautifully. The young mother was truly and deeply grateful but she did not fawn or cringe. She thanked me with a dignity which made one feel that one had succeeded in that rare and ideal achievement, namely, the conferring of a favor without destroying self-respect of the recipient.

The other family lived near us, and to their little home we went with our gifts. They were less destitute and had a rather pleasant little tenement at the top of a not bad building. The two-year old girlie sat on my lap and proffered kisses and generally made me happy. Here again they all recited pieces and sang "Heilige Nacht."

On Thursday evening, we heard our last Mozart opera, that most delightful and best known of all his works, the "Marriage of Figaro," "Figaro's Hochzeit," as the Germans call it. When I remind you that "Voi Che Sapete," "Giunse Alfin il Momento," and "Dove Sono" are all arias from this opera, then you will realize what a joy it was to hear it. Of course, it was sung in German, and some of the arias, notably "Giunse Alfin il Momento," were not, to my mind, well done. But the whole opera is so funny. The Figaro is, of course, the same character who figures in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and the basso who took the rôle on this occasion was so delightfully humorous that one could not but enjoy every moment. All you soprano ladies will have to do the arias all over when I come

home, with the added light which I shall be able to throw upon their interpretation. So begin to look them up a bit, will you please?

In Germany, the great festival is not Christmas Day but Christmas Eve. Frau Stoessinger certainly did everything in her power to make us forget that we were away from home. The dinner was at eight. All the tables were beautifully decorated. There were place cards well arranged, no easy task in a heterogeneous group representing several nationalities and widely varying types. In the matter of nationality, Americans were predominant, and in that of type, the young theologue and his wife held the majority. After dinner, which was not, I must admit, much like an American Christmas dinner, except for nuts and lovely Christmas cakes which the Germans know how to make as we do not, the parlor door was opened, revealing a large, beautiful Christmas tree, brilliantly lighted with real candles as a Christmas tree should be. Electric lights may be safer, but they destroy the illusion.

The gifts were all for the maids. Each maid had a table. There is in Berlin a strange law, one which to me seems to destroy to some extent the ideal of Christmas. The employer's gift to a maid who has been with her a year or less must be valued not less than thirty marks (seven dollars), the amount increasing in definite proportion for each added year of service. My maid Mitzi, who has been with Frau Stoessinger seven years, received linens valued at much over a hundred marks. To me it would seem far better to give this in wages, throughout the year.

But I have never seen anything equal to the "glück" of these maids over Christmas. For days before, they work actually eighteen hours a day, making everything beautifully and immaculately clean, and they do this with cheerfulness and an eager anticipation of Christmas Eve which is marvelous to witness. They each buy a tiny tree and the time to trim it is taken out of their scant sleeping hours. In my book of Saints, I place for Berlin my German teacher and my maid Mitzi.

On Christmas morning I read all your dear, dear letters and

cards, and I have no words to tell you how much they mean to me or what they did to make my far-away Christmas happy. In spite of my prohibitions, several of my friends sent packages and we opened them with glee. But I am glad that some of you did exactly what I asked.

I went to the American Church for the last time, and heard a lovely sermon by the dear old man who is its pastor. By the way, I never knew until then that our own Bishop Brooks was once pastor for a year of the American Church in Berlin.

This afternoon we heard "Haensel und Gretel." The cast was ideally chosen, and the presentation was perfect. The scene in which the angels come down the shining stairway from Heaven to guard the children after the sandman has put them to sleep, was exquisite. Above brooded the Christmas star whose beams came down till they seemed to touch the children. It was hard to say which was most delightful, the children on the stage or the children in the audience, of whom there were very, very many. When the witch was burned and the effigy was shown, these children gasped with delight. Whenever I eat ice cream made in the home of my friend Miss Getz, I have a way of saying, "Well, this is the best we have ever had." Perhaps it is on the same principle that at this moment "Haensel und Gretel" seems to me the loveliest though not the greatest of our Berlin operatic experience.

And now to dear Berlin we say farewell. When I write again, it will be of Nuremberg and Munich. But I hope, ah, how I hope, that I have made you know and love my dear Berlin and my dear German people. To you all, I wish every joy that the New Year can bring. And I am for all the years to come,

Your very own,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

HOTEL DEUTSCHER KAISER,
MUNICH, GERMANY,
January 4, 1927

The past week has been the very most wonderful in all this wonderful experience. As always, I despair of being able adequately to convey it to you, but equally as always I cannot be happy until I share it with you as best I may.

We left Berlin at 10: 34 A.M., on Monday, December 27th, en route for Vienna via Nuremberg and Munich. The trip to Nuremberg was a matter of eight hours, and we had our compartment to ourselves and could lounge about all over the place. These compartment trains are wonderful when they are not crowded. Reaching Nuremberg, we went at once to the Christliches Hospiz. Of all these hospiz hotels, it was the finest, and we have liked them all.

Each of these German cities seems to have its own special and particular hero, round whom all its art and history centers. In Berlin and Potsdam, the name of Friedrich the Great "is writ large" over everything one sees. In Dresden, August the Strong actually seemed to still live, and to dominate the whole atmosphere of the city. Nuremberg is smaller than any of these, but it certainly is richer in patron saints than any. Four names are everywhere enshrined in its art and history; those of Adam Kraft, Veit Stoss, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs. The first two have graven their personalities in marble and stone, in every great church and museum in the city. Albrecht Dürer has painted his on wonderful canvases, while Richard Wagner has made the name of

"HANS SACHS SHOE
Maker and Poet too."

famous in "Die Meistersinger von Nuremberg."

The city has three great churches, each marvelous in its way. Die Frauenkirche (Church of Our Lady), Die Lorenzkirche, and Die Sebalduskirche. On Tuesday morning we saw the first two. Die Frauenkirche is still Catholic, the others have been Protestant since the days of Martin Luther.

It is impossible to describe the altars and the marvelous ceilings and wall decorations of these churches. The sculptures

are the work of Veit Stoss and Adam Kraft; and depict Christ on the cross, the Last Supper, and the Holy Family, in ever-varying conception.

Of the three great churches, perhaps the Lorenzkirche is the most remarkable. Its nave dates back to the sixteenth century, and it is rich in sculptures and carvings. Of the latter, the most remarkable is the Englischer Gruss (Angel's Greeting) which depends from the ceiling in the center of the choir. In the middle are the two figures, the Angel Gabriel and the Virgin, encircled by a rosary. Over them God the Father, and beneath, the snake with the apple. The seven disks inserted in the rosary represent the seven joys of the Virgin. This is the work of Veit Stoss, and dates back to 1518.

On top of the Frauenkirche is a marvelous clock, where daily at high noon the figures of the electors pass before Kaiser Charles the Fourth. This repeats itself for five minutes, looking of course like a continuous procession. We counted seven of these figures, but it was so high that it was difficult to be sure that our count was correct.

The oldest of the three churches is the Sebalduskirche and to us it was the most interesting. Saint Sebald was of royal blood, and was to marry the daughter of a French king. On the eve of their wedding, he went away because he felt that he could not live the life of luxury and selfishness at the French court. He spent the rest of his life in the woods, and ministered everywhere to the poor and sad. The church dates back to the twelfth century, and here, too, Adam Kraft in the fourteenth century did some wonderful work. Many of the decorations of the small chapels are the gifts of noble German families which they commemorate.

On Wednesday, we saw Nuremberg's great museum, the Germanische. This is unlike any other which we have seen. It is an epitome of the whole history of German culture and art from its crudest beginnings to the present day.

One sees first the more modern portion. I have never dreamed of such exquisite carving in wood. In Germany they

do not build houses with closets. Instead, they use what they call "Schranks." They are like our wardrobes and yet unlike them in that they are higher and more graceful of line. From the very earliest times, they have been subjects for the most gorgeous decorative art. They are carved with animals, flowers, and every imaginable device. Some of the more costly are inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and all have heavy, full-length mirrors. There were boxes carved in open work so delicate that it seemed that it would break with a touch. You must remember that even the so-called newer ones are often two hundred years old. Nothing is old over here until it dates back to the eleventh century; then, perhaps, it is growing a bit ancient.

For me, it was wonderful in Nuremberg. The guides did not watch us closely, and I could touch everything that was not encased. Through the older portion of the museum, however, we went with a guide. He was wonderful to me, putting my hand on everything that could be touched.

Here we saw the very beginnings of all things; the first weapons, the first crude dishes, and wooden bowls and spoons. But however crude, they were all carved with some sort of design.

That some attempt was made at beauty from the earliest times was everywhere evident. There were wonderful old embroideries on silks. One of these seemed to be coming to pieces. Esther looked at the date on it and remarked, "Well, this must have been a very poor piece of silk, it has only lasted three hundred years."

Many of the rooms in this museum have been brought bodily from other places and built onto it. The place was ice cold, and it took us much over an hour to go through it. I thought we would take our death, but we did not.

We saw a wonderful old clavichord, mother of the first piano. It was for this instrument that Bach wrote all his famous fugues. This one was made of mahogany, and the keys were covered with mother-of-pearl. It had a real scale, and the

guide allowed me to play on it. I felt exactly like a little friend of mine, who, when anything pleased her, was wont to say, "I yike take that home wiv me."

The whole Germanische Museum was a vivid panorama of German history. There were miniature houses, representing the homes of different periods with all their appointments. It made one feel strangely kin to all peoples of all ages. They ate and slept and sorrowed and rejoiced and felt the same needs and the same impulses toward beauty as we, and they passed on into a larger life, as we shall do.

On Wednesday afternoon, we went to one of the theatres and heard "Schneewittchen und die Sieben Zwerge." Now I hope that even those of you whose family tree did not have its roots in Das Vaterland will recognize this as "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." If you do not, you ought to, but—don't tell anybody—I did not when I first heard it. It was, as I judge, an amateur performance for children, and I hardly know which we enjoyed most, the dwarfs on the stage or the kiddies in the audience. It was lovely, and I was surprised to realize how much I was able to understand, but that was probably because I knew the story.

Thursday morning we went to the house of Hans Sachs. Ah, I wish I could describe it to you. It was off a tiny street, or rather alley. It consisted of two rooms, the outer where Hans lived, and the inner where he made shoes. The woman who cares for the house serves wine in the tiny outer room, but in the inner room is the work bench with its tools, various things hanging round the walls, Eva's wedding slippers and a window with tiny panes such as is shown in the opera. Hans Sachs was Haupt Meistersinger and he used to have outside his house this sign:

"HANS SACHS SHOE
Maker and Poet too."

When I was at the New England Conservatory and Mr. Lewis Elsen described the home of Hans Sachs and Nuremberg I used to think that I would be perfectly happy if I could just

see it—and I was. The debt I owe to the marvelous woman who is giving me all this joy is something too great for words, something that can never be measured.

Nuremberg has little old fashioned streets; and clocks and clocks. I did so want to steal one of these, but when you go to a hotel, you have to tell your whole life story, where you were born and how old you are, married or single, etc., so the police have your number.

We left Nuremberg Thursday at 1:30. At first we had the compartment to ourselves but presently a young man appeared upon the scene. He seemed to have a cold and we did not welcome his germs. However, as is usually the case, he proved to be a blessing in disguise. Of course, he and Esther began talking about music. It seemed that he had lived most of his life in Munich, and he told us many things, among them, that the Hospiz here is less modern than the one in Nuremberg. He recommended Hotel Deutscher Kaiser which we have loved. When we reached Munich in the early dusk he brought us to our hotel and asked if he might show us about a little the next morning. Once more I realized the advantage of traveling with an interesting young person like my Esther.

From the first moment, we felt at home in this hotel. The food is wonderful, and more like that in America than anywhere else we have been, always excepting my beloved Switzerland. We have actually had regular American steak and that is something to dream of here, I can assure you. Also American cake.

Our young German, true to his word, came on Friday morning and gave us our first introduction to his wonderful little city. He was going up into the mountains the next day, so we did not see him again, but he added another to the grateful memories which strengthened our love for these kindly German folk.

This is New Year's Eve. We are watching the old year's departure, here in this far-away land, and I am thinking of you, my dear ones, at home. We would have liked to go to some one of the cafes and watch the life, but two unattended

maidens can hardly do this. However, we have walked about in the quaint, narrow streets, breathing the clear, frosty air and watching the happy German people. And now the midnight bells are ringing. Ah, that they might indeed "ring out the old, ring in the new. Ring out the false, ring in the true." That they might ring out old enmities, old prejudices, ring in the new era of universal love and understanding.

A gleaming art jewel on the breast of Germany is Munich on Isar. Its collections of art rival even those of Italy, and its Alte Pinakothek has the first collection of German, Dutch, and Flemish masterpieces to be found in the world. Three great art galleries cluster round the square. The Alte Pinakothek, the Neue Pinakothek, and the Glyptothek. These words are of Greek origin, Pinako meaning pictures, and Glypto, sculpture.

The paintings in the Alte Pinakothek represent chiefly the works of masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that marvelous creative period which gave to the world its greatest treasures in the realm of art. Such names as Dürer, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and Rubens evidence the greatness of this collection. We spent two hours on Saturday and more than two hours on Sunday in the Alte Pinakothek and for some reason we lingered longest over the Rubens collection.

The difference between the conceptions of the Madonna by the painters of the Italian school and those of the Flemish and Dutch schools struck me more, perhaps, than anything else. The Italian Madonnas are almost always conceived as beautiful, innocent, childlike. Those of Rubens and Rembrandt are beautiful, but they are not children; they are queenly, serious, highly intellectual women.

There was one picture which I shall never forget. "The Madonna of the Roses," a picture of the Madonna and child set in a wreath of beautiful roses. I was surprised to find that Brüghel was a painter of landscapes and flowers and nature scenes.

Christ on the cross, the mourning for Him after He had been taken down, the Holy Family, these were the subjects far

more often chosen. I could but wonder why not the resurrection with its joys, but perhaps the artists stand helpless before this mystery.

The Neue Pinakothek contains pictures by the artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A picture portraying the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, painted by Wilhelm Kaulbach, made upon me a deep impression.

On the ground floor of this building was a large collection of copper plate engravings. These amazed me. I have always thought of engraving as small and rather insignificant art. These were wonderful. One of them actually depicted the return of Frederick the Great after the Seven Years' War. Imagine the number of figures that would naturally enter into a picture of that type. I certainly had a higher respect for engravings and I made them my apology for thinking so lightly of them. Almost all of these are the work of one Chodowiecki, a Pole.

Last night we heard a light opera called "Czar und Zimmermann" by Lortzing. Of all the light operas I have heard in Germany, I liked it the least, nor did it give me much idea of what the Munich opera is like.

Yesterday afternoon, we were entertained for tea (which proved to be coffee) by a young American girl who is singing in the Munich opera. We were introduced to her by a friend of Esther's from New York, and she was charming and gave us some valuable tips about getting into opera here.

This morning, which, by the way, is Wednesday, we went to the Glyptothek. This is entirely a collection of sculpture. I had a surprising revelation. I had always thought that sculpture would interest me far more than painting because it is form, and form is something which I can naturally comprehend much better than color. I was utterly amazed to find that they scarcely interested me at all. I really cannot account for such an unnatural psychology, unless it is because the sculptures almost all deal with Greek mythology, and what I do not know about that would make three books. So, maybe, as the Germans say, "I am just too dum" to understand sculpture.

There were a lot of Egyptian creatures, part man and part animal, and a lot of Greek gods and goddesses that were alike, only different. Now that sounds about as intelligent as the girl in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

This afternoon, however, we saw something which I *was* capable of understanding and which both thrilled and saddened me. There is a new museum here called the Deutsches Museum. Not art, but science and practical education. It is an immense building completed about a year ago, and it contains every conceivable thing which has to do with the practical sciences. It would be utterly impossible to see it all thoroughly in less than a week, spending the amount of time and strength one can give each day and the strength is no small item.

This afternoon we went through the coal mines. They are constructed exactly as mines really are, and show every detail of the process, from start to finish, both as it was done in earlier times, and as it is done today. The elevator takes you way down below the first floor, and you actually walk through what is as near a coal mine as it can be and not be it. There are hundreds of figures so lifelike that you cannot believe that they are not human beings, and they are doing all the work of the mine from the first crude blasting to the delivery of the coal to the cars. The mines are in three plateaus, as it were, and in the lowest the men lie down on their sides and dig. It takes all the pleasure away from being warm to realize that you secure this comfort at the expense of life and blood and such cruel toil. It almost makes the coal strike of England seem justifiable, no matter what the men demand.

Tomorrow we go to Oberammergau. I feel this to be an extravagance, and it is my fault. But from a child, I have read of the Passion Play, and while, of course, it is not being played now, I feel that I must see the little village which is so consecrated to its presentation. I met Anton Lang when he was in Cleveland, and I want to see him in his home.

Oberammergau is about three hours from Munich by train. Over and over again, I am asking myself how can it be that I am having this great joy, I, who am so utterly unworthy of it.

I can only hope that I may do something for or be something to others which may at least prove how deeply I appreciate this wonderful opportunity.

Munich is some 1600 feet above sea level. It is very close to the Bavarian Alps, and the air is wonderful. It is cold and clear, and after the heavy air and incessant rains of Berlin, is a joy. Munich is the first place in the old world where I really have felt that I could spend a year. A week seems far too little time in which to absorb its beauty and its store of educational opportunities.

I hope that I have not wearied you. If I do, write and ask me to make it a bit more snappy. With tender love, I am,

Yours always,
ALMEDA C. ADAMS

PENSION ATLANTA,
33 WAEHRINGERSTRASSE,
VIENNA, AUSTRIA
January 14, 1927

MY DEARLY LOVED:

Here we are in the city of Richard Strauss and the Danube waltzes, to say nothing of the famous river which inspired them. In summer, this river is doubtless as blue as we have always pictured it, but at present it is a bit yellow. Not meaning to insinuate that "it has a yellow streak"; the Saints forbid!

Our last two days in Munich were rich indeed in both joy and inspiration.

I said goodbye to you last on Wednesday evening, January 6th. The next day we went to Oberammergau, that little village in the heart of the Bavarian Alps, where for three hundred years the humble peasants have kept from generation to generation a solemn pledge made to Almighty God, a pledge of undying gratitude for a deliverance. As you know, all that district was visited by a fearful plague which wiped out hundreds of lives. The people of Oberammergau met in their little

church and humbly implored God to spare their village, promising that every ten years they would hold a solemn festival in grateful commemoration. This festival reverently enacts the whole life of Jesus. The entire village takes part in its presentation. That pledge was never broken until the year 1920, just after the World War, when the entire village was too stricken, too hungry, too weak with want and suffering to make it possible. It was, however, given in 1922. The next presentation will be in 1930 and the three-hundredth anniversary in 1940.

The journey from Munich to Oberammergau is taken in mountain climbing trains, such as I described in Switzerland. The road winds ever upward through the mountains which, on the day we went, were covered thick with snow. Everywhere, graceful evergreens bent with the weight of their sparkling diadems; and everywhere, the peaks rose to bathe in the glory of a blue infinity. The beauty was as the beauty of a virgin soul, untouched by even the knowledge of human sin and sorrow. Up there amid the glory of mountain and sky, it was impossible to conceive that such a tragedy as the World War could ever have been.

While we waited to be taken up to the home of Anton Lang, we sat in the most primitive of hotel restaurants where a lot of working men were eating their noonday meal. Their dialect was difficult to understand, but not so their jovial laughter or their hearty appetites. They rallied each other good-naturedly, and the victim of the moment laughed as loudly as the rest.

We were driven up to Herr Lang's in an old-fashioned, perfectly primitive open sleigh. The horse had bells, and the sleigh rocked in the snow and threatened to tip you over any moment, in the most approved fashion. "The one horse open sleigh" of poetic fame had not a thing over us, I can assure you, and the driver entertained us all the way.

I touch with the deepest reverence the hour spent in the humble, simply appointed, gracious, German home of Anton Lang. I had met him when he was in Cleveland during his

trip to America; and I had written asking him if we might come to his home, having heard that it really is a pension. He himself met us. He greeted us with a gentle, kingly grace. He sat beside us at table. He spoke with touching gratitude of America and his stay there. He talked with eager enthusiasm of his work as a potter. He spoke briefly, with a reserve which said far more than words could do, of the suffering of the people of Oberammergau between the years of 1917 and 1920. He said at the end, "But we feel sure that such a tragedy will never happen again." And this was an optimism born not of ignorance but of faith.

After dinner we saw the beautiful things which he creates from the clay of his mountains. I could but think constantly how the great Molder of Lives had taken the common clay of our human nature and wrought it, in Anton Lang, into a vivid likeness of the Son of God, simply through his daily contemplation of that divine character which, for three successive performances of the Passion Play, he had represented.

You doubtless know that an English syndicate offered him $100,000 to come to London and present the Passion Play. I doubt greatly whether Anton Lang has ever owned $1,000. His home would in no way indicate it; but he refused without a moment's hesitation. He said simply, "The Passion Play is not drama. It is a sacred festival. If I commercialized it, I would be a traitor to God and to my people."

His youngest child, a boy of seven, was adorable. His eldest is in college at Worcester, Mass., working his way through. I left the home of Anton Lang feeling that I had been blessed by a Saint. Not that he has any such idea. Anything more simple and humble than his every word and attitude it would be impossible to conceive. He is like a child, and reminds one that the Master said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

On Friday we went through the National Museum of Munich. The most wonderful thing in this museum is the wood carving. I had never conceived that this art possessed

such possibilities. There were representations of entire villages. Sometimes the colorings were so beautiful that you could scarcely believe that the material was wood.

The most remarkable exhibit in this museum is a room called "Krippen room." It contains nothing but representations of the manger and the birth of Christ. In some cases, the whole town of Bethlehem is reproduced, all carved in wood. The alcoves are dark, and when they throw over them a soft light, the effect is indescribably vivid. Here again is evidenced the difference between German and Italian art; the one striving ever for realism, the other for intrinsic beauty.

I shall always look back upon my week in Munich as perhaps the most perfect and unmixed joy which I have ever known. My child enjoyed every moment, and that did much to make me happy. The hotel was a delight, from the wonderful food, such as we had not had in Europe, to my dear little Zimmer Mädchen, Marie, who could not do enough for me to satisfy her own kind heart. Of all the places we have visited, I could more nearly be happy to live in Munich than anywhere.

We left it Saturday morning at half-past eight. The trip to Vienna was ten hours or nearly that, although an American train would, I think, do it in seven. We met some pleasant American women, which helped some. For the first time in all our travels, we had no sort of idea to which hotel we were going. The porters took us to one which they recommended, but our olfactory nerves refused to wish to stay there. The American ladies had mentioned one, the Metropol, and thither we betook ourselves, to the disgust of the porters who had recommended the first one.

The Metropol was very good, although it did more damage to our bank account than we usually allow or than we at all enjoy. But it was late, and two unattended females could not take too many chances. Besides, Vienna is not as clean as Berlin, and therefore the chances are greater. However, we stayed only from Saturday night until Monday morning.

We spent Sunday seeking a pension. Never a happy task,

and more difficult here than elsewhere. I doubt if Vienna has had a new apartment house in fifty years. If it has, there are no pensions in any of the new ones. The buildings are old, the plumbing is dreadful, the doors and floors creak, but—food is wonderful. So you see the law of compensation still is effective in this naughty, nice old world.

I sometimes think we chose this pension because of its name, "Atlanta"; it sounds so American. It is as ancient and squeaky and odorous as all the rest; but the little Fräulein who is at its head, running it for and with her uncle, is charming; and the cook—there are no words to express her. To be sure, I have never seen her, but I assure you, my respect for that lady is boundless.

We have been here a week tomorrow, and I must confess that we have seen almost nothing. The reason being that it rained and it rained and it rained. Yesterday, however, it stopped.

Last night we went to the "Volks Oper" and heard "Der Fliegende Holländer." The Volks Oper is, of course, the cheap and popular opera house. It has been closed a good deal of the time. We had no choice because nothing was being given at the Staats Oper which we wanted to hear. The performance was by no means wonderful; but Esther had never heard the opera, and at least it was interesting.

One thing is everywhere evident. The old, gay, laughing, luxurious Vienna of which one has always read has given place to a shabby, poverty-stricken, disheartened Vienna which is much the worse for war. The Viennese were ever a pleasure-loving people who lived for today, and today they find themselves stripped of all that to them made life. Their richest families are pitifully poor, and they have not the material resources or the natural resilience to come back quickly, as the Germans are doing. More of Vienna next time. With much love,

Yours,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

PENSION ATLANTA,
33 WAEHRINGERSTRASSE,
VIENNA, AUSTRIA,
January 18, 1927

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

As usual, it rains. Of course, the Viennese would tell you that it was, "as unusual." But so did the Berliners, and the Americans whom I met who were there last year said that, so far as they could see, it had been just the same. So my credulity does not rise to the occasion. To be sure, it did not rain yesterday; and that is something, for in Berlin it rained every day, all day, all the time. So Vienna scores one.

Sunday afternoon we heard a lovely concert. The Vienna Symphony Orchestra with a large chorus. The orchestra played the "G Major Symphony," by Gustave Mahler. The programme was an "all Austrian Composers." I had never heard the Mahler Symphony, and I could not decide from one hearing what I really thought of it. In spots, it was very beautiful; but it was, like much of the modern music, very vague at times. The chorus was beautiful. I have never heard a better, unless I except the Mendelssohn choir. They sang one selection by Hugo Wolf, "Krist Nacht," which I shall never forget. One of the solo parts was taken by a boy soprano with a clear, lovely voice.

Last night, however, was, I am sure, the crowning event of our Vienna sojourn; for nothing which can follow can be so wonderful. We heard at the Staats Oper, that wonderful, thrilling, and in America, practically unknown, opera "Der Evangelimann." It would be impossible to convey any impression of the opera without telling you the whole story, and this I shall not attempt to do. Suffice it to say, it is one of the most moving themes that could be conceived, and the music befits it like a beautiful garment. It is by Dr. Wilhelm Kienzl.

I have never before heard anything which he has composed, but last evening we saw and heard him conduct this opera on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. He stood

before his orchestra, a little man, hair and beard snow white, a face radiant with love of his art and of his people. The cast was wonderful, and everyone, from the Concertmeister of the orchestra to the humblest member of the chorus, gave to the Conductor a reverent, loving obedience. Nothing in all my European experience has so thrilled me. The audience went wild again and yet again. These Europeans do not wait until their great men die to prove their devotion. Such an ovation as was repeatedly given Dr. Kienzl I had never seen. There was about it no claque. It was the sincere expression of the deep love of a great city for one of its greater sons. The tenor came out with Dr. Kienzl to acknowledge the applause again and yet again. The doctor was so modest that he would not remain out alone, and at last the tenor put both arms around him and drew him to the front. Frau Kienzl sat in one of the boxes and smiled and applauded with the rest. Altogether, it was an evening to remember all one's life. It made one feel that, after all, the world is not so cold and unappreciative as we are often apt to think. When I come home I want to tell you more about the opera itself. It moved me as nothing, except, perhaps, "Die Toten Augen," has done; and the occasion was even more thrilling.

Quite contrary to our usual procedure, we had expensive, down-stairs seats, because we could get no others. That is, they were expensive for Europe and us, two dollars apiece, and we were not sorry. We even honored dear old Dr. Kienzl with our evening gowns, although he does not know it. Nor will he ever know that two humble Americans gave his genius the reverence of their hearts. But we will never forget "Der Evangelimann" or its composer.

This morning we went to a museum but got less from it than usual, because the catalogue was all in German script which Esther does not read easily, albeit she speaks it very well.

Yesterday afternoon we went to the house in which Franz Schubert was born. They have gathered many mementos of the composer and put them into these tiny rooms. Portraits

of himself and his friends, of his family, pictures of what were called "Schubert Abends," the musical evenings which he spent with his friends. Schubert sat at the piano and played while his friends sang his beautiful "lieder." His grand piano and a great old chair in which he sat, are also there.

But the thing which interested me most was the collection of his manuscripts, the original copy which he made of many of his songs and string quartettes and other works. The words of these and some of the notes are still clearly legible. The very presence of this gentle, genial, gifted man seems to brood above the place. Perhaps no composer has ever been more deeply beloved and the shadow of his untimely death and his hard and poverty-hampered life, could but deepen the tender memories which the place evoked.

This morning we went to the old palace which was for generations the home of the Austrian kings. They refused to show it to us because they do not open it to visitors in wet weather. If our experience proves anything, then they never open it, for rain is all there is in this city. However, the National Library is in one end of the castle, and at eleven o'clock, even on rainy days, they take visitors through the wonderful rooms which were the Royal Library.

Here is to be seen the marvelous collection of books accumulated for generations by the Hapsburgs, that royal family which, with the Hohenzollerns, have made the history of Europe for centuries; and, incidentally, have been responsible for most of its tragedies. To me, the most interesting thing in this library was a marvelous collection of parchments and manuscripts showing the evolution of the art of book-making. These represented the work of every conceivable country, in every spoken language, from Egyptian papyruses dating back to 300 B.C., and more, to the first printed bibles of Gutenberg. Whole copies of the New Testament written by hand by the monks in the monasteries and representing the work of a lifetime were in this collection. To me, this was intensely interesting, making one realize by what travail of toil the wisdom of the ages had been preserved for us.

On Wednesday evening, we heard the light, very light, opera, "Fledermaus," by Johann Strauss, who is, as you know, called the "Waltz King" of Vienna. His waltzes are doubtless the most beautiful compositions of that type ever written. But "Fledermaus" failed to interest me, probably because comic opera depends so largely for its appeal on the ability to see the action.

Vienna is remarkable for the beauty of its architecture. There are more beautiful buildings here than in any city that we have visited. Almost all are old; but all marvelously designed. Vienna would be wonderful in summer when it literally lies in a bed of green. But we have seen it at some disadvantage. First, the afore-mentioned rain. Secondly, that I have not been very well, so that I feel that we have seen less of Vienna, considering the length of time that we have been here, than of most places which we have visited.

On Saturday afternoon, we visited the Burg Theater, which seems abundantly to justify its claim of being the most beautiful in the world. It was built by Franz Joseph, the greatest of the Austrian emperors, and the last, save one. Its decorations are as beautiful as those of any palace, and its architecture is marvelous. The royal boxes are most lavishly furnished with chairs covered with the richest brocades. The theatre looks immense, and we were amazed to find that it seats only about 1700. Among many portraits of great actors and actresses who have evidenced their genius on its stage, one particularly interested me, namely the picture of Frau Wilbrandt, who is now eighty-five years old, and still playing. Our guide told us he had seen her only the day before in a play. That certainly is beating the record. Her husband, Herr Wilbrandt, was at one time director of the Burg Theater.

On Sunday morning we saw the historic Museum of Vienna, which is in the new Rathaus or City Hall. It contains pictures and engravings, showing the city in every period of its history, dating back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Its artists, its musicians, its writers are commemorated by pictures and by entire rooms devoted to mementos of them. It

has produced great men along every line, but its galaxy of famous musicians is the largest of all its brilliant constellations, including such names as Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, not to mention its lesser stars such as Hugo Wolf, Johann Strauss, Bruchner, Gustave Mahler, etc. The influence of Vienna upon the musical life of Europe seems to me to be almost greater than that of any other single city.

On Sunday afternoon we went out to Schönbrunn, the show place of Vienna, where is located the palace which for centuries has been the home of the Austrian kings. As always, the history weaves itself about two outstanding names, those of Maria Theresa and Franz Joseph.

We saw the forty rooms which constituted the residence of the monarchs. The dining rooms, reception rooms, and bed chambers in which monarchs lived and made history, now all thrown open to an inquisitive public. It seems incredible.

I am no monarchist, yet I could not escape a feeling that it was almost sacrilege. Nor could I feel other than a deep compassion for Franz Joseph. He died in 1916 in the midst of the war, at the age of eighty-seven, and the story of his seventy years' reign, the most brilliant, perhaps, in Austria's history, is yet a tale of tragedy which could but move one to pity. His wife was insane a large part of her later life. His son, Crown Prince Rudolf, committed suicide under most disgraceful circumstances, killing at the same time the woman who was his paramour; and dragging the royal name in the dirt, in every coffee house in Vienna. His nephew, the lawful successor to the throne, was that Franz Ferdinand whose assassination made the outward excuse for the World War, the real cause of which, I sometimes wonder as I hear it given from such widely varying viewpoints, whether any one will ever know. The last Emperor, Karl, who abdicated in 1918 after the war, seems to have been nothing in particular.

On Sunday evening I had an interesting conversation with a most intelligent gentleman who was a native of Vienna, my pension host. He told me many things which make the present conditions of Austria easier to understand. As you know, Franz Joseph was emperor of Austria, Hungary, Czecho-

slovakia, and I know not of what other small countries. When, at the end of the war, these countries were given their independence, the kingdom of Austria was reduced from sixty million to six million, with two million of that number in Vienna alone. My friend told me that Austria has not enough farmlands to raise its own food or enough working mines to provide its own fuel. It is therefore reduced to buying almost everything from other countries.

There are many people who seem not to be in sympathy with the new republican form of government. It is socialistic and the conservatives do not like it. Altogether, poor little Austria is hard pressed to maintain its national life, and my friend said frankly that he really thought that in ten years it might cease to exist as a separate nation and be absorbed in some other country. "Germany logically?" I asked. "I suppose so," he replied. I said, "Would that be so strange since your language is the same? What is the real difference between you?" He hesitated, and when I suggested that it was mainly the difference between Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs, he laughed and admitted that it almost seemed so.

The palace of Schönbrunn has a marvelous collection of carriages of every variety. Some of these are jeweled and gorgeously upholstered. The coronation coach of Franz Joseph is so heavy that it requires four great stallions to draw it.

We are leaving Vienna Monday morning for Milan by way of Venice. We shall stop in the latter city for a day, another life-long dream coming true. I am literally praying that it may not rain.

Once in Milan, our vacation days will be over, and we shall settle down once more to hard work and plenty of it. But the weeks since we left Berlin have given us a wealth of treasures which memory will hold for us through all our lives. Now for Italy and a new contact, meaning, as it always does, an enrichment of experience and a broadening of love and understanding. For I am finding that to know any people is to love them.

With love to every one of you, and a tender good-night,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

PENSION GUIDA,
CORSO BUENOS AYRES,
MILANO, ITALY,
January 31, 1927

MY BELOVED FRIENDS:

Milano at last. But if I had dreamed of a sunny clime and soft airs, I must confess to utter disappointment. The fogs rival London, or at least, what I have heard about London, and I have never been so cold. Heating houses is something about which our Italian friends know nothing. They have tiny radiators that would not warm a clothes closet, and all their ceilings are high and their windows or rather casements, for all Europe has casements, are loose enough to make the wind feel perfectly free and welcome to enter when he will. So if this letter is utterly illegible it is because my hands are so cold that I cannot write.

We left Vienna on Monday morning, January 24th, as we had planned to do. We were obliged to rise with the birds or with the milk wagons which are more in evidence, for our train left at half-past seven. The compartment was not crowded; in fact, we had it to ourselves a good part of the way, and for that day and the next the sun shone as I have not seen him shine in Europe.

The journey over the mountains with their glittering coronets of snow, glorified by the kiss of the sun, was wonderful, mountain peak after mountain peak rising before us with each new vista. The journey was the longest we have taken, as we did not reach Venice until eleven at night, but it was also one of the most beautiful. Had we entered Venice at that hour in June, we would have been greeted by a fairy land of light and color and by music everywhere. But Venice in the winter is something other than the Venice of one's dreams. I imagined that we would be taken to our hotel in a gondola. On the contrary, we walked there most prosaically on a narrow side walk. However, had our hotel been farther away, we would have been obliged to take the ferry.

It is marvelous how ignorant one can be. I speak for myself alone. I had always supposed that one could not walk anywhere in Venice, but must be taken from door to door in a boat. On the contrary, you can walk everywhere if you know how. But I fancy only those who are born there could possibly find their way about the narrow streets, which turn incessantly, ending in blind alleys out of which it would seem impossible to escape. There are in fact no streets, only sidewalks with tiny shops on each side. Imagine a city of 175,000 people and not an automobile, not a carriage, not a vehicle of any kind except boats. This is Venice.

On Tuesday we had a guide. We saw the Rialto, sacred to the fame of Antonio and Shylock. It was easy to fancy one's self back in that Shakespearian atmosphere. We saw the balcony over which Juliet leaned to Romeo. We stood in San Marco square, with its marble paving, its marvelous cathedral, and its pigeons. I never saw so many in my life. I fed them, and they perched on my head, my hands, my shoulders, and ate from my hand.

The cathedral makes all the other ancient structures which we have seen appear the creations of yesterday. It dates back to 830. It has, of course, been repeatedly rebuilt. Above the entrance and very high are four great bronze horses about which the guide told us a most interesting story. I cannot vouch for its truth. He said that they were of Greek workmanship, and were made in Corinth some time, probably, before the Christian era. The Turks took them to Constantinople whence in the twelfth century, during the Crusades, Venice captured them. When Napoleon entered Venice about 1809, he took them away with him to Paris, greatly to the grief of the Venetians. The sculptor Canova did a piece of work for Napoleon which pleased the latter very much. In a rash moment, he said, "Ask of me whatever you will, and I will grant it." Instantly Canova said, "Sire, give me back my four bronze horses which you took from the Cathedral of San Marco." Napoleon was amazed. He had no wish to part with this treasure. But a monarch may not break his word,

so Canova carried the horses back to Venice but Napoleon very meanly kept the bridles.

I had rather liked our guide, but in the afternoon we had an experience which made me utterly distrust him, and the consequences of which I hardly dare contemplate had not my guardian angel as always been sent to guide my judgment. We wanted to see some silk scarfs such as we had seen in the morning, in the windows of a tiny shop in the Rialto. The guide said he would take us to a place. When we reached it, we began climbing a winding stair. I asked where we were going. He replied, "To see the scarfs." Somehow, from the first moment we reached the place, I did not like it. It was magnificently furnished, and it displayed the most gorgeous oriental shawls and scarfs of which I have ever dreamed. But they were not Venetian, nor were their prices within the reach of our purses. The man who owned the shop was very polished, in a suave, un-Italian way, and all the people about him were evidently orientals, although he did not exactly look so. When we began to look at the things a boy in oriental costume came up with a little tea wagon and the proprietor asked us to have some Turkish coffee. In an instant all the things which I have ever heard about hashish and Turkish coffee with its drugs came to me. I declined quietly, saying that we had just lunched. But he insisted and finally said in a most injured tone, "But, Madame, this is a custom of my family; you will not be so discourteous as to refuse!" Esther, who knows my fondness for coffee, could not understand and urged me to have some. I was obliged to say very emphatically that I would not take it, and to ask Esther not to do so. The guide, when he saw my attitude, put down his cup which, I feel sure, he had not touched, and started out with us. The proprietor followed us down the stairs. The suavity was quite gone from his manner. I have never seen anyone so ill at ease as was our guide. When we reached the street, I told him quietly that we would pay our bill and he might point us to the boat and we would go back to the hotel alone. He instantly left us after charging more than we had agreed upon. This

is the first time we have had any unpleasant experience, but I feel sure that my hunch was right, and that the guiding hand that never leaves me, whether amid Cleveland's crowded thoroughfares or on European shores, pointed to me the way of safety for myself and above all for my darling child.

Venice should be seen in spring or summer, and of all the places we have visited, I most long to return to it when it is its beautiful dream self. So we left it for Milan on Wednesday morning. The trip is less than five hours, and on that day, too, the sun shone, so that our introduction to Milano was a happy one. If I have since been disappointed in it, perhaps later it will redeem itself.

At any rate, we have found a pension which is very good, except for the cold, and I gather that to be the same everywhere, and Miss Cadkin has found a very fine coach with whom she has already had one lesson and whose work is a joy. This is, I infer, most unusual, for there are three other American singing girls in the house, and they seem to have floundered about for months before finding the right teachers. So now we are once more at work.

With love to everyone, and the hope that we shall hear from you, as we need our letters.

Yours,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

MILANO, ITALY,
February 8, 1927

MY BELOVED FRIENDS AT HOME:

For the first time since I sailed out of New York harbor, I approach the task of writing with nothing to say. The blame for such an unusual situation rests partly with La Scala.

Why the managers of this world-famous Opera House chose this particular time to do what they have never done before, namely, give Wagnerian opera in Italian, is beyond me.

Certainly they could not have chosen a worse, so far as we are concerned. We had so looked forward to La Scala and we have not even seen its ticket window as yet, and do not seem likely to for the present. Of course, we have no wish to hear the German operas which we heard so beautifully done in Berlin attempted here for the first time, and not in their native language.

To my utter amazement, we find that there is not a Symphony Orchestra in Milan, unless you count the one at La Scala, which should be, but isn't. So it is, that we have not heard an opera in three weeks, and are desolated. To be sure, we hear or I do about one a year at home. But that is different. At home I have all of you to console me. I must admit that I have been more nearly ready to take the first boat home in the past week than since I came over. But I know perfectly well that when La Scala stops giving German opera which it is, they tell us, bound to do in a week or two, and when it grows a bit warmer, so that we don't freeze in our rooms, my eagerness to book immediate passage will be materially lessened. Not that I shall be the less anxious to see you but there are still a few things left over here that I must store up in my casket of memory jewels.

I am getting some very definite impressions of Italy, and the Italian people, but as yet, they are based on too little knowledge to make them of real value. I reserve judgment therefore until I have been here longer. If all the types that I see on the streets and in stores were like my adorable little Maestra who teaches me Italian, or like the cultured and high-bred gentleman who is Miss Cadkin's teacher, then I should feel that the Italians are a marvelous people; but I must admit that as yet, I seem to find these two marked exceptions.

There are not many art museums here. The centers of Italian culture are in Florence, Venice, and Rome. I so long to see Florence and Rome, but do not know whether this will be possible to us.

The most beautiful thing which we have seen here is the cathedral. It is called the Duomo, and stands in the square

of that name which is the center of the life of Milan. It is the largest cathedral we have seen, and its chief beauty is in the marvelous windows with their exquisite paintings illustrating scenes of the Bible, and their gorgeous colorings. When the sun shines through them, they are indescribably beautiful. Italian art achieves the most exquisite blues and reds. The blues are delicious and are like no other blue in all art. They seem to create an atmosphere radiant and celestial. I shall try to learn more about the history of this great structure which is the pride of Milan.

The only scrap of music which we have heard, aside from the singing of our maids in the kitchen (and they sing most of the time), is an orchestra in the only large department store. It plays in the afternoon in the tea-room, and is no mean orchestra. Here's hoping that there will be something interesting to tell next time.

Always I am yours from my heart, and with all my love,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

PENSION GUIDA,
MILANO, ITALY,
February 22, 1927

DEAR ONES IN THAT FAR AWAY GOOD LAND OF MY HEART:

As I write the above date, I realize that this is Washington's Birthday. I think I appreciate as never before how great a heritage he and those who shared the struggle and the hardships with him, bequeathed to us whose privilege it is to call ourselves Americans. Europe, with all its art, its culture, its history offers no gift so great as the gift of free-born United States citizenship. But oh—I wish that the men who today hold the balance of power in our beloved nation were inspired with that true patriotism, that spirit of utter sacrifice, that devotion to truth which should be their righful inheritance from those who suffered that we might live. If this were true,

there would not be in our high places men who dishonor by graft and intrigue, the trust reposed in them, and if there were they would be punished as they deserve. When criminals like these go scot free it is little wonder that our youth hold a public conscience lightly and measure morality by "what a man can do and get away with."

At last we have seen La Scala whose magic name has, for a hundred and fifty years, stood for the development of Italian opera which up to the time of Wagner meant the development of opera in the world. It is a beautiful old house. Not as big as the Metropolitan, by far, nor yet so gorgeous in its decorations as many modern theatres. It has a certain indescribable charm of its own. I have as yet been unable to learn exactly how many it seats; but so much of it is taken up with loges that I am sure its capacity must be less than its size would lead one to think. Its acoustics are wonderful, its stage is large.

In this generation of course the name La Scala is synonymous with that of Toscanini. He has been in America since before we came to Milano, but he is now returning, and we hope to hear him conduct before we leave Italy. To be sure, there is a rumor in the air that he has severed connections with La Scala, but Italians vigorously deny this. Toscanini puts the orchestra above everything else, and the singers are merely tributary in his mind to the whole scheme of an opera. Naturally, therefore, the orchestra at La Scala is wonderful, but to my mind the singers are not truly great or at least we have as yet heard none who are.

The first opera we heard last Wednesday evening. It was "Aïda" and the whole performance was delightful, albeit the soprano in the title rôle was not specially good. Again, however, as in Germany, I feel that nowhere can an opera be heard to such advantage as in the country which gave it birth.

On Saturday night we heard "La Bohème." It was a much less satisfying performance, but the chorus and orchestra were fine. In the second act they brought in a group of children which gave to the scene a delightful touch of realism.

At "Aïda," during one of the intermissions, a lady came and asked if I were not Miss Adams of Cleveland. I "plead guilty," and found that although I had not known her personally, we had, at one time, been members of the Business Women's Club. She is the wife of the American Vice-Consul here, and she has been so lovely to me. She came the very next day, and we walked together; and on Sunday Esther and I were her guests for tea. This has meant much to me, for I have been a bit lonely in Milano.

My heart's love is with you always. Good night.

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

PENSION VILLA FLORA,
MILANO, ITALY,
March 11, 1927

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:

For the first time since I left America, I have failed to keep the promise which I then made myself: that I would write you at least once a week. Also, for the first time, I have seemed to find letter-writing a task from which I shrank. Perhaps this is because there has seemed so little of interest to write about, perhaps it is because the Spring has gotten into my blood.

Within the past two weeks, we have had what may justly be called a "moving" experience. Of course, when we chose Pension Guida, we had no idea that it would prove a merely temporary arrangement or we never would have taken it. But circumstances arose which seemed to make a change imperative and so after one month, we found ourselves faced with the necessity of finding another place to live.

This is not an easy problem in Italy. Outside the hotels it is extremely difficult to find living places where it is clean and where the food is at all possible. Nowhere is it much more than just possible and in many places it is to the American standard utterly hopeless.

Our Italian teacher told us about this pension and in many ways I, at least, like it much better than the other. For one thing, the other was in an apartment without elevator service and the stairs were many. Also they were remodeling the building and the noise was trying. Or is this only an added indication of advancing years?

Many of you have, by your kindly greetings, reminded me that I have recently added another to the list of anniversaries which point the way to the land of the setting sun. The shadows lengthen, but just beyond, they will be transfigured by the glory of the sunset.

I watched it the other evening as we walked in the park—the sunset in an Italian sky—not massed in one blaze of color but diffused in gorgeous ribbons of gold and crimson and amethyst, a radiant robe wherein the dying day swathed the stately splendor of his going; a garment wrought of all the day had known of mist and cloud and sunlight. I wonder if the glory of *our* sunset must be thus self-created by the soul's alchemy out of life's experiences?

But to return to our moving, which in Milano is no simple problem, I assure you. There is no such thing as an express company. The only transfer is that which takes your possessions to and from the railway station. If you move from one house to another you have but two alternatives. Either you stand round for hours until you can capture one of the very few taxicabs big enough to carry a trunk or you take a push cart. After a morning spent in a hopeless effort to secure the former, we were compelled to resort to the latter. I wish I could send you a picture of us, walking along beside a rickety cart, pushed by two more or less intoxicated Italians and containing all our worldly goods. We momentarily expected the cart to turn over, and scatter our possessions far and wide. I carried my precious typewriter. One of the men really was almost too drunk to walk. We were, I am sure, a striking procession. But we got here without mishap.

Last Friday and Saturday they had what they call Carnavale. It somewhat resembles our own Hallowe'en. This

festival immediately precedes the restraints of the Lenten season, and children and grown-ups alike dress in character costumes. The kiddies were adorable. We saw one tiny tot dressed as Pierrot and he was so cunning. The grown people were often grotesque, but the children were darling. They paraded the streets all night Saturday night. In fact, I begin to doubt whether the Italians ever sleep. The older people played like children. I am told that they used to mask, but that Mussolini felt that much disorder resulted from the masking, and has forbidden it.

I am beginning to feel that possibly, however remote the policies of Mussolini may be from our American ideal of personal liberty, they may find some justification both in the Italian temperament and in the results which they are achieving. The Italians are much like grown-up children with seemingly slight sense of serious responsibility. They are intrinsically kindly. Everywhere their consideration of me touches me deeply. They are impulsive, lovable, gay. A minimum of work and a maximum of play seems to be their ideal. But just as I feel that American children would be better served by more discipline these days than by the exaggerated idea of personal liberty which results in selfishness and lack of responsibility, so I can begin to understand Mussolini's statement that what Italy needs is Work and Discipline. I realize, of course, that I know only one type of Italian, those I meet on the streets and in the stores. I know well that there is another type, serious, cultured, thoughtful, and I regret that I have no connections which make it possible for me to meet such.

The other morning I had a most pleasant two hours at the Institute for the Blind. The grounds are the most beautiful which I have seen in Milan and the building is large and well equipped. I was amazed to find that this institution is not, like ours, supported by the state or the province, but by private contributions. In the foyer are statues and portraits of the founders and donors. This is not our idea of the way in which the education of our handicapped should be provided for, but it is better than not doing it at all. I saw the kinder-

garten children, and they danced and sang and were wholly dear and charming.

On Tuesday evening we heard what so far was quite the best performance that La Scala has given us, the opera "Carmen," and I have certainly never seen so elaborate and realistic a presentation. In the finale, the arena was clearly visible and there were eight beautiful horses on the stage, four white and four black. Whenever they present a street scene, there are always children, and in the first act a group of these marched like soldiers and sang the soldiers' chorus with more spirit than the men themselves. The Carmen was a fine actress but did not sing beautifully. The rest of the cast were very good, both dramatically and vocally. We are still eagerly awaiting the return of Toscanini.

We have found a charming friend in Mrs. Huddleston, the wife of the American vice-consul. Every Wednesday afternoon she gives a tea at her home for all the American students who care to come. We went on Wednesday and met some delightful people. So go the days and the sun shines much more frequently which is a joy.

Yours with my heart's love,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

MILANO, ITALY,
March 24, 1927

DEAR FRIENDS OF MY HEART:

At last, Milano is giving me something about which to write. If only Toscanini could know how much difference his return to Italy has made in the life of one American old maid, I am sure he would feel flattered. I say Toscanini without the Signore because my Italian teacher says that in speaking of a celebrated personage you omit the Signore. In America that would be utterly bad form. Strange how that which is a gaucherie in one country is the accepted usage of another.

It leads one to reflect that conventions are after all merely a matter of custom while true politeness is a matter of the heart.

For the last week Milano has shown us her smiling face and when she really smiles she is lovely. Today, to be sure, it is raining and thundering, but then one must permit even Italy some tears and frowns. We none of us "look pleasant" all the time.

Sunday we heard "Turandot." You will remember that we heard it in Dresden (in German) and that I well-nigh promised myself never to hear it again. But I knew that until I had heard it in the original tongue and interpreted by Puccini's countrymen, I could not judge it justly. Toscanini did not conduct, but the task was admirably handled. La Scala makes of "Turandot" a marvelous spectacle, and if it failed to appeal to me in the opera house for which it was created and where its composer is most perfectly understood, I can hardly conceive that it could appeal anywhere. The music is, of course, far more ambitious in its harmonic structure than anything Puccini ever attempted. It seems like "an attempt." That is just the word. Like an effort at ultra-modernism for which the melodic and rather popular genius of the composer was utterly unfitted.

The story is rather revolting. The constant blare of the orchestra in the effort to portray the Chinese character is a bit nerve-racking and while, notably in the rôle of Liu, there are beautiful and "Pucciniesque" spots, they are not frequent enough to relieve the constant nerve tension. I may, of course, be utterly wrong. But to me it seems that in twenty years "Turandot" will be far more dead than its composer who, though not one of the world's greatest geniuses, will still live in "Tosca" and "Butterfly" and "Bohème."

Last night we heard an opera of altogether another type. The time-worn, world-wide "Lucia"; and yet, not any "Lucia" with which I was familiar, many times as I have heard the opera. For, with Toscanini in the conductor's stand and with Toti DalMonte in the title rôle and Aureliano Pertile in that

of Lord Ravenswood, "Lucia" was something to dream of for the rest of one's life. The "Wizard of La Scala" and his artists took this wornout, trite, harmonically thin, utterly old-fashioned opera and made of it a thing of dramatic content and exquisite beauty of which it is difficult to conceive. I really feel that as a performance it was the most perfect which I have ever heard.

If Toti DalMonte has failed to capture American audiences, the reflection is on us, not on her. If we are so bent on seeking sensationalism that we fail to appreciate a voice which, though small, is utterly perfect of its kind, then the fault is ours. A string of flawless pearls, a clear, rippling pool, an exquisite miniature, this is the voice of Toti DalMonte. She does not stoop to the tricks: the eternal holding of one high note, the over-emphasis on mere display of technic, which has robbed the rôle of Lucia of all its tender appeal and degenerated it into a mere vocal exercise. Toti DalMonte recreated it into a piece of exquisite lyricism, throbbing with tender emotion, and its vocal demands were merely incidents which she met with such ease, such utter and unconscious achievement that one thought of them not at all. They were but a part of the beautiful whole.

As for the tenor, whose very name I had never heard, he is, of all the tenors I have known, one of the most satisfying and I realize that this is saying much. Altogether last night's performance did much to discount for me the adverse criticisms of Toscanini made by a few very young American students.

Yesterday afternoon, we visited "The Castello," one of Milano's proudest possessions. It belonged to the Familia Di Sforza, who are to Milano what other great families of the nobility which I have mentioned are to other cities. The Castello dates back to the fourteenth century and contains, like all these old palaces, sculpture and pictures and creations of art of all kinds. (There is a statue of Agrippina, the Mother of the Neros, which interested me much.) There are also quantities of old furniture and old costumes. The castle has a

drawbridge and a moat. Into the latter, the bodies of enemies were thrown; they were carried to the top of the castle and from this great height were flung down into the black water below. This seems a thing too terrible to contemplate, but is, perhaps, not more barbarous or cruel than many things which the world of the twentieth century permitted in the late war. When, ah when, will the dictum of the Master which bids us love our enemies and thus win them to love us, come to be the accepted code of a world which, then, and not until then, shall be a fitting abode for men created in the image and likeness of God and meant to create His kingdom on earth.

I am daily struggling with this Italian language, but I begin to realize that I am probably too old and too stupid ever to master it. I never knew a language with such long words. For example, "percipitevolissimente." There, take that. It means in great haste, though how you could ever hasten with that mouthful is more than I know. I recommend it as a vocal exercise to some of my "Jennie tight-jaws."

Some time I hope to be able to write something intelligent about the Italy of Mussolini, but not yet. I know too little.

With all the love of my heart for my beloved Home Folk, I am,

Yours as always,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

MILANO, ITALY.
April 25, 1927

BELOVED FRIENDS:

As I write the above date, I realize with surprise how long it has been since I have written a single line. To you individually, I have, of course, sent little gossipy letters, but for the first time since I came, there seems to have been nothing worthy of a detailed story.

This does not mean that the days have been dull or without pleasure. On the contrary, the past three weeks have surely transformed my impressions of Italy. How stupid I was to imagine that Italy is like Florida. I have learned more about its latitude and I know now that to expect spring in February in Milano is just as absurd as it would be to expect it at that time in Cleveland.

In the past three weeks, however, she has fully justified the cognomen "sunny Italy." The days have been a procession of Spring fairies clad in radiant blue and gold and marching to an accompaniment of bird song and the laughter of happy children. And the sunsets! Ah, the sunsets: streamers of gold and crimson and rose falling over a sky of cerulean blue. Days for dreaming, for floating upon a sea of fleeting fancies, for loving all created things, but not, alas, days for setting oneself seriously to any task. So it is that I have drifted idly through the hours, walking whenever I could persuade any kindly spirit to squander time with me; and sitting in the Public Gardens, pretending to study the Italian language but really drinking in the beauty and listening to the children at play all about me.

And oh, but I have grown young. Listen, my children. The other day I climbed to the very tippiest top of the Duomo, five hundred steep, winding steps straight into the very heart of the statue of the Virgin. Came home, ate lunch, went out, and walked most of the afternoon. Can you out-record that? Yesterday we walked from our pension to the Castello Park. It is impossible to learn distances here. You ask them how far any place is and they reply (from Florence to Rome, for example), ten hours. Well, from here to the Castello is forty-five minutes good brisk walking. We walked there and back, with, of course, an hour of rest in the Castello Park. And in the evening we went to a concert at the Conservatorio and walked home, a distance of fifteen minutes, as our Italian friends say. You see, I am growing vainglorious. When I return I will undertake a walking match with anybody who has the courage to attempt. I dare you all.

La Scala has done nothing for the past three weeks but give premier performances and festival performances; and last night a performance of "Rigoletto" for Prince Humberto, all these with prices in X sharp. Our bank account is attuned to no such altitude; so La Scala has been compelled to dispense with our presence, a fact which I am sure must have caused both the artists and Toscanini much regret if not actual sorrow.

For the past week or more, Milano has been indulging in an industrial exposition, like those which we often have at home. They say it is very beautiful. Many countries are represented, Switzerland having a marvelous display. I have not seen it, but Esther went and was charmed with it. As one can touch nothing and as my imagination does not seem to grasp automobiles that I cannot touch, and laces and watches, as well as it does pictures and statues, I have not been eager to go.

Besides, just now my days are more than full with the last things. Yes, I am leaving Milano next week. But before that I am going to Genoa for two or three days, taking with me a charming woman whom I have met here, an American, who has lived in Italy for some time. Her name is Mrs. Roege, and she is both intelligent and delightful. So cheer up, friends, next time I shall really have something to write about.

On next Tuesday I leave Milano for Florence. I have been waiting until Esther should decide whether or not she was going to go to Paris or remain in Italy for the next six months. She has decided upon the latter and is staying in Milano. Therefore, I go alone.

I have always been utterly fearless about traveling alone in America and have gone from Boston to Nebraska and from New York to Chicago without a tremor. At first, the idea of traveling alone in a country whose language I murder every time I utter a word, rather appalled me. But I have spoken to "Enit," the government railway agency, and they assure me that I shall not have the slightest difficulty. I have written the American Consul at Florence, and he has given me the name of a pension to whose proprietress I have also written.

So now I am looking forward to the whole experience as to a high adventure. From Florence to Rome and from Rome to Paris, and then once more to the noblest land in all the world.

This afternoon we were at the Brera Art Gallery. This is Milan's chief art collection and while it is nothing to compare to those of Dresden and Munich, still it was interesting. A picture of the baptism of Jesus by Veronese, stands out vividly in my consciousness, for the grandeur and beauty of the divine face. The Brera Palazzo was originally a Catholic college. It is built round an open court, and one can stand on the balcony and look down. The structure is truly Italian, and very charming.

And now for Genoa and may the sun god prove propitious.

Yours, with the same, unchanging love,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

MILANO, ITALY.
April 30, 1927

MY BELOVED AT HOME:

In point of time, Genoa is from Milano a matter of three hours, but in point of experience, it is from earth to Heaven.

Walking the level, thronged, unpicturesque streets of Milano, it is impossible to believe that in three hours one may reach a spot where a radiant sea kisses the feet of verdure-clad mountains, where great ships glide into a harbor which shelters craft from every corner of the globe and where sea and sky bathe the earth in sapphire splendor. How men ever dreamed such a city, far less realized the dream, is a miracle. A great city, throbbing with life, which hangs from the side of the mountain as if it might at any moment drop into the waiting arms of the sea which sweeps its base, literally, a city perpendicular. The side streets are steps which climb the steep ascent of the mountain for hundreds of feet. The city is like a mighty amphitheater one tier piled upon another.

To climb five or six hundred steps in order to get home

for dinner seems to mean nothing to these Genoese. To be sure they have trams and buses, and an elevator takes them up to the fifth level, but these are utterly inadequate during the rush hours.

Each new level seems, somehow, like a different city with its own topography and atmosphere.

I was fortunate in having as a companion a woman who had lived in Genoa and who knows it like a book. Thanks to her, I saw more and felt more of the city's life and of its essential spirit in three days than I might otherwise have been able to do in as many weeks.

Genoa has, as it were, a personality all its own. The spell which it casts upon you pervades all your being and will live in dreams as long as dreams endure. They call it a great commercial city, but to me, this is not true in any sense as it is true of Milano. The latter is essentially material, but about the most commonplace activities of Genoa, about its wealth poured into it from every quarter of the earth, about its busy marts and its beauty-filled shops, there is a romance, a vision, a dream of high achievement which transforms its daily life into the mystery and splendor of a fairy tale. Its very existence seems like magic. Nothing short of the reckless daring which refused to recognize the difficulties involved and which would not stop to count the cost, could have wrought this marvel.

Here, even the most commonplace details of daily life are unique.

Over-arching all the side streets, which are steps, is a veritable network of clothes-lines which extend across from the windows of one house to those of the one opposite. They are interwoven and criss-crossed. Every story of every house has them and every day seems to be wash day in Genoa. Everything washable hangs there for your beholding and as far as the eye can reach, are similar stretches of line similarly filled, a veritable symphony in laundry. It is utterly indescribable. I am tempted to indulge in a cheap witticism and say that it is an achievement in "high art."

When my guide could drag me away from the clothes lines,

she took me to the university. A far cry? Yes, but not more interesting. This university is over four hundred years old but it still throbs with the eager youth of the land. The boys were everywhere. My friend described the strange caps they wore, but mere description would not satisfy my feminine curiosity; so when we came upon a group of students I explained in Italian that I do not see and asked if I might touch one of the caps. Instantly a dozen were removed for my inspection. In shape they are for all the world like a boat. At each end is a tassel. One of these dangles down on the wearer's neck in the back and the other hits him on the nose in front. They are gray trimmed with red braid, the shade of red varying according to the course to which they belong, one shade for the classics, another for the sciences.

After leaving the university we took the "Funicular" and went up a little mountain called Righi. The Apennines are utterly different from their sisters, the Alps. The latter are cold, grand and forbidding. The former are everywhere clad in green and are brooding, friendly, companionable. I love the Alps as I saw them at Interlaken, with a love which has in it both admiration and fear; but I adore the Apennines with a love that is friendship and a sense of enfolding tenderness.

The hour we spent on the Righi is one of the happiest of all my memories. We took tea in, or rather outside, of the dearest little tea room. We were served by one of those gentle, gracious Italians that I am learning to know as a very frequent type. He gave us delicious tea and toast and he brought us a lovely spray of lilac from his garden. When he saw what joy its perfume gave to me, he went away and returned with a great cluster of lovely fragrant blossoms: lilies of the valley, freesia, every dear garden flower. They were a joy, not only in themselves, but for the kindly thought which prompted their giving.

The next morning which, by the way, was Friday, we went by tram to Nervi, a small Mediterranean town which is a favorite summer resort. My friend, who knows the Riviera

from one end to the other, says that it has no more beautiful spot. We sat outside a tiny cafe looking over the water, and watched the ships and the soft beauty of sky and sea. It was not one of those brilliant, blue days. A soft haze hung over everything and sea and mountain wore a filmy gray veil.

The Mediterranean is marvelously beautiful in this mood and, to me, has none of the terror of the Atlantic. But my friend says that this is because I have not seen it in a storm. Nowhere else in all the world, I am sure, is it possible to find at once the beauty of sea and the majesty of mountain, so meeting and enhancing each other.

We took the train back because it is much quicker than the tram and we read and rested the remainder of the afternoon.

That evening we found a restaurant which was rather better than any we had struck before and had almost a meal. Nowhere in Genoa is the food very good. After dinner we took one of the elevators which goes up to about the fifth level. It is impossible to describe the panorama which spread out before us. The houses on the levels above, built as they are on the solid rock, look higher than any New York skyscraper. Some of them are really six or seven stories, but looking up to them they appear twenty or more. Looking down, one sees the roofs of the houses which we passed as we came up. Far as the eye can reach gleam the lights of other houses which cling to the sides of the mountain rising terrace on terrace. These friendly lights shine out from homes where men and women and little children live and love and laugh and suffer and achieve, and over all, God's brooding, tender sky, the outward symbol of his infinite love for all his children.

The principal business street of Genoa is called "Via Venti Settembre." I tried to learn what had happened on the 20th of September to give the street its name, but did not succeed.

There is also a street called "The Street of the Thirteen Palaces." It literally has thirteen great palazzos within a distance of about two of our blocks. Most of these seem to have belonged to the Dorio family. The Dorios are to Genoa what

the Sforzas are to Milano. They seem to have done much to enhance the fame and commercial greatness of the city; but for this, Genoa has paid far too great a price. The Dorios made their wealth by literally stripping the Apennines of their timber so that for miles and miles there is not a tree of any consequence. Great trees which had required centuries to grow were ruthlessly cut down by them and the thin soil now left on the rocks will never grow timber again. The Dorios waxed rich and powerful, through many generations, and I suppose thought that what they did for Genoa atoned for this destruction of her richest treasure, but to us it would not seem so.

On Saturday morning, we went down into the very poorest part of Old Genoa. Ah, that I had some magic by which to describe to you one little street which we saw. It was literally lined with tiny junk shops. All their wares were out on the street. Such a collection I never imagined. Every conceivable thing was there, from stoves and kettles to old shoes and wornout hand bags. The kettles and stoves looked as if they had been there fifty years and were so thick with dust that you could not see what they were made of. There was one old sewing machine which looked like the first one ever invented. The whole street was about a block long, but the last end of it suddenly became much better. We even saw one man making an attempt to wash the windows in his shop, and I am sure that nothing else on that street had ever been washed since time began.

From this scene of a city's reproach, we went to the very loveliest thing which I saw in Genoa, excepting, of course, the sunset on Righi. But that was God-made, while this was wrought by the hand of man. It was a small church called the "Immaculate Conception." We were attracted to it by the fact that a wedding party was coming out from its doors. "All the world loves a lover" and so of course we joined the throng of onlookers. She was a charming little Italian bride, very young and childlike. After they had entered their carriages we went into the church.

It was not one of those great, cold, impersonal cathedrals of which one finds so many in Italy. It was small, exquisite, worshipful. The altars were covered with the beautiful flowers from the wedding and the whole atmosphere of the place was human and tender. Its frescoes and its decorations were most lovely. The confessionals, of which there were fourteen, were like exquisite jewel cabinets, so beautiful was the carving and the silver. Of all the churches which I have seen, I loved this little, more or less unknown jewel the best. When we turned our faces back toward Milano, as we did about two on Saturday afternoon, I felt that I was leaving behind one of the loveliest spots in all the world and taking with me the memory of three beautiful and perfect days.

Sunday and Monday in Milano are a hectic memory. There were so many last things to be done, a dressmaker to see for the last time, tickets to be bought, all the hundred details which going away from a place where one has been for some time always involves.

For the first time, poor Esther was obliged to sacrifice her practice on Monday. I do not think, however, that her work would have amounted to much, for she seemed to realize for the first time that she was going to be left without a "ma Jane" to scold and trouble about her, and she was a bit blue. It was doubly difficult for her because her Maestro, Signore Aldrovandi, was leaving for Rome where he is to hold a position as head of concerts in Italy. Therefore she is obliged to find a new Maestro. However, she has the guidance of our wonderful Italian teacher, Signorina Borchetta, who is one of the most remarkable women, as well as the very finest teacher of language whom I have ever known. This same Signorina Borchetta has given to me an idea of what high-bred Italian women are, which fills me with an almost worshipful admiration. She is a queen of a girl, and to know her and study under her guidance has been both a joy and an inspiration. The fact that she is in Milano has done much toward reconciling me to leaving my child there alone.

It has always been my proud boast that I did not know

the meaning of the word "fear." It is, therefore, humiliating to admit that, when I first resolved to go to Florence and Rome alone, I felt some secret misgivings. I try to save my self-respect by thinking that these misgivings were induced largely by the attitude of other people. Many of these seemed to think I had departed my reason to imagine that I could go about unattended in a strange country whose language I speak about as well as the Pole who, when he landed in America, knew just two words, "cow" and "boy."

Perhaps this is hardly fair to my Maestra. My Italian really seems to have stood me in much better stead than the comparison would imply; but, of course, it leaves much to be desired, in spite of the efforts of my teacher. However, whether my secret trepidation, and I assure you, it was secret, for I do not believe that even Esther dreamed it, were the result of suggestion or of my own failure to measure up, I am sure that this experience has cured me of every vestige of the fear germ, from henceforth and forever more. Anything more simple than traveling alone in this land of kind hearts could not be imagined.

I left Milano Tuesday morning, May 3rd, at ten o'clock. My dear Italian Maestra brought me a great bunch of lilies of the valley which were a joy all the long day. I was not to reach Florence until half-past five in the afternoon. Under those circumstances, one settles oneself and feels none of the restlessness attendant upon a short trip. It was almost summer-warm, but fortunately the compartment was not crowded. The only people who seemed to be there for the day were a German and his wife. I was humiliated to find how utterly my German seems to have vanished. If I tried to say a word, only Italian came to my tongue. I thought with envy of my hotel clerk at Genoa, who spoke to me in excellent English, to the next person in perfect French, then turned and told a man in very fine German just where his room was and what he must do, and then gave a curt, clear order to a bellboy in Italian. Such linguistic facility is beyond my poor comprehension.

When we reached Bologna there entered the compartment a young man and a most charming little Italian girl. My hunch told me almost immediately that this was a bridal couple, although they were most discreet. I truly tried to control that human interest germ of mine which always draws me in spite of myself into the lives of other people; and which probably often makes of me that terrible thing, "the interfering old maid." But now, as always, it was too much for me. So after a while, I began asking the young man questions about the mountains through which we were passing. I say "through which" because in all my life I have never seen so many tunnels. The Italians seem not to go over mountains as we do but always to tunnel through them. The young man was most intelligent and told me many interesting things, but the little girl said almost nothing. At last I said, "I have guessed something, but perhaps I dare not say this." By the way, this conversation was entirely in Italian, so please give me a little credit even if my German was a failure. Instantly they were both all eagerness.

"Dica, dica," they exclaimed. "Well," I said, touching the girl's hand, "I guess that this is a little sposa di maggio (May bride) and that this is the one journey most grand in all the life." They were delighted. The little bride whispered to her husband to ask me how I knew. I told her that I could not say exactly how, certainly not because of any lack of discretion on their part, but perhaps because she was so sweet and dear. After that, he was my friend for life. Two bridal parties within a week. So you see, even though I have failed to land my Italian count, I can at least stand on the outside and look in.

When we reached Florence, a half dozen people hastened to secure a "fachino" for me. I took a taxi and went to a pension, the name of which had been given me by the Enit railway agency of whom I bought my ticket. The pension was attractive, but full; or better, full because attractive. So I took another taxi and went to a small hotel called "Hotel D'Italia." It was most unpretentious. My room had no place to hang

clothes and no running water. But it was clean, and the cuisine was very good.

Next morning when I asked them to call a "carrozza" so that I might go to the American Consul, the clerk immediately said, "Oh, there is no need of a carrozza, the Consul is just a step." When I explained that I could not go alone, he at once sent one of the bellboys with me. Thus do these kindly people make all things easy for the stranger within their gates.

The American Vice-Consul, Mr. Hurd of California, recommended me to this pension, "Pensione Karola, Via Robbia 82." He spoke with authority as to its superiority over most Italian pensions because he himself lives here. I have found it by far the most delightful place in which I have lived in Italy.

My next problem was to secure a guide. This meant not merely some one with eyes to go about the streets with me. In an ordinary city that would be the only requirement. But in Florence it must needs be one who knew, not only Florence, but all in art, history, and letters for which this marvelous city so preeminently stands. A large order indeed, but here again the American Consul was my wise and willing helper. They knew an American woman who had for years been head of a most select school for girls in New York City, and she literally knows everything. She has been and is wonderful to me, not only showing me everything with keen grasp and intelligence but reading to me much which enables me better to understand what we see.

Of this marvelous city, the birthplace of Italian art and literature, and, by that sign, of the art and literature of the whole modern world, so much has been written and said that I utterly despair of adding anything of value. In my next letter I shall attempt only and solely to tell you what I have been able, through Miss Fawcett's wonderful vision, to see; and give you the impressions which that vision has made upon me.

As always, I am wholy and with my heart yours,

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

FLORENCE

Note

For reasons which it will itself explain, this letter was not written until after my return to America. I must therefore ask your indulgence for any seeming discrepancies. Chronologically however, this is the point in the narrative to which it belongs.

No spot in all Europe, not even "the Immortal City," intrigued me as did Florence. Its very name spells magic—Florence, cradle of the Renaissance, from whose blood-drenched soil sprang the divinest geniuses which the world of art has yet known; the Florence of Masaccio, Giotto, and Ghiberti, of Brunelleschi, Donatello, and the Della Robbias, of Botticelli, and Fra Angelico, of Rafael and Michelangelo; the Florence of Dante and his Beatrice; city which saw the Medici rise to the zenith of their power in Lorenzo the Magnificent, and wane to their decline after Cosimo the First; city for whose sin Savonarola died.

From its narrow streets rise some of the most beautiful structures which the world has known, and its statues are the glory of modern sculpture.

When I reached Florence on that lovely May afternoon, I had but a vague knowledge of all this, yet the very air thrilled me with a vivid sense of contact with all the beauty and splendor of the past. The magic grew during every moment of the two weeks which I spent in this Dream City. Yet I am sure that my story of Florence will be less vital than anything I have written. The reason for this, you will realize when you read the Rome letter. The bare facts are that my guide and I worked so hard and so late every day that I did not have time, or thought I did not, to write my Florence story from day to day. I took copious notes, thinking to write my story afterward from them. Then, at the very outset of my Rome sojourn I lost them all. This means more than, perhaps, you may realize, for these notes were taken in the evening after

a long day of intensive sight-seeing; moreover, they were pricked out, dot by dot, with a stylus, that they might afterward be read with the finger. I am therefore compelled to write the story of Florence from memory, supplemented by subsequent reading. I wish here to acknowledge my indebtedness for the accuracy of my statements to "A Wanderer in Florence," by Lucas, and by the way, let me suggest that if you have never read this most fascinating of all travel books, you have a rare treat awaiting you.

On our first morning, my guide took me at once to the very heart of historic Florence, the cathedral of "Santa Maria del Fiore," Saint Mary of the Flowers, the flower, of course, being the Florentine lily. On our way, we passed through "Via Calzaioli," Street of the Stocking-makers, and "Via Pecori," Street of the Sheep. As one stands before the cathedral, its chief external beauty is the Dome of Brunelleschi, which rears its massive strength proudly to meet the liquid blue of the Italian sky. This dome is really two domes, one within the other, tied together with stone, which is the reason why, viewed from the interior, it appears almost disappointingly low. The first impression made upon me by the interior of the Duomo was that of an immensity so dim and strange as to be almost terrifying. I had an irresistible impulse to beg my guide to take me out again into the warmth of the sunshine. Almost the only light is admitted by the circular windows at the base of the dome, and this is so high that I could not discern it by any sense. The windows of the main structure are so dimmed with age as to admit practically no light. It was not until Miss Fawcett showed me the baptismal font with its two exquisite angels that this sense of chill terror began to fade. The font is six hundred years old, and the fact that it is still beautiful somehow made me feel that this vast, dim sanctuary was no longer the abode of grim and ghostly shadows, but of great and gifted souls, the treasures of whose genius it enshrines. My guide told me that the main building was completed in 1370, while the competition for the design of the dome was announced in 1418. This was ultimately won by Brunelleschi.

The mighty structure was reared without scaffolding and required fourteen years for its construction. The Duomo was finally dedicated in 1436, and Brunelleschi lived to see it. We saw the statue of St. John the Evangelist, by Donatello, the massive figure seated and giving an impression of infinite calm. Also a picture of Dante. By this time I began to feel as much at home in the fourteenth century as in the twentieth. When at last we stood before the altar and my guide described to me the lovely "Pieta" of Michelangelo, every vestige of fear and shrinking vanished, and the place seemed somehow to take me into its arms and make me one with all its past. Yet the Duomo had its tragedy. Here, before the Choir at High Mass on April 26, 1478, was assassinated Giuliano de'Medici, younger brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent, whose life was attempted at the same time. He escaped with a wound in the neck, and ultimately triumphed utterly over his enemies the Pazzi, who, with the connivance of Pope Sixtus the Fourth, had planned the murder of the two Medici. Thus, through all Florence, is blended the rarest beauty of art which genius can create and the most tragic cruelty of which humanity is capable. That the Florence of Michelangelo and the gentle Fra Angelico should have been the same Florence which killed Savonarola seems almost incredible. Everywhere this startling contrast between the Florence of Art and the Florence of History baffles one's conception.

We went into the "Museo del Duomo," which is noted for its Della Robbia Cantoria or singing children. Beside the Duomo stands the Campanile (bell tower), its slender, delicate grace forming a charming contrast to the massive strength and somberness of the Cathedral. It was designed originally by Giotto, and its first stone was laid, so my guide told me, on July 18, 1334. Giotto died in 1336; so he never saw more than the beginnings of his dream. Mark Antony's words, "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones," seem to me to be reversed in the case of artists. The beauty which they create seems eternal and is to them an assurance of immortality in the memory and love of

humanity. To me the Campanile seemed a thing so vital that it upsprings from the earth by its own vivid impulse. In actual fact, it is but 276 feet in height, but it gives an impression of reaching toward the sky. The fleur-de-lis round the base of the tower are exquisite. One sees them everywhere in Florence, and they seem as much a part of her as do the Medici balls, the insignia of that greatest of Florentine families, which also confronts one at every turn. Turning reluctantly from the Campanile, we crossed the narrow street to the historic Baptistry, the first cathedral of Florence. It dates from the seventh or eighth century, but as it at present stands, is probably largely of the thirteenth. It is octagonal in form, and is rich in color, both without and within. The floor is a marvel of inlaid work. I wanted to get down on my knees and study it. Here Dante walked, worshiping both its beauty and its God. "Ah, my beautiful San Giovanni," he called it, and he watched, an obscure spectator, while his beloved Beatrice was wedded to another. One feels that the Baptistry should have been the final resting place of the poet, and that the beautiful tomb whose sculpture is one of its richest treasures should belong to him rather than to the licentious Pope John the Twenty-third who was so wicked that he was deposed and imprisoned, but whose tomb in the Baptistry is one of the most beautiful in the world. But the most remarkable thing about the Baptistry one sees from without, namely its marvelous bronze doors. Miss Fawcett showed me first the "Pisano Doors," which are now at the south entrance. I had read of the Baptistry doors, but had never been able to conceive that anything made of so unplastic a material as bronze could be beautiful. The Pisano Doors represent twenty scenes from the life of John the Baptist, and below these, eight figures of the cardinal virtues. Nothing which I saw later in Florence so amazed me. In the scene of the "Baptism of Jesus," John is represented with the water up to the waist, and when I touched it, it actually seemed liquid under my fingers. From the Pisano Doors my guide took me to the far-famed Ghiberti Doors. In 1399 announcement was made of a competition for

the designs of doors for the Baptistry. The only two whose designs were seriously considered were Lorenzo Ghiberti, a goldsmith, aged twenty-one, and Filippo Brunelleschi, also a goldsmith, aged twenty-two. The award, made in 1401, was given to Ghiberti. Brunelleschi's defeat proved, as is so often the case, a victory in disguise. Disappointed, he left Florence and went to Rome, where he turned his attention to architecture, and returned ultimately to build the dome of the new cathedral. Two scenes on the Ghiberti Doors are supremely lovely, the Annunciation and the Adoration. Ghiberti completed these doors in 1424, and was immediately commissioned to make another set from his own designs. These are now on the east side. On the second set Ghiberti wrought from 1424 to 1452, a lifetime given to the making of four bronze doors. But such doors! Of them, Michelangelo said, "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise." Wrought in a medium, seemingly the hardest, coldest, and most unresponsive, yet so plastic, so flowing, so gracious are they that even to my touch they were beautiful beyond belief. At the end of my first morning in Florence, I said to my guide, "Well, if this is Florence then Florence must be the vestibule of Heaven." She laughed at my enthusiasm, but she promised that I would not be disappointed. We went home in one of those dear little carozzas, which everybody takes in Florence, drawn by a nice Italian horse. At least, I suppose he is Italian; that is, his language at any rate, because the drivers talk to them all the time.

Lunch at Pensione Karola is a much more enjoyable thing than I found it in Milan. Being fond neither of spaghetti nor of oil, I have found the food in Italy impossible. But at Pensione Karola, they have entertained so many Americans that they have at least some conception of the type of food which appeals to us. At the Pensione was a lovely English woman who immediately introduced herself to me, and said that she would gladly be of any help possible. The vice-consul and his wife, too, were very kind. Altogether, my bugaboo about traveling about Europe alone melted into thin air before the second day of my stay was over. In the afternoon, we

walked on the Ponte Vecchio, that famous old bridge which has witnessed so many tragedies as well as so many comedies. I believe it is the work of Taddeo Gaddi, but I am not sure.

Miss Fawcett took me for tea to a lovely English tea-room, and I disgraced myself by eating everything there was in sight. Oh, this afternoon tea habit! I doubt if I shall ever recover from it, although before I went to Europe I never thought of such a thing.

At Pensione Karola there was a little page, a child not more than ten or twelve years old, who always met me at the door and insisted upon escorting me up two flights of stairs to my room in spite of my assurance that this was not necessary.

If you walk along Via Martelli to the point where it becomes Via Cavour, your eye will instantly be attracted by the palace which for generations sheltered the most powerful family of Florence. For one hundred and fifty years, from 1421, when Giovanni de'Medici was elected president of the Florentine Republic, to 1575, the year which witnessed the death of Cosimo the First, Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Medici ruled Florence and made her brilliant history. It would seem that Florence could not always live *with* the Medici, but certainly she could not live *without* them for any length of time. Three times they were banished, only to return with increased power and influence. So secure was their position, that at times it was transmitted by heredity from father to son. Their family tree abounds in Cosimos, Pieros, Giulianos, and Lorenzos, but the most illustrious name is that of "Lorenzo the Magnificent," during whose regime Florence reached the zenith of its splendor both politically and artistically. It was he who took Michelangelo into his home and treated him as his own son.

All this I learned one lovely May morning as I walked down Via Cavour with my guide on our way to the Palace of the Medici. Not that I had never read of the achievements of that notable family and their relation to art, but on this morning the story ceased to be mere history and seemed suddenly to become a vital part of my own life and experience.

The palace is now called "Palazzo Riccardi" because the Riccardi family bought it. Its richest art treasure is found in the little chapel at the head of the stairs, which enshrines the Gozzoli frescoes, a spot so gay and fascinating that it is difficult to credit the story that Gozzoli did all this marvelous work by candle light. My guide described to me particularly the Meadows of Paradise, with their angels, their roses, and their cypresses and more cypresses. All the figures represent either members of the Medici family or other Florentine notables.

From the palace, a step brings you to the beautiful church of San Lorenzo. San Lorenzo is very old, having already been restored as early as the eleventh century. The interior, as it now stands, is the design of Brunelleschi. On this church the Medici lavished a wealth of treasure. The Piazza in which it stands is at present the cheap clothing district of Florence. The contrast between its external surroundings and its interior beauty is fairly startling. To me this contrast is sharpened by the fact that the façade has never been completed and is merely rough bricks. Within, it is a blending of cool, gray arches and ceilings, rich in gold and color.

It is the final resting place of many of the Medici. Its one blemish is its "Chapel of the Princes," wherein are buried many of the less notable members of the family. This is of the seventeenth century. On its floor alone, a fortune has been spent, to no purpose so far as art is concerned. From its garish ugliness one passes directly into the most beautiful temple in all the world—the chapel of Michelangelo. Its severe and solemn grandeur creates an atmosphere perceptible, even to one to whom the glory of the vision is denied. To me, this chapel in San Lorenzo was more deeply impressive than even the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican.

The tea-rooms, of which there seems to be an unlimited number, are an institution in Florence. Everyone who is anybody goes to some one of them for afternoon tea, and the chief topic of dinner conversation among the Americans at Pensione Karola seems to be what they had for tea and with

whom they had it. Now I do not claim to be anybody in particular, but I became addicted as much to the tea-rooms as any of the rest. I never ate such delicious little cakes. My guide took me to a new tea-room each day, and I was unable to decide which was the best.

We are proud, and perhaps justly so, if pride is ever justifiable, of our organized charities. But there is in Florence an organization which has existed for centuries, whose methods seem to me almost the highest ideal of social service. It is called "The Misericordia." It was founded by a common porter named Pietro Borsi. Its membership includes some of the noblest blood in Florence as well as some of the humblest. They are absolutely pledged to respond instantly to any call for aid whatsoever. If there is an accident, in five minutes you see the Misericordia, in their black robes and hoods and masks, hastening to the scene of the trouble. The mask is worn because they do not wish to be known, or to receive any sort of public recognition of their service. Their lives are a literal interpretation of the command of Christ, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth." No head-line publicity for them.

Everyone who has read anything of Florence knows the Palazzo Vecchio, with Michelangelo's colossal David outlined against its dark gateway. But not everyone seems to know, even of those who have seen it, that this is not the original of the great statue, but a reproduction. The original stood there for three hundred and sixty-nine years, in fact, until 1873, when it was removed to the shelter of the Accademia to protect it from the weather.

The Palazzo Vecchio was for centuries the seat of government and was the scene of many a tragedy. Ultimately, it became a ducal palace. Every façade is beautiful. The tower embodies exquisite grace with a massive strength. The four pillars on top of the stone structure used to support the great bells, the Vacca, which called all Florence to conference or to conflict.

Near the Palazzo Vecchio is the beautiful Loggia de'Lanzi,

with its three arches, and between it and the palace a tablet which tells you that on this spot, in 1498, Savonarola and two of his followers were put to death after days of torture. Incredible it seems that the city which bred Michelangelo and Rafael and the gentle Fra Angelico should have doomed Dante to banishment and killed Savonarola.

I adored the lovely Verocchio fountain in the midst of the court at the entrance to the Palazzo Vecchio. It is a bewitching little cupid, struggling with a spouting dolphin. I touched the pillars of this court, and they are lovely. Above it is a great hall whose distinction is that it is one of the largest rooms in the world without any supporting pillars. I cannot hope to picture for you all the beauty of this palace—the Sale de Lys, with its lovely blue lily walls and its ceiling of gold and rose. Here again I felt an atmosphere of color and exquisite, enfolding tenderness. But in the tower of this palace is the cell five feet wide and eight feet long, with only loopholes for air and light, where, for forty days, Savonarola was imprisoned, taken out only for the torture.

I was amazed to find that there is in Florence a small, very small, Baptist church. My guide took me there on Sunday morning. They own no building, but meet in a small room. The people looked as if they belonged to the poorer class, but they sang with feeling the old hymns on which I was brought up, and listened with reverence to the sermon. Afterward we spoke to the wife of the pastor, whom Miss Fawcett knew. I expressed some surpise that a Protestant church was allowed to worship. She replied with a quiet smile, "Allowed, but not encouraged."

The shops of Florence are of course fascinating beyond words and utterly demoralizing to one's purse. The hand-wrought leather, the scarfs, the alabaster all tempt you to your economic undoing. As for the jewels of which they talk so much, I did not even look at them.

I have never seen such narrow sidewalks. In many places it is utterly impossible for two people to walk together. You take to the street, and when a vehicle comes up behind you, you

dash madly for the safety of the sidewalk. I confess to having found it at times a bit terrifying.

There is a line of immense statues, extending from the Palazzo Vecchio around the Uffizi on the side toward the river and back toward the Loggia de Lanzi. They are not all beautiful, but they are intensely interesting from a historic standpoint. They represent the great men of Florence, great soldiers, jurists, poets, painters, and philosophers. Dante is there and Michelangelo and Galileo and many others.

The Uffizi is, of course, one of the world's greatest art museums. The building itself was designed by Vasari for Cosimo First, who, having taken the Palazzo Vecchio for his own home, wished a new building for the seat of government. It was begun in 1560. Later, Cosimo moved to the Pitti Palace which he bought and finished. After Francis, son of Cosimo, was married and went to live in the Palazzo Vecchio, Cosimo gave to Vasari the task of building the long passage which connects the Palazzo Vecchio with the Pitti Palace, crossing the river close to the Ponte Vecchio. We walked through this passage. It seemed to me that it must be more than half a mile long, although I could learn nothing definite. It served not only as a private means of communication for the two families, but also as a military safeguard, since soldiers could be secretly mobilized and sent from one palace to the other in times of danger. Walking through it gave to me a strange sense of medieval mystery.

The top floor of the Uffizi was once a terraced walk with workrooms for Cosimo's vast retinue of artists and craftsmen below, and on the first floor the public offices. When, in 1574, Francis succeeded his father Cosimo, he conceived the idea of making the Uffizi into an art gallery. He walled in and roofed over the terraced walk, and he and his immediate successors began to collect the treasures for which the Uffizi is now world-famed.

I shall make no effort to describe in detail the Uffizi, although, thanks to Miss Fawcett, I have a far better conception

of it than of the Louvre. It presents the evolution of the art of the brush, from Cimabue and Giotto, to its culmination in the great artists of the Renaissance.

The Botticelli rooms fascinated me. As my guide described them to me, the works of this artist seem to have a deep philosophic significance possessed by those of no other painter. Botticelli was a friend of the Medici, and lived in their home in the days when Piero de'Medici ruled. (Piero was the father of Lorenzo the Magnificent.)

In his picture, "The Adoration of the Magi," not only Piero himself but also his two sons, Lorenzo and Giuliano, appear. His Madonna is sometimes their mother Lucrezia Tornabuoni. The "Venus rising from the Sea," was lovely and much more joyous than most of the pictures by this very serious master. I understood it much better when my guide explained that it was painted to celebrate a tournament which Lorenzo gave in honor of his younger brother Giuliano, only a few months before his untimely assassination in the Duomo. The "Queen of beauty" on this occasion was the lovely Simonetta Cattaneo, of whose beauty and goodness much has been written. She is the Venus in Botticelli's painting. She is blown to earth across the sea to be welcomed by the hours clad in flower-decked dresses which are indescribably lovely.

Botticelli, like Michelangelo, was a devoted follower of Savonarola. His picture, "The Calumny," is his strong and silent defense of that great leader. Strange it seems that, although Savonarola decried beauty as one of the phases of the luxury which he so bitterly condemned, yet almost all the artists of his time were his ardent disciples.

One wonderful, golden day, Miss Fawcett and I went to lovely Fiesole, whose blue hills ever beckon one across the Arno. Fiesole sits on her serene hillthrone, like a sun-crowned queen. Her women weave lovely things from straw. Her children, I regret to say, stand at every corner and besiege you to buy withered flowers, or, failing that, beg outright.

We stopped first at the church which enshrines the work

of the sculptor who is Fiesole's pride, Mino da Fiesole. In the church is a lovely group by this artist, a merry Christ with some gay and altogether human children.

Leaving the church, we climbed the steep hill to a pleasant little pavilion, where we took tea. By the way, I am sure that there are just two things about this narrative which you will never forget, namely, "it rained," and—"we took tea." The former did not, however, figure in our day at Fiesole, I am happy to say. We went to Fiesole by tram, a rather wearying procedure. But we returned to Florence, through Settignano, overlooking the lovely valley of the Mugnone. We took this ride in a dear little carrozza, driven by a charming young Italian boy. We chose this particular carrozza out of the many which clamored for our patronage because of the plump little horse which was attached to it. When we complimented the boy on his animal, he said eagerly, "Egli mangia molto, mangia molto." By which he wished us to understand that he gave his pony plenty to eat, a thing which, I regret to say, is not always true in Italy.

Never shall I forget that hour. We rode through fields red and white with poppies, blue with iris, the Mugnone winding like a silver ribbon below. Behind us, the sun rode in his chariot of gold, down a sapphire pathway, while before us, far, far up in the blue, a frail moon floated in her silver boat, awaiting her regnant hour. Looking back upon that scene, it has the unreality of an exquisite but fleeting dream. Ah! shall I ever live it again?

In spite of my lack-luster interest in sculpture, my guide insisted on taking me, one morning, to the Bargello, a museum devoted entirely to the plastic art. In Florence, where the spirit of the Renaissance is so vividly present, it seems difficult to turn one's thoughts backward to the Greek art. But the sculpture of the Bargello is different. Here, Michelangelo wrought and you saw him in new and most appealing guise. The history of the Bargello itself is interesting. It was built in the thirteenth century as a palace for the chief magistrate of the city, and remained so until 1574, when it descended

in the social scale to become a prison and headquarters for the police. Hence, its name, Bargello, chief of police. It is located in the narrowest of narrow streets. In the chapel are some Giotto frescoes which have marvelously withstood all the vicissitudes of the centuries. Lucas tells us that it was covered with whitewash for two centuries. The entrance hall has a marvelous collection of de'Medici weapons and armor, but these never appeal to me. From this hall, one reaches the far-famed court and staircase and across the court, into the almost sacred beauty of the Michelangelo room. Here is his Little David, his Bacchus, and a lovely tondo of the Madonna.

I loved this bas relief with its exquisite tenderness, so unlike the stern and somber mood which characterizes the work of this strong and sorrowful spirit. The child is older than is usual. He has grown weary of a reading lesson and throws his arm across the book in a gesture utterly human and therefore wholly appealing.

The Little David is, of course, an utterly different conception from that of his great statue. David stood to the Florentines as the champion of liberty, and was a favorite subject with their artists. The little Verocchio David in the Bargello reminded me somehow of Peter Pan, it was so vital, so child-like, yet so subtly suggestive of mystery.

From the Michelangelo room, one climbs the stairs to the room devoted to Donatello. He was the first really great sculptor since the days of Grecian art. He, too, has a remarkable David. It was the first statue of modern times to stand alone on a pedestal. Donatello seems to have been of a genial nature. He cared nothing for money, but kept it in a basket suspended from the ceiling. All his friends, and even his workmen, were free to take what they wished. Don't you wish you had a friend like that? It was fortunate for Donatello that the rich Medici were his patrons and friends.

The thing which constantly astonishes one is the amazing versatility of these Renaissance artists. Donatello was a painter, a sculptor, and an architect. Verrocchio was a painter, a sculptor, a goldsmith, and with all, an excellent musician.

Michelangelo was perhaps equally great, both as a painter and a sculptor. Leonardo da Vinci, besides being a world-famed painter and sculptor, was a scientist constantly experimenting with colors. He was also an engineer and constructed the great canal which goes through Milan. Such genius rather takes the edge off our modern self-esteem.

The most beautiful of all the Della Robbia's are in the Bargello. It is true that in the Spedale degli Innocenti, children's hospital, is found much of their work, but the Della Robbia room in the Bargello is the very crown of the art of that most marvelous family, whose lovely Madonnas and charming children are seen all over Florence and are too well-known to need any word of mine. My guide told me that the way to distinguish the work of Andrea from that of his uncle Luca is that Andrea always places the child on the right arm of the Madonna, Luca, on the left. The art of the Della Robbias is essentially Catholic, essentially churchly, and belongs peculiarly to the humble poor.

In one gallery of the Bargello is a collection of medieval bells which I loved. It would seem that my forebears must have been Indians. Clocks that strike, bells that jingle are my especial joy.

No church in all Florence seemed to me so tenderly lovely as did San Croce. Perhaps it is because, unlike all the others, it has abundant light and blends its beauty of art with the equal loveliness of the Italian sky. Or perhaps it is because in its piazza, groups of children are always at play. Michelangelo lies here, and I could fancy his somber face lighting at the sound of their merry laughter.

In the cloisters of San Croce, which are entered from the Piazza, there is a lovely memorial to Florence Nightingale, painted by Sargent. I had never before known that she was born in Florence, and that it was from this fact that she took her name.

The Accademia is utterly dominated by the gigantic figure of Michelangelo's David. In fact, this colossal statue seems to brood above the entire city and to be everywhere present.

It is seen three times; in bronze, in the Piazale Michelangelo; in a marble reproduction, outside the Palazzo Vecchio; and in the original, in the Accademia. It was wrought from a huge block of marble, which the city authorities gave to the artist in 1501, on condition that he carve from it within two years a David. He was then twenty-six years old. The statue was begun in September, 1501, and finished January, 1504. For three hundred and sixty-nine years it stood where Michelangelo wished it to stand, namely, outside the Palazzo Vecchio. In 1873, it was removed to the Accademia for shelter from the weather, its place being taken by the marble reproduction. I could not touch this great statue because it was much too high, but its spell seemed to follow me wherever I went in Florence.

The tenderest spot in all Florence is that which enshrines the benign and saintly spirit of Fra Angelico, the Museo di San Marco. It was the convent in which Fra Angelico lived and worked. His was a nature all gentleness and sunshine. His work is wholly free from that element of tragedy which so often characterizes the work of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci. I adored his "Flight into Egypt." The Joseph is young and vital. The Mother and Babe are adorable, and even the donkey seems to be enjoying the adventure. The sun which, on that May morning, shed its glory over dear San Marco seemed to be but the reflection of that radiant spirit which has left its glorified vision as a heritage to all time. Even Savonarola's tragedy cannot wholly shadow San Marco. Savonarola entered San Marco as Prior in 1482. His cell is shown and in it the robe which he wore as Prior. Fra Angelico's cell is number thirty-three. There is in San Marco a Last Supper, by Dominico Ghirlandaio, which is fascinating. The table is set with lovely fruits and dishes. Close to Judas sits a cat, and there is a gorgeous peacock hovering in the background. All together, San Marco is an enchanting memory.

One afternoon we went to Certosa, a monastery of the Carthusian monks, located about five miles from Florence.

Its chief distinction seems to be that it is the place where the famous "Val d'Ema" liquore is manufactured. Whatever may be its history, today, it is merely a show place, with the sale of the liquore as its objective. It did not appeal to me. The Certos, near Pavia, is much more beautiful, but seems to be devoted to the same purpose.

Much more vivid is my memory of the afternoon spent at San Miniato, which stands on a hill outside Florence. Here Michelangelo built some wonderful fortifications. I am sure that the church is beautiful, but it was being restored, and was full of workmen. All the gates to the little chapels were locked so that I could touch nothing. However, San Miniato is a lovely spot. We walked down the many steps along the "Way of the Crosses," so called because all the way down on either side are little wooden crosses.

No visitor to Florence fails to see the Spedale degli Innocenti. In fact, one passes it constantly in going about. The first glimpse gives one the pleasant sense of having encountered an old friend, for on the façade is that row of Della Robbia babies, each in its blue circle, copies of which you have seen ever since your childhood. These must have been added long after the building was finished, since it was begun by Brunelleschi under the patronage of Giovanni, the first great Medici. In the court, Andrea della Robbia has a most lovely "Annunciation."

They tell me that, as an institution, this is one of the finest of children's hospitals. I regret that I had no influence by which I could come close to its real life.

The bridges of Florence do not merely serve the utilitarian purpose of being the means by which one crosses the river; they are the highest type of architectural achievement. Santa Trinita, with its three arches, is perhaps the loveliest bridge in all the world. While the Ponte Vecchio, built by Taddeo Gaddi, in the fourteenth century, is wonderful and has withstood the storms of centuries.

I am ashamed to say that the only vivid impression which I retain of Santa Maria Novella is that of cool spaciousness

and a sort of radiance. From reading I know that there is much that is worth while in this church in the way of art, the Ghirlandaio frescoes for instance. But somehow, the church lives in my memory as a spot where, after a weary morning, I found a sense of infinite rest and peace, rather than the stimulus for study. In Santa Trinita, one thing stands out clearly, namely, Ghirlandaio's lovely fresco, "The Adoration of the Shepherds," with its adorable Baby and its simple, worshiping shepherds.

I suppose most tourists spend much time in Via Tornabuoni, where are found the loveliest and most expensive shops. But, as my purse was daily growing lighter from the drain made by the expense of living and paying a guide, I scarcely looked at them. The little shops on the Ponte Vecchio are less expensive and, to me, equally fascinating.

The Pitti Palace is, at once, an art gallery and the Florence home of the Royal Family. Of course, the permanent residence of the Italian King is in Rome, but he has palaces in a number of other cities, and the Pitti is one of these.

The palace may be approached either through the long passage which connects it with the Palazzo Vecchio, or from the Via Guicciardoni. In neither case does it give the impression of royal splendor which one might expect. The Pitti Palace is far less adapted for use as an art gallery than is the Uffizi. The lighting is very inadequate, moreover, the walls are far too crowded. Unfortunately, almost all the Rafaels in Florence are in this gallery. Here you find the "Madonna del Granduca," and the still more lovely "Madonna della Sedia." But of all the vast collection in the Pitti, one picture intrigued me above all others. We stood long before it, and I begged my guide to take me back to it again and yet again. This was "The Concert," by Giorgione. This picture seems to me to be music translated into the realm of color, or color so vibrant that it becomes music. It stands apart upon an easel, and is clearly seen. Its spell is something which I, with my limited knowledge, cannot explain, but which I most vividly felt.

I deeply regret that I did not see "Casa Guida," the house where Robert and Elizabeth Browning spent such happy, and, for the realm of English literature, such enriching years.

Even with a guide who worked as incessantly and planned as wisely as Miss Fawcett, I could not hope to know Florence in two brief weeks. To fathom the significance of her complex and dramatic history, to absorb the richness and beauty of her art, were a task which might well absorb a lifetime of study. Yet ever in my heart shall glow the radiance of this dream city of Italy.

Ah, if she brought such glory to one who saw her only through the eyes of the spirit, what must she be to those blessed with the actual vision? Yet I met those who, having eyes, saw her not. To them she stood merely for the tea rooms and the shops.

To you to whom it is given to walk in the light, I would send a message from out my world of shadows, a message born of its passionate longing and its pitiful denial. Turn your eyes from the trivial and the tawdry, to behold the glorious creations of man, until, at last, your clarified vision shall read in them the very thought of God.

ALMEDA C. ADAMS

HOTEL D'ITALIA,
ROME, ITALY,
May 20, 1927

DEAR ONES:

I am resolved that in Rome I will not make the mistake which has, I fear, well-nigh proven fatal to my Florence story; the mistake of thinking to write it afterward from notes taken in point. Therefore, although I am utterly weary, I am going to begin this letter tonight.

The "Queen of the Tiber" has given me the nearest approach to an unhappy experience which has been mine since

entering upon what my friends seem to regard as the stupendous undertaking of journeying alone through Europe. In thinking it over, I have decided that neither Rome nor I are entirely to blame; though the responsibility for the most unhappy element of the experience certainly rests wholly with my own stupidity. Perhaps the very kindness which was so eager to help is in a measure responsible.

I left Florence Tuesday morning about 9:30. A very lovely English lady who lives at the Pensione Karola where I stayed in Florence came to the train with me; and two charming young people, friends of my Miss Fawcett, who was my so wonderful guide, came to the train, bringing a great bunch of red roses. It was quite impossible to feel like a stranger.

My English friend, who was much disturbed because I was coming alone, tried to find some fellow-traveler who spoke our language. At the last moment, she discovered a young American priest and pressed him into the service, willy-nilly. He certainly took his responsibilities seriously. He gathered up his baggage from the compartment in which he was comfortably established and brought it into mine; and from that moment, devoted himself to making things easy for me. I learned that he came from Baltimore, and that he is about to complete his four years' course at the "Americano Collegio Del Nord." He had been spending four weeks in Fiesole recovering from a serious illness. The day was hot, and long before the end of our journey, he looked very weary, which made his efforts in my behalf doubly kind. We went to lunch together and were, I am sure, the observed of all observers. Everybody must have wondered where the handsome young Padre picked up the plain old maid to whom he was so attentive.

I had a list of pensions given me by different people; but he knew a number of them and discouraged me about them for one reason or another. Some were very expensive, and some he knew to be not good. He finally suggested a little Convent Pensione kept by some Swiss Sisters. I thought that sounded very interesting, and so when we reached Rome, we

took a cab and went directly to the Convent, only to find that there was at the moment no vacant room. The Sisters promised one for Thursday; and the Padre advised going to a neighboring hotel until it should be vacant. But I dreaded to think of moving after I should once be established. Besides, hotel bills even for two days mount terribly. So I insisted on being taken to a small pensione about which someone in Florence had told me, and which I will call "Rosebud," although the only way in which it suggested a rosebud was by being so different. When we reached it, the Padre climbed all the many stairs to see if there was a place. He came back and reported that he thought it was quite all right. Now a man, even a Padre, is not always to be trusted to judge whether a place is all right to the mind of a lady. My dear old Daddy always used to say that there was never any dirt in our house until we stirred it all up in an effort to clean. So it is that, to my observation, even the best of men are rather dirt-blind. The moment I entered the door after a climb which made one dread ever to go out because one must needs achieve it in order to return, I felt instinctively that it was not for me. But my young Padre was so tired; he seemed so determined not to leave me till I should be settled, that I did not have the heart to voice my doubts. So I let him go to his college, as I knew he longed to do, and I stayed.

When, however, I began disposing my things, I knew my hunch was, as usual, working straight. I called the maid and asked her to call a cab for me, simply saying that I did not care to remain. Instead she called in a young snip of a boy, evidently a porter about the place, who demanded the reason. The mistress, by the way, was not at home. I tried not to give a reason. We had some words in Italian, violent on his part; struggling and difficult on mine. At last he told me that as a Padre had brought me I must stay till the Padre took me away. This was too much for my American independence. I assure you the "Spirit of '76" was aroused. I told him that if he would not get me a cab, I would go alone. Whereupon, to prove my threat, I picked up my suitcase which

weighed all of a ton and started in the direction where I thought the door might possibly me. Oh, but it was, as my Jewish friends would say, "to laugh." The boy at last realized that he had gone a shade too far, and came downstairs with me, demanding twenty-five lire for his trouble. The tragedy of the final act did not occur to me until hours afterward when, at the hotel where the Padre had first wished to take me, I searched for the envelope containing all my Florence notes, and realized that I had left it behind, incidentally discovering that in addition to the fifteen lire I had given the boy, I had been short-changed ten. But—I had escaped the "Rosebud," and that was something. However, my Florence notes represented hours of labor and, shall I confess it? Over them I shed some real tears.

I remained at the Hotel Bristol until Thursday, and then went to the Convent. But that too I found impracticable. It is built around a court, and is very old and so large that from the dining room to my room was a "Sabbath" day's journey. Moreover, these old houses are labyrinths whose winding ways were never meant for such as I. The Mother Superior, a lovely, gracious woman, saw the difficulties, and advised me to find something else. There seem to be just two classes of pensions in Rome, good and bad. The good ones come higher than anywhere else in Italy. At the present moment, they seem to be all full. At last I shut my eyes to cost and came here. This is a lovely little hotel. For the first time, the food is something to look forward to instead of something to take as a necessary evil; and every one is so lovely to me. Enough for petty detail.

My guide, a young Swiss girl whom I secured through the American consul, speaks almost no English; so my Italian is going to be put to the test; but I find that it improves with age.

On Thursday afternoon, after finally settling my living quarters, having moved four times in two days, we began the serious business of seeing, and in some small measure, learning, Rome. We went that afternoon to "San Pietro" (St.

Peter's), that vastest and most historic of all temples of Christian worship. Its very approach, through St. Peter's square, with its four lines of immense columns, is almost appalling in its magnificence. These columns are of beautiful marble. They look as if nothing could ever move them or disturb the silent vigil which they keep. Entering the church, the first impression is one of almost terrifying immensity. This impression is, however, modified as one begins to study the beauty of detail. The baptismal font is the cover of an old sarcophagus which tradition claims was brought from the mausoleum of Hadrian, now in the famous castle of San Angelo. I stood before the tomb of Gregory the Thirteenth, on which, among other things, is engraved the calendar he reformed in 1582. There are many imposing statues of the popes who have in turn ruled over Catholic Christendom. All this is historic, dignified, somber. But the little chapel of Michelangelo with its marvelous, tender Pieta, in which the face of the Virgin has a sadness and appeal beyond words, is a human touch which reminds us that, after all, St. Peter's is a church where men have worshiped and human souls have brought their joys and woes and laid them at the divine feet of a suffering and compassionate Christ.

I touched the temporary covering that conceals the Holy Doors, which His Holiness alone has the right to open and close. They are opened once in twenty-five years, and left open for one year. I could but be glad that the doors of the Celestial City stand ever wide for those who seek its glory and its rest.

This morning we saw something which spoke of a far different phase of Roman life, namely, the Colosseum in which took place those ghastly conflicts between the gladiators and the wild beasts, with which the Caesars and Heathen Rome were wont to amuse themselves. The Colosseum, like the outworn civilization which it represents, is now a mass of ruins. It is five hundred and twenty-seven meters in circumference, and one hundred and eighty-eight in diameter, if these figures mean anything to you. They did not to me until I walked

around it. We were looking over into the pit where the wild animals were kept until they should be brought into the arena. My little guide had been explaining, and thinking, doubtless, from my unenlightened expression, that her Italian had missed the mark, she began to growl like a fierce lion. I admired her ingenuity. Here Rome shouted and laughed to see Christian blood drench the sands. Yet the same Rome built St. Peter's and worshiped there the Christian's Christ.

From the Colosseum we went to see the great arch of the Emperor Constantine. It is an arch with three passages and very beautiful. We stopped for a moment in the church of San Pietro Invincoli to see Michelangelo's great statue of Moses. It is a large and impressive figure. The left hand holds the tablets of stone, and the striking feature of the face is the very heavy beard which gives to it a certain massive strength. One naturally compares this figure with the Florentine David by the same sculptor. To me, the latter was more impressive. It is said that San Pietro Invincoli was built for the sole purpose of keeping the iron chains which St. Peter wore when imprisoned in Rome; and the chains are supposed to be still there.

We went by appointment to the Americano Collegio del Nord to meet Monsignor Breslin, the president of the college. This was made possible for me by a letter of introduction secured by one of my dear girls in America. On the way to the college, we passed the beautiful Fontana Trevi. I have never seen so lovely a fountain. It is the work of Niccolo Salvi, and the statue of Neptune over which the water flows is exquisite. There is a popular tradition that if a visitor throws a piece of money into the fountain, he or she will return to Rome. I suppose it is only another of the thousand devices to get American coin; but of course, I fell for it like all the rest. It remains to be seen whether the spell of the fountain works in my case. If it does, I am sure it must be infallible.

In the afternoon, we went with an American Express party to the Catacombs, that vast underground cemetery where ancient Rome buried its dead and where the early Christians

found refuge. Besides my guide and myself, there were in our car a gentleman and his wife from Kansas City. By the way, I think Kansas City must have come to Europe this summer; I have met more people from that wide-awake town than from any other. These were nice friendly folk whom I enjoyed. The only other person was a man whom I called "The Silent Partner" because from the beginning of the trip to the end, he never spoke and never smiled. I really think he may have been deaf; but we had not the courage to put it to the test.

We rode along the Appian Way, that most famous of the "all roads" which lead to Rome. We stopped at the little chapel of Quo Vadis which has not a thing to recommend it except its name, made famous by the book.

When we reached the Catacombs, one or two of the ladies of our party lost courage when it came to the point of taking your little candle in hand and descending into the earth. As darkness has no terrors for me, it required no courage on my part. One descends by passages winding and extremely narrow, and lined on either side by tombs, tombs, tombs, everywhere. The darkness is so dense as to be almost a tangible thing, and the tiny candles make but slight impression upon this inky blackness.

There is a chapel to my beloved Saint Cecilia, who was martyred for her faith in her own house in Trastevere and whose body was afterward brought to the Catacombs for burial. But later her remains were carried back to her own house again. The Catacombs are vast and of course we saw but a very small part; but it was sufficient to make one realize what the early Christians must have suffered, living for months in this dark and tragic refuge.

Never was my much beloved afternoon tea more welcome than after this experience. But we were obliged to wait for it until we returned to the city.

At noon on Saturday we met, by appointment, that polished and kindly gentleman, Monsignor Breslin, of the Americano Collegio del Nord. He took us in his own car, a very lovely one, by the way, of Italian make, to the Vatican. We rode

round behind San Pietro and entered the Vatican from the side.

For an interview with His Holiness, it is necessary to dress entirely in black, and to wear a veil on the head instead of a hat. The fact that Monsignor Breslin was with us gave us immediate preference over those who merely came with letters secured through the Consul or the American Express. Personally, I never would have gone in that way. Somehow, for those not Catholic of faith to seek to see the Pope merely as a matter of curiosity, and without the slightest personal element, seems to me like going uninvited into a private home. Many tourists do it, and letters can be thus secured.

When His Holiness enters the room, every one kneels and as he reaches you, you kiss his ring, as the insignia of his office. Monsignor Breslin brought him to me first and told him that I am without sight and am traveling in Europe alone. "Alone?" said the Pope. "This is marvelous." After he had given his general benediction to the others, he turned to me, and raising his hands above my head in benediction, said, "And for the sightless one, I pray that God may enlighten her eyes and her heart." Thus did Pope Pius XI give his very special benediction to an humble and unworthy stranger. It was an experience never to be forgotten. He is a courteous, high-bred Italian gentleman. He impressed me as being intensely human. Something, perhaps the heavy responsibilities of his office, perhaps his contacts with life, has given to his voice a note of sadness. I wondered if it were also reflected in his face.

In the afternoon, we saw first the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. The Pope who restored this church decorated it with much gold which he received from Philip the Fourth of Spain, who had brought it from America for this purpose. It would seem that this must have been when we had much more of the precious metal than we now possess. Everywhere, on ceiling and on walls, are elaborate reliefs in gold. The wealth which it represents is to me inconceivable. One might think that all this gold would make the church gaudy. But it is so

softened by age and by the dim light that this is not its impression; although for some reason, it made less appeal to me than many churches which I have seen.

From here we went to what, to me, is one of the most marvelous of all temples, namely, the church of St. Paul. This church is outside the city on the spot where St. Paul was buried. We took a tram, and it is a long ride. It is utterly unlike, both in design and decoration, any other temple which I have seen. The entrance is a façade of most beautiful columns. However, it in no way resembles the approach to San Pietro. The latter is a columned square or piazza outside the church. But the façade of St. Paul's is really a part of the church proper, and although it is without roof, the blue Italian sky seems its logical ceiling.

The guide book tells us that the basilica proper is one hundred and twenty-five meters long, sixty-five meters wide, and thirty-four high, and that it has eighty columns. I am not writing a guide book and I seldom inflict upon you figures, because I think that if one has not seen a thing, they mean very little; but these are so vast that at least they may give you a bit of a thrill. The columns divide the church into five aisles, a wide one in the center and two narrower (but surely not narrow), on each side.

Everywhere are the most marvelous mosaics which one can conceive. These mosaics, like those of San Pietro, are so wonderful that at first it is impossible to believe that they are not paintings done in oil.

Below the high windows are portraits in the round of all the popes from the very beginning of the Roman church. They represent only the heads and are in mosaic made of the tiniest pieces of stone. Between the windows, done also in mosaic, are scenes representing the entire life of St. Paul from the beginning of his career as a Christian, to his martyrdom, which last shows the mob crying for his destruction. I had never dreamed that mosaics could be so vivid or so marvelous.

I did not really see those in San Pietro. That was the first place to which I went with my little guide, and neither

of us had learned as yet how to interpret the other. I was not accustomed to her Italian, and she was not sufficiently familiar with me to know how to make things clear to me. She is rapidly learning, and we shall go to San Pietro again under more favorable conditions.

Beyond the basilica are the marvelous cloisters with columns adorned with mosaics of every conceivable form; tiny stars and squares and diamonds in gold and red and black. These columns entirely surround the court; and a close observation shows that on no two of them are the figures of the mosaic exactly alike. Beyond this court, the paving of which is beautiful marble, is a tiny formal garden. Just now, everywhere there is a riot of roses.

After we had gone entirely over the church and started for the tram, I asked my little guide if she would return with me and walk through it again from façade to garden. She is so eager to help that, although I know she was very tired, she willingly did this. As we entered the church, I heard the tones of the lovely organ. A service had begun. It proved to be the bishop with his confirmation class. We listened while the class gave their responses to the bishop's questions. This made the meaning and purpose of the church seem very real.

All in all, St. Paul's has made upon me the most vivid impression of all the many churches which I have yet seen, although I must see St. Peter's again to be sure that this is really true. The statues and pictures, all through the church, tell the complete story of the life of its saint. The one at the end, in which heaven opens and Christ receives His martyred servant, is almost startling in its realism. Perhaps it is because my dear old Daddy loved Paul above all the others that this church has appealed to me so much.

This is the Sabbath. I would have liked to go somewhere to church, but my little guide is ill. I am afraid I have worked her too hard. I seem to tire them all out, a thing of which I am both proud and ashamed.

Thus endeth the first chapter of the "Book of Rome."

Of all people in the world, I believe that I am most fortunate. Instead of having a lonely or stupid day because my guide is ill, I have had a most delightful one. A young lady who lives in the hotel chanced to hear me say that I was alone for the day, and kindly offered to act as my guide. She took me to see some most interesting churches.

The first, "Church of the Cappuccini," is the weirdest imaginable. The Cappuccini are an order of St. Francis, and for years all the monks were buried here in the crypt. When the tombs became filled, they took out the skeletons and disposed them all about the place. They stand in corners dressed as in life; they lie upon the tombs like statues. But this is not all; the walls and ceilings are literally tapestried with bones. The candelabra are of bones. On the breasts of the skeletons are crosses of bones. Bones, bones, bones everywhere. They have not yet reached the point of carpeting the floor with them, but really I should think that would be the next procedure. It all sounds ghastly enough to turn your blood cold. But, do you know, it struck me simply as humorously whimsical. Perhaps my sense of humor works over-time, but it was as if all these old dead monks said, "Look at us. Here we are. We cannot be driven out of our resting place by all these youngsters that are coming along. This is our church, and here we stay."

From here we went to the beautiful, worshipful, little church of San Bernardo. The church is rotund. It has not a single work of art by a great master, and yet it is indescribably beautiful. There is a picture of Christ being taken from the cross by a Dominican monk. The monk has the Body of Christ in his arms, and is in the act of lifting it down, and yet, somehow, although the Christ is plainly dead, the picture gives you the impression that He is, instead, lifting the monk up. There is a ray of light which illumines the picture, and it is impossible to tell whether it is sunlight or whether it emanates from the body of the Christ itself. In a small chapel is the carved statue of the Madonna. The hands are folded, and in the expression of those hands is infinite sadness, infinite

resignation. Everywhere in the church were flowers and the little silver hearts that the people bring to the Madonna and the saints, when they are in great trouble or wish to express gratitude for some special gift. It seems to be the heart home of humble people who bring to it their joys and most especially their sorrows.

From here we went to Santa Maria della Vittoria, an utterly different type of church. Here all the frescoes are gay and most unchurchly, and here is the famous Bernini statue of Santa Teresa, which looks like anything on earth but a saint. She is a charming figure in the most beautiful draperies. Bernini always clothes his ladies exquisitely. Below this elegant young person is the most adorable cupid, with arrow upheld, ready to pierce the maiden's heart. He is also properly clothed. But the fascinating thing is the look on Teresa's face. She has utterly fallen under Cupid's spell, and she is as far from a saint as any modern American girl. How she ever came to be in a church is hard to say. The whole impression of this church is happy, and I must admit, a bit worldly like Santa Teresa herself.

I learned this afternoon that right next our hotel is the beautiful palace of the Barberini with its wonderful fountain. Old palaces and new and modern buildings hobnob here in most friendly fashion. Ah, but it is fascinating! And who am I that I should have all this joy?

Monday morning we went to the Roman Forum. Where once stood stately marble structures as beautiful, doubtless, as any the world has ever known, there remains but a mass of ruins. Yet it is possible amid these ruins to locate every building. One may stand on the spot which was once the very heart of Rome and construct anew the palaces of the Caesars rising above the Forum on the Palatine Hill, the hall where the Roman senate made laws which have become a model for the world, the ancient temples where Rome worshiped its multitudinous gods and goddesses, the bank where her wealth was kept, and in which men met of a morning to talk of every-

thing from Grecian philosophy to the latest gossip, lingering here until noon, when they exchanged the Forum for the Baths.

One may actually trace the walls and rooms of many of these buildings. One stands beside the great stone which marks the spot where Mark Antony stood when he uttered that famous speech whose import Shakespeare interprets for us in those matchless and pathetically true words, "The evil which men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Among the buildings whose outlines are best preserved is the temple of the Vesta, where dwelt those high-born maidens who, from the age of six years, were consecrated to the service of their goddess and of Rome, and whose wise counsel was sought by the Caesars in every crisis of the city's history. It would seem that each Vestal had a suite consisting of a tiny sitting room, a bedroom, and bath.

Everywhere in the crevices of the stones, in the grass beneath our feet, peeped forth tiny blossoms. Many of the walls were covered with climbing wild rose, which, at this moment, is a riot of bloom, transforming the dull stones into a mass of color, even as our imagination clothes with glory and romance the past which they represent.

One thing which fascinated me was the gigantic arch of Septimus Severus. Old Septimus was a very bad sort who was killed for his evil deeds, but he certainly left a most magnificent monument. In the curving roof of the arch are carved the most marvelous flowers. These are the creation of the artist's imagination and do not exactly resemble any flower which we know. The wonderful thing about them is that they have expression almost like human faces. They are all the same form, and yet if one looks closely, no two create the same impression. One seems to be looking up, another turns her face away; a third is dying, and so on. The impression is as if each one had an individuality of its own. I realize that I have utterly failed to make this clear. It is something so intangible as to defy verbal description, yet seen, it is very real.

The Forum and the Colosseum adjoin and are perhaps more than a mile from the heart of the city. As you stand amid the ruins, a mystic silence enfolds you. The modern city with its rush and clamor fades from your consciousness; unseen spirits from out the far past come trooping forth, and cast their spell upon you, creating for you anew the ancient city of your dreams. A bird trills from the tree top, and you fancy that it is the voice of a Vestal Virgin uttering some word of wisdom. A sunbeam falls athwart the green, and lo, it is the mother of the Gracchi smiling at her children. Brutus, Anthony, Caesar, they all give you friendly greeting. They have ceased to be to you mere names and become forevermore a part of your world.

Alas, even in Rome, the things of every-day life intrude themselves upon your consciousness. My purse, which I bought in Vienna, and which was supposed to last the rest of my earthly existence, has gone hopelessly to the bow-wows. I was, therefore, faced with the necessity of buying another. Now I simply cannot shop in Rome. Oh, yes, there is plenty to buy, far too much, for a limited purse like mine. But I cannot adjust myself to the Italian method of selling. The price which they first give you for anything is anywhere from ten to twenty-five per cent more than it is worth, or than they themselves have the least expectation of receiving. You simply are compelled to bargain until, little by little, they bring it down to something like a reasonable figure. Understand, I am not talking about the ghetto, but about the very finest shops in the city. They expect you to demur at the first price. They would have a contempt for you as being hopelessly stupid if you did not. But they have no intention of descending suddenly from the lofty altitude which they assume. They do it by slow and gracious degrees. The trouble in my case is that I simply cannot provide the proper impetus for the descent. However, I finally bought a purse at something faintly approaching a reasonable price, although, with the exchange at eighteen to the dollar and prices exactly the same as they were when the exchange was twenty-five,

nothing in Italy is reasonable. However, I do not doubt but that Mussolini is doing his best to adjust a difficult situation.

On Tuesday morning, we went to Villa Borghese. This palazzo was formerly and for many years the home of the famous Borghese family.

As a museum, its charm lies chiefly in a marvelous collection of statues. One of the most beautiful of these is the statue by Canova, of Paula, sister of Napoleon Bonaparte. She was married to Prince Borghese, which accounts for the fact that the statue is in this palace. The figure is beautiful, and in her lovely hand she holds an apple, which gives a delightful touch of realism. It was this statue that brought about the return of the four bronze horses to Venice. Bernini's Apollo and Daphne is without exception the most exquisite bit of sculpture which I have ever seen. The figure of Apollo is perfect in its strength and beauty and Daphne is grace itself. The David by the same sculptor is also beautiful, but does not appeal to me as did the little Verocchio David in Florence. There is a sort of relief or frieze, twelve stories of Hercules, which I loved, although I am not sure that it is considered great. The figures are very small but vivid in relief, and each little story is divided from the next by tiny columns. I think I loved it because the little Hercules and the animals which he killed were all so tiny and so perfect.

Titian's painting, "Amore Profano, Amore Sacro," was marvelous for the different types which the two women presented: the one, wholly earthly in her beauty; the other, so refined and spiritual. Of course, they both had the marvelous Titian hair. "Il Bambino col Serpente," a presentation of the Christ child with His foot on the serpent, by Spagnoletto, fascinated me with its sense of fulfilled prophecy.

In the Palazzo Corsini, which we also visited yesterday, there was one picture which amused me much, although I am sure I was intended to take it very seriously. It is called "Venus and Adonis," and is by no less a master than Titian. Adonis, with his three dogs, was all ready for the hunt, and eager to be off, but Venus wished him to stay with her. She

employed all her charms, and even threw her arms around him. Why will these Greek goddesses be so foolish just because a young god happens to be handsomer than he has any right to be? They should learn manners from the modern American girl.

There are in this palace, hanging almost side by side, two pictures on the same subject, the utter unlikeness of which is startling. The subject of each is the thorn-crowned head of Christ. One is by Guercino, the other by Guido Reni. In the first, the most striking impression is that given by the realism of the drops of blood. The whole appeal is that of physical suffering. In the other, there are the same thorns, there is the same evidence of physical pain, but you scarcely think of it. In the eyes there is a depth of spiritual intensity, of heart sorrow, which makes of the thorns a mere incident.

Yesterday afternoon I saw one of the most wonderful things in all Rome, or for the matter of that, in the world. It is the church, I might better say, churches, of San Clemente. In this historic structure there are in reality three buildings, one below the other. The church as you enter it from the street dates from the twelfth century. It contains, among other things of deep historic interest, a cosmatesque pavement of the thirteenth century and a small chapel painted by Massaccio and Massalino.

We then descended a flight of steps to find another chapel somewhat larger than the first. It dates back to the fourth century, and is one of the oldest and most complete now in existence. It contains a series of frescoes dating from the sixth to the eleventh centuries. These are of great importance as showing the development of Christian art. There is in existence a letter in which St. Jerome mentions a council of the early church which was held in this basilica. There were old statues in various degrees of preservation. The choir is missing, and our guide explained that it has been taken to the church above. It would seem that at the time that the present San Clemente was built, the old San Clemente was, owing to the change of the city level, below the street, and they used it

as a foundation for the new church. In the course of centuries the very existence of the old chapel was forgotten. Later, when the new church was being restored, they rediscovered the old one. I thought all this marvelous, but when our guide said, "Now we will see the first chapel," and began leading us down another flight of steps, my surprise was turned to amazement. Here we found a chapel somewhat smaller than either of the others, and divided into two rooms. It is amazingly preserved. The Padre who acted as our guide explained that this was the little house in which Clemente had lived and which had also been used by the early Christians as a meeting place. Clemente is supposed to have been a convert of St. Peter and was the head of the little Roman church after the death of the apostle. One of the rooms has a beautiful stuccoed ceiling of the first century. In one room we saw, to our amazement, statues and reliefs of heathen gods. When I asked our guide to explain this incongruity, he said that during the second century this chapel had been used as a temple to Mithra, the Sun God. This oriental cult attained wide influence in Rome during the second century, and for a time menaced Christianity. Mithra corresponds to the Greek Apollo. The statue of the god which is in this chapel has one peculiarity, namely, that there are in the head openings through which passed bronze rays representing the rays of the sun. These are now missing.

The task of restoring this chapel was rendered extremely difficult by the fact that water constantly flowed into it. Under many of the streets and squares of Rome, there is a constant stream of running water. No one knows its source, but during a rainy period the roar of this water can be heard in many houses. One of these streams ran under San Clemente, and again and again inundated the lowest chapel. At length Cardinal O'Connell of Boston interested himself in the restoration and built an aqueduct to carry off the water.

To me there is no spot in Rome more interesting than San Clemente, with its three churches, one below the other, representing, as they do, three distinct periods in the evolution of Christianity.

Thursday morning.

Perhaps it will seem a wild flight of the imagination, but to me the sounds of Rome are unlike those of any other city. Underneath all the modern clamor of motor cars and trolleys, and the cries of street venders, there seems ever to throb a poignant note, the echo of all the past which this "Immortal City" has witnessed. This morning the symphony had a deeper diapason, the sound of the marching of many feet. We learned what it meant when we attempted to go to one of the museums and found it closed because this is a "festa" of some sort or other. No one seems to know exactly what it is, but all public buildings are closed for the day.

They tell me these feasts are constantly breaking the ordinary routine of life; that they interrupt his daily tasks disturbs the Italian not at all. He regards work as a necessary evil, and its interruption on any pretext whatsoever, as an intervention on his behalf of a kind and beneficent Providence. The fact that I must lose an entire day because of the Festa, the significance of which I do not even understand, does not, from my viewpoint, look so providential. However, the trouble doubtless is with the viewpoint. I was not very well yesterday, and this rest is probably just what I should have.

Friday, May 27, 1927

Today my friend took me to the Museo Nazionale. It is a museum devoted entirely to sculpture. I have not the same feeling about sculpture in Rome which I had in Florence. The spirit of Greek art seems to be as vividly alive in Rome as was that of the Renaissance in Florence. The collection in the Museo Nazionale presents the art of the chisel from its earliest and crudest beginnings to its supreme culmination of beauty in the zenith of Greek sculpture.

There are bodies without arms, bodies without heads; indeed, the Venus of Cirene, which is given an entire room for

its display, has neither arms nor head. Yet so expressive of life and beauty is every curve of her exquisite torso that it scarcely seems to matter. So it is with all these creations of genius. Each has a message from which in imagination you can construct romance and passion and vivid life. There was an exquisite little satyr, just poised for flight, his head slightly turned, the warm curve of his neck tempting a kiss. Yet you were sure that if you attempted any such liberty, he would run away into the forest, leaving you shamed and discomfited. There was a lovely bust called "Fanciula Romana," Roman child, with her patrician birth as plainly evident in this marble semblance as it had ever been in life. My friend told me that she dates back to the third century and was found with some ruins on the Palatine. The Dying Persian is there. It is only a head, the strong face and pleading eyes expressing to my touch far less of the agony of death than of the utter weariness of life. There were lovely Apollos and Daphnes and Dianas, and a little Mercury ready to fly on some important mission. These statues are so inbreathed with life that the marble seems a sentient thing and the legend of Pygmalion and Galatea easily credible. After the Museo Nazionale with a guide like this wonderful friend, even I am beginning dimly to understand the meanings of the sculptor's art.

Sunday afternoon

This morning my guide took me to the Pantheon. This structure was first built by Agrippa. An earthquake destroyed it, and it was rebuilt by the emperor Hadrian. It is round in form, with an opening in the roof through which the light shines down. When the sun is shining, the effect is indescribable, as if a door into Heaven had suddenly been opened. The building is very high, and the light falls upon the marble like a mystery. This design in the round with the opening in the top is seen everywhere in Rome. It is said to be in imitation of the hut of Romulus, which was supposed to be

round and to have an opening in the top for the smoke to escape.

In the Pantheon are buried many of the noblest of Rome's citizens. Here, alas, were enacted some of those tragedies whose shadow rests upon every spot in Rome. Here was imprisoned the hapless Beatrice Cenci, whose beauty was her tragedy. If there be potency in martyrs' blood, then surely even the sins of the city of the Caesars must find ultimate absolution.

This afternoon, we rode far out into a part of the city which I had not seen, hoping to find a little church where, we had been told, the ancient Gregorian chants were to be sung in their original form. When we reached the spot, however, we found that we had been mistaken as to the time of the service. So we came back and had tea. It has been a perfect day.

Monday, May 30, 1927

Today, we went once more to St. Peter's. I realize with utter humiliation how little I grasped it that first time. Its vastness overpowers. Its riches of art baffle, its majestic history awes and humbles. In St. Peter's, more, perhaps, than in any other spot, I felt my handicap a bitter thing. The mosaics are all so high that they cannot be touched. Michelangelo's wonderful Pieta is not within the reach of my eager hands. This vastest of all temples appalled while it fascinated me. Tomorrow is my last day, and we shall spend the morning in the Vatican.

Tuesday afternoon

So much has been written about the treasures of the Vatican that I shall make no effort to add my poor little word. One little morning could not give even one possessed of sight the slightest conception of this vast treasure house; far less could I with my limitations hope to grasp it. They allowed me to

touch all the lovely things: the vases and bowls, and even the beautiful china clock which some king, whose name I do not recall, gave to Pope Leo X. Indeed, it seems to me that all the loveliest things were given to him. He was Giovanni, second son of Lorenzo de'Medici, known as "Lorenzo the Magnificent," and he seems to have been immensely popular. At any rate, all the crowned heads of Europe showered treasures upon him.

Here again, the sculptures intrigued me, especially, perhaps, the "animal room." There were adorable dogs and pussies and rabbits. There were fawns that surely had just come from the very heart of the forest. There were splendid great horses which made you long to spring upon their backs and fly, fly to the ends of the world. And the marbles, of which they were made, were of ever-varying colors and textures.

Of course, the crowning glory of the Vatican is the Sistine Chapel, as we call it, though Crawford tells us that it should be Sixtine, since it was built for Pope Sixtus IVth. Here Michelangelo showered the wealth of his genius to enrich the art of all time.

And now it is over, my beautiful, wonderful two weeks in Rome. Oh, City Immortal, shall I ever, ever return to your glory and your mystery? Shall I ever really know you? I have but knelt and kissed the hem of your stately garment. Like thousands of other souls who have come beneath your spell, I can but cry, "Ave Roma Immortalis."

HOTEL DUPARC,
MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND,
June 6, 1927

DEAR FRIENDS:

When I went to the American Express to inquire about trains for Milan, I found that the best one left Rome at 8: 45 in the evening, and reached Milan at exactly the same time

the next morning, thus making the trip which had taken me twice eight hours from Milan to Florence and from Florence to Rome in twelve hours. When I told my new friends of this, they said, "Well, of course you will take a sleeper?" But I replied, "Oh, no, not with sleepers coming at one hundred lire. That is quite too luxurious for a humble singing teacher."

Thus it was that on Tuesday evening when the merry month of May was bidding good-bye to the world for the year 1927, I said my farewells to my beloved Rome and to the dear, dear friends whom I had learned to love so much. Two of them accompanied me to the station, and when the train pulled out, I felt that I was leaving two wonderful friends and the loveliest and most fascinating city in all the world.

I must confess, in the interest of truth, that there were times during that long night when I felt that my one hundred lire had been rather poorly conserved. The compartment was full. Everyone else seemed to be perfectly able to sleep, and they did so most audibly. Also they seemed to have an inborn antipathy to fresh air. However, all things come to an end some time, and so did that sleepless night, and as I am now utterly rested and still have that one hundred lire, I feel that the game was quite worth the candle. In the early morning, a nice young Italian in my compartment who chanced to hear me express a most earnest wish for a cup of coffee, with that tactful kindness which I have met everywhere in Italy, left the train at one of the stations without saying a word and brought me back the coveted refreshment. When I tried to thank him, he said, "Ah, niente, niente." But it was far from "nothing" to me at that weary moment.

When I reached Milan, I found both my child and my Maestra Maria awaiting me. My child seemed much more delighted to see me than could in any wise have been expected, considering how much she had had of me in the last eight months. When I told them that I had decided to spend Sunday with them, they seemed as pleased as if I had brought them the treasures of the Vatican. When we looked forward

on that eager, happy morning to five days together, it seemed to stretch before us, a long, lovely vista. Now that it is over, it appears in retrospect, a fleeting dream. They have been such happy days, these last of my Milan experiences. We have taken tea in all the dear places which we have learned to love, including, of course, the tea room where lives my little Elena whose picture you have seen. We walked the familiar ways which have been our favorite haunts for so many weeks. We read some delightful stories from magazines which my dear friends had sent from America. I heard Esther's lesson with Maestro Cadore, her new coach, and was delighted with his work. He is a genial, earnest, humorous man, and he knows the Italian traditions as do few Maestri, even in Milan.

On Friday we went to Pavia to see the world-famed church and convent of Certosa. This marvelously beautiful structure is an enduring monument to the genius and devotion of one family, that of the Sacchi, who, through three hundred years, labored upon its decoration, handing the work down as a heritage from father to son for eight generations. Its mosaics and frescoes are among the most beautiful in all Europe, and are a marvelous expression of the growth and evolution of artistic ideals and conceptions in one family, the essentials of whose genius are the same because inherited from the same ancestors and fostered under the same environment. I must confess that my pleasure in Certosa as well as my conception of it was greatly hampered by the fact that we went through it with a guide who spoke only Italian and who rushed us through as rapidly as possible. The guides are assigned to you, and you have no choice in the matter. This one, unlike the one we had at the Certosa in Florence, seemed to be possessed with but one idea, namely, "to get it over." Therefore, I must read about Certosa if I would really comprehend it. It belongs, of course, to the same order of monks as the one in Florence, although this one is no longer used as a residence convent. Incidentally, they make the same kind of chocolate and liqueur.

We also saw on that lovely, sunshine-gilded day, the

Duomo at Pavia. Its works of art are not great, but it is very beautiful and worshipful. We had with us a delightful little American girl who lives at the same pension with Esther, and her eighteen-year-old enthusiasm and simplicity added much to the joy of the day for me. We came back in time for dinner in the evening, sunburned and happy.

On Sunday, we had planned to go to Como for one more look at the lake, but, as usual, it looked like rain, and as we had had one rainy Sunday at Como, we did not risk another. I could find it in my heart to wish that the weather had done as much for us on Sunday as it had done on Friday so that I might have seen Como under favorable conditions.

One morning we went to the church of Santa Maria Delle Grazie to see the "Cenacolo" of Leonardo da Vinci. This work is admittedly his masterpiece, but the hand of time is making pitiful ravages upon its beauty. This seems to be true of almost all the works of this great master. I did not understand why until my Italian teacher explained to me that da Vinci was not only an artist but a scientist as well, and that he experimented with pigments.

The results were exquisitely beautiful, but they do not withstand the test of time and atmospheric conditions. The picture is, even now, one of marvelous magnetism and exercises over you a sort of mystic spell. It is not true to the time which it portrays. It is a "Last Supper" in a fifteenth century setting. The disciples and Christ do not recline, as, without doubt, they in reality did, according to the old Roman custom. They sit in modern fashion. The room, the table covering, the dishes are all fifteenth century in character. But the face of Christ is one of great strength and dignity, and the face of Judas with its cunning is most revealing of the character of the man.

This morning I said good-bye to my two beloved children, Esther and Maria. We all tried hard to be brave, but—I make no excuses for the tears. It was very hard for my child. America and her beloved friends lure her, and to remain in Milan alone when I was leaving for home was a severe test.

Let no one dream that being a singer means only applause and roses and glamour of many lights. It means struggle, and toil, and loneliness, and bitter sacrifice. As for my Maria, you, my beloved American girlies, must open wide your circle and let her in. For this, my Italian child, is as dear to me as you and must become one of our love-encircled family. To her as to you I am "Ma Jane." She says it as if it were Ma-Yane, and it is delicious.

For the first hour or so I had little heart to heed the things and people about me. All my thoughts were with my beloved children in Milan, whom I should not see again for so long, one of them perhaps never. The compartment was not full, and at last I became conscious that some new people had entered. This time it proved to be India which gave me greeting. All the world holds out its hand to you over here. The new people were a Mr. and Mrs. Fairley, Scotch by birth, at home from India to bring and then leave their six-year-old daughter in school in Scotland. They were lovely, cultured people, and devoted themselves to seeing that I had luncheon and every comfort. Why do strangers always make it their responsibility to help and care for me? It is so wonderful, and it thrills my heart to see how wide is the circle of human love and kindliness. They were so delightful, these lovely Scotch friends, that when they left the train at about three, I felt doubly lonely.

The picture about us was utterly unlike that which we left in Milan. Great mountains rose on either side, their snow-crowned summits seeming to touch the sky, while below smiled beautiful valleys, yellow with gorse, red with poppies, and green with wheat. And sometimes beside us flowed the Rhone, rushing on to empty its treasure into the waiting heart of its beloved Lake Leman. Once there was a very heavy snow storm on the mountain just above us, and in the valley below the sun was shining. Being the "middleman," we got rain. In this marvelous country you can have all the weathers that nature has to offer at one and the same moment, thus eliminating the necessity of choice. To some, the sea is the essence of

beauty, but to me, the glory and strength of mountains is the very presence of God Himself.

Someone had given me the name of this little Hotel "Du Parc," and when we reached here about five, I took a taxi to it and found it perfectly satisfactory. It is not in either equipment and atmosphere my wonderful Hotel D'Italia in Rome. The Swiss are a widely different people from the Italians. More practical, more cleanly, it is true, but, as the Italians seem to have absorbed the warmth of their sunshine, so the Swiss seem to have the strength and perhaps some of the coldness of their mountains. They give you capable and conscientious service, proportioned exactly to what you are paying for it. But I feel none of the instant sympathy, the swift enfolding warmth which everywhere in Italy made an atmosphere of joy and protection about me. This morning I took a taxi and went to the American Express to procure a guide. The distance is about a good block, but I paid three francs. Guess you must pay that if you cross the street in a car here. It amounts to sixty cents, and after Milan and Rome with their lovely little "carozzas" in which you could ride blocks and blocks for thirty, it seemed a bit high. The Express said that they could give me a guide for the afternoon. I honestly tried to secure a lady. Now do not look so skeptical, girls, I did. But that was impossible. However, when he came, he proved to be so much younger than the much-sought-for Italian count that he did not count. Before I went back to the hotel this morning, I went and had the best shampoo and wave I have had in Europe. These Swiss certainly do whatever they attempt amazingly well. My guide came promptly at two as per appointment.

The one great interest here is in the ancient castle of Chillon, the scene of Lord Byron's famous poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." This castle dates back to anywhere between the ninth and the twelfth centuries. It is utterly unlike anything which I have seen. It contains no treasures of art and beauty; on the contrary, it is a rugged mass of rough stone, so utterly primitive in construction and in furnishings that one is im-

mediately transported hundreds of years backward, to a time long before the art of the Renaissance had brought beauty and grace into the lives of men and women. The walls are massive rough stone with everywhere holes for cannon. I saw one of these cannons, and the barrel was made of wood. The pillars and ceilings are of wood which has petrified and become as hard as stone. I touched one door which I insisted was iron until the guide told me it was nothing more or less than petrified wood.

The center of interest is, of course, the dungeon where Lord Byron's Prisoner spent seven unspeakable years tied to a pillar, round and round and round which he walked until he had worn a deep circle in the solid stone. That circle can not now be seen as the floor has been restored, but the pillar and the iron ring to which he was fastened are still there. The story, you will remember, is that a young priest, "Bonnivard," was sent from Bern to try to unite the kingdoms of Bern and Savoy. The Dukes of Savoy, who lived in this castle, caught him, made him prisoner, and tied him thus to this pillar, where for seven years he walked this fearful circle of despair. At the end of that time, the Princes of Bern fought a successful battle against the Dukes of Savoy and released the hapless prisoner, who by some miracle of endurance was still alive.

The castle is built on the solid natural rock and therefore is not damp as are most such places. It directly overlooks the lake, and they used to throw the bodies of condemned prisoners over the battlements into the water. Also there is a trap door which goes down, no one knows to where, and when they wished to kill an enemy secretly, they opened this door and flung him down. Deadly cruel must have been these Dukes of Savoy. The whole plan of the castle seems to have been to make it impregnable without and hell to any hapless prisoner brought within its massive iron gates. Every room has a great fireplace in which a whole log could easily be burned. The chairs and tables, of which there are in each room only as many as are absolutely necessary, are made of wood beautifully carved and very massive. The tables are

double, that is, like two heavy pieces of wood, the one on top of the other. At one end is a hinge, and when they wished to make the table larger, they simply lifted up one layer and laid it over exactly as you open a book. The one thing of beauty in these rooms was the great carved chest which was ever present. Many of these were hope chests, and one had on it names and coats of arms of both the man and the girl. One had carved upon its front three scenes: first, the birth of a baby, second, Adam and Eve, third, the crucifixion. The carving was beautiful, but the whole effect a bit incongruous. Indeed, nothing in this castle even remotely suggested art or beauty. The cruelty and barbarism of the early centuries everywhere confronted you without any reserve.

Tomorrow, I am taking the boat for Geneva, a ride of about four hours on Lake Leman. This lake is often, but my guide says, most incorrectly, called Lake Geneva, since at Geneva it is but a narrow remnant of itself. I am really beginning to feel like an experienced traveler, and Geneva, and even Paris, do not seem to have any terrors for me. May the spell still work.

Wednesday evening, June 8, 1927

It is seldom safe to infer what I am likely to do from what I say on the subject. I certainly had expected to be in Geneva this evening, yet here I am in my pleasant little room at Montreux after a most delightful day.

After dinner last evening, the charming little Mademoiselle who seems to act as hostess in this delightful hotel came to me and asked if she might present to me a lady who had been wishing to meet me. She introduced her as Mrs. Smith. Now Smith is not a very revealing name, either as to nationality or as to characteristics, but this particular Mrs. Smith proved to be a lovely English lady who began by saying that all day she had been wishing that she might be doing something to make my stay in Montreux pleasant. I certainly never shall be able to understand this marvelous circle of kind thought with

which everywhere seems to surround me. No one knows so well as does its object how little it is deserved. Yet it seems to be unfailing. I call it a circle because it has no end. Mrs. Gordon-Smith asked if I would like to walk along the lake, and we went immediately.

Montreux is a far more beautiful spot than I had until that moment realized. The paved roadway follows the lake. On one side are beautiful hotels and private homes, every one with its lovely garden abloom at this moment with roses, petunias, and every variety of June blossom. I have never seen such roses. I touched one or two bushes in the garden at one of the hotels, the Palace, which is probably the most fashionable in Montreux. On the other side of the road toward the lake are great trees, many of which droop down and touch the water. The lake is divided from the road by a rocky parapet or wall, and this is literally covered with climbing honeysuckle, which seems to grow out of the very rock itself and to cover it with a garment of fragrant beauty. The queen of this lovely land is the gentle Dent-du-Midi, standing not too high, not too grand; brooding over all the valley like a tender mother. At her feet Montreux and all her other village children nestle, sheltered and safe. The Jungfrau is grand, majestic, overawing, but the Dent-du-Midi is strength and tenderness and pitying love. I have never seen so lovely a spot or one which so breathes the peace of God.

Near the end of our walk, Mrs. Gordon-Smith said, "I wish you were not going tomorrow; I would take you up to Pleiades." Then and there my plans for this day were utterly changed. Mrs. Gordon-Smith shopped with me this morning. Ah! these Swiss shops. They are utterly demoralizing. They assail your good resolutions at every point. The only safety lies in flight. This afternoon we went up to Pleiades. Pleiades is a lovely little mountain, about an hour's ride from Montreux. A part of the way one goes by tram, the rest by the little mountain train. For miles one rides through field after field of narcissus, now in full bloom. I could never have imagined such a riot of these flowers, for a dozen of which

one pays a dollar at home. The fragrance and beauty are wonderful. At the top of the mountain, in the very midst of this mass of bloom, is a quaint little restaurant where we had tea, only mine was coffee, and very good at that, with bread and butter and lovely mountain honey. Of course, since I was there, it had to rain at the last, but that did not materially spoil the day. My friend Mrs. Gordon-Smith was a delightful companion, and the day was a joy.

HOTEL CENTRAL,
GENEVA, SWITZERLAND
Thursday evening

This time I really have, as you see, torn myself away from lovely Montreux. Not willingly, I assure you; nor did my friend Mrs. Gordon-Smith or yet the Mademoiselle make it any easier, for they begged me to remain over Sunday. It would have been a joy to rest for a week in that peaceful spot. But I am so glad that at least I have seen it. The journey from Montreux to Geneva on the beautiful Lake Leman was a delight. After the boat had left Montreux, I learned that going by this particular boat I must change at Lausanne. Boats are not as easy as trains. However, the men were very kind and helped me to land and to get the Geneva boat without difficulty.

The day was cool with a soft haze in the air, and one felt the beauty all about one. It was one of the few, very few, times when I was vividly conscious that I could not see it, perhaps because there was no one to describe it to me; but I knew that everywhere were the brooding mountains guarding their lake jewel. Sometimes these Swiss mountains create an impression of unreality, as if they were formed of the same frail fàbric as the clouds which enfold them. There were few passengers for Geneva, but among them were a young Frenchman and his mother who were very kind to me, although my French is enough to estrange the affections of any one who claims French as his native tongue. However, they were long-

suffering, and when I made them understand that I wished a taxi for Hotel Central, the young man procured it for me. This is a nice, quiet little hotel which was recommended to me by the man who dressed my hair in Montreux. And behold, when I reached here, he had already telephoned the hotel so that a room was reserved for me. Would we in America do as much for a passing stranger?

My day in Geneva was something of a disappointment, partly because it rained, partly, perhaps, because I had no real guide. In the afternoon, the daughter of the proprietor of my friendly little hotel took me to see the new "John Calvin" monument. I could not touch it because at its base is a little artificial lake. It consists of reliefs on a long wall, of prominent characters in the Reformation, with Calvin in the center. It is very unusual. On the whole, I fancy that Geneva is less picturesque than any other Swiss city. It is so near France, a matter of less than half an hour by train, that it seems French. Do you know the story of the Copper Kettle? One night, in the year 1602, some soldiers crept into Geneva. They had laid plans to take the city asleep. An old lady in a tiny house had chosen that night for making a kettle of soup. She heard the soldiers, and looking out of her little window, decided that they were enemies. Whereupon she flung the boiling soup, kettle and all, into the midst of their advancing lines. The result was inevitable. The tumult awakened all Geneva, and the city was saved. On the 12th of December, the anniversary of this event is still celebrated in a carnival, which from my little friend's description must be quaint and delightful. I bought a tiny counterpart of the kettle.

I had expected to leave Geneva by an early morning train on Saturday. At the last moment I discovered that I could not take that train on my ticket, and that it was a choice between another all-night ride like the one from Rome to Milan, or reaching Paris at eleven o'clock at night. Of the two evils, I chose the former, thus proving anew the folly of ever saying that one would not do a thing a second time.

Again, the compartment was full and the night long. I

am sure that I destroyed the peace of most of its occupants because they were so disturbed as to what would happen to me when I reached Paris. They one and all offered me most minute directions as to just the best possible procedure, but as no two of the programmes were alike, I found it a bit confusing. There was a dear old gentleman, a missionary from South Africa, who really told me most wonderful stories of his experiences, and secured for all time my interest in my far-off brothers of that strange and un-understood land. He has worked there for thirty years or more, and he and his wife are only at home on furlough and return shortly. And would you believe it? They are looking forward with utmost eagerness to going back to that life of hardship and intense toil. Regarded through the mirror of such self-sacrificing devotion, the vision of my own life was anything but flattering.

We reached Paris about nine in the morning. Everybody in my compartment waited to see me safely in the hands of the American Express man who always meets incoming trains. I went first to the American Express for the letters with which some of my home friends so kindly greeted me. Never did my inability to read my own letters seem quite such a hardship. However, one friend had sent two in New York point, and the reading of those was a joy. For the others I was forced to wait through a long day. A friend in Milan had given me the name of "Hotel Cosmos" on Rue Lentonnet, and thither I betook myself, or rather my taxi took me. Alas, my French has proven hopelessly wanting, and as the lady in charge speaks nothing else, we had some difficulty in establishing any sort of "en rapport." However, she deduced, probably from my hungry look, that breakfast would not come amiss and produced it with neatness and dispatch. Then she took me to a room which was to be mine temporarily until my permanent abode, if you can call a hotel room such, should be ready. I think that never before have I realized how much the human family owes to the man who invented beds. Did any one man do it? Or are they the creation of composite intellects? Anyway, my gratitude was deep and sincere.

Evidently, my pride in my success as a traveler needed humbling, and Paris has taken it upon herself to give me the needed lesson. The first blow was dealt when I sent for my trunk, only to discover that it was still on the Italian frontier at Domo d'Ossola. Now Italy has a peculiar complex which, so far as I know, is shared by no other country. She seems to think it necessary to examine not only all incoming, but also outgoing baggage. To me it has not an atom of sense; however, so it is. No one, either at the ticket agency or at the railway station, took the trouble to tell me of this. I shipped my trunk in the calm assurance that it would meet me at Paris. Instead it is still in Italy awaiting my key so that the Customs Officer can see whether I am taking away any of the Crown Jewels, I suppose. Since I planned to burden myself with as little as possible in my journey from Milan to Paris, it seems likely that I may be forced to take to the privacy of my own boudoir before my trunk shall arrive.

My undoing was complete yesterday when I learned, after going from one bank to another, that nobody wanted my nice little bank drafts because I am compelled to use a stamp signiture. Just how I am going to solve this problem, I really do not know. But I have an appointment this morning with the American Ambassador, Myron T. Herrick, and am hoping that he may suggest some way out of the difficulty. For my introduction which makes this interview possible, I am indebted, as for all else which has made this wonderful experience mine, to Our Lady of the Great Heart. To be in Paris without money and without clothes is not, believe me, quite the thrilling romance that the story writers make it appear. Italy never bothered about my stamp signature; so I do not see why France should. On the other hand, they assure me that France will permit me to make my parting bow and exit gracefully with all my worldly possessions, unchallenged. So every country seems to have its advantages and its disadvantages.

The street venders of Paris sing their wares. This morning one had a lovely little melody in the key of A minor. I wish I knew what it was all about.

2 P. M.

I have seen our American Ambassador. Those of us who live in Cleveland know that fine, gracious, sincere personality, and are proud to claim him as our own. Any man who can be utterly loyal to his own country and yet make himself so deeply beloved as is Mr. Herrick by the French, in a country where his is not too popular, must be at once a great diplomat and a fine gentleman. One of the most attractive elements in Mr. Herrick's charming personality is his low, well-modulated voice. It seems, somehow, to give you at once the key to his character. He aided me with simple kindliness to solve my money problems, so that I may reasonably hope to have a shelter over my head and some food while in Paris.

To-night, am going to hear the opera, "The Resurrection," with Mary Garden in the leading rôle.

Wednesday Morning

Last night made itself memorable in two ways. First I heard Mary Garden do a marvelous rôle in a most unusual opera. Second, I made two wonderful new friends. I went down to the opera with some people who are living at this hotel, but my seat was not with theirs, so I sat alone. I found myself up in the top gallery banged against a wall in one of the loges. It was not comfortable. Directly in front of me I became conscious that two young women were speaking English, not as it is spoken in the King's country, but as we speak it in the good old U. S. A., and there is a marked difference. Not that these young women raised their voices, or employed slang, or spoke flippantly of the things and people about them. Their voices were low and well-modulated, and their English faultless. But there was a certain warmth and eagerness in all that they said. At last I took my courage in my hand and spoke to them. My greeting met with instant response. In a moment I realized that I was speaking to two cultured, gracious, sincere girls whom to know would be a

joy. I learned that one of them actually lived in Ravenna, which is almost a suburb of Cleveland. The other comes from Washington, D. C. Both attended a well-known Ohio college. Both admitted that this was their first trip abroad, and they made no effort to conceal their vivid interest in everything about them. Next to them was a vacant seat, and we so regretted that I had not happened to get it. By the end of the first act, our regret crystallized into determination. Miss Edmonston said, "Do you suppose you could possibly climb down over the back of this seat?" I not only supposed that I could, but proceeded to demonstrate my ability to achieve. Possibly, had we been anywhere except in the top gallery, my courage might not have held. As it was, if I shocked any proper and conventional individuals, they were kind enough to keep the fact to themselves. The rest of the evening was a delight, quite as much between acts as when the opera was in progress. "The Resurrection" is founded on Tolstoi's book of that name. The music is by Alfano, the Italian composer who was chosen by Toscanini to finish "Turandot" after the death of Puccini. The music of "The Resurrection" is, to me, far, far more beautiful than that of "Turandot," and the drama is intense and fraught with deepest meaning. That Mary Garden is not a great singer, or even at times a pleasing one, is well known as is the fact that she is a superlatively great actress. The character of Catharine presents in its development four stages, so widely different and each so vivid and significant that their interpretation must surely at some point baffle any interpreter less supremely endowed with the dramatic gift than is Mary Garden. To say that she presented each one with equal vividness and truth is to offer her the highest possible tribute. It always seems to me a regrettable thing that Miss Garden did not choose the legitimate drama as her mode of expression. If she had, she certainly would rank as a star of the first magnitude. But her vocal limitations are so great that in opera one feels almost a sense of pity. I left the opera that evening feeling that I had met two of the most charming American girls whom it had ever been my privilege to know, and regret-

ting that in all probability I should not see them again. But I did not know my girlies.

I had not been able to secure a guide, and the morning after the opera found me perplexed and more nearly disheartened than I have been since I began this undertaking of seeing something of Europe alone. I was just beginning to indulge that most stupid of all mental attitudes, namely self-pity, when a rap at my door recalled me to the fact that there were other people in the world besides my useless self. And there were my two adorable girls. They calmly announced that they had come to see me and to ask if they might come to this hotel for the sake of being with me. If ever again I lose faith in the loving Providence which presides over my daily life, then I do not deserve to be forgiven. We have had a wonderful week together. I doubt if there are in all Europe two more intelligent, interesting girls, and their sweet unselfishness is wonderful. They have taken me everywhere with them.

Wednesday afternoon we went to the Luxembourg. The gardens are beautiful, and to me atone for the lack of interest I felt in the museum. This lack of appeal may, of course, be utterly due to my ignorance. The museum contains room after room of pictures by modern artists, many of which seemed to me mere splashes of paint. They are like some modern music, so highly colored that it seems difficult to know just what they mean. But again I may be all wrong. We had tea at a delightful tiny tea room near the Museum, and on our way home got lost and went way out to Montmartre. It was all such fun.

On Thursday morning my girlies came over, bag and baggage. As soon as they were settled in their room, we started out. These two girls have the true explorer's spirit. Unlike the average American girl in Paris, they find but slight interest in the grand Boulevards with the endless display of clothes and knick-knacks. Their quest is to know the real heart of Paris, to see her where she lives, to understand her when she is not on parade to capture American eyes and money. To this end they have learned more in a week about the byways

of this fascinating, mysterious, incomprehensible old city, than many who have lived in it for months. It is the first time that I have found companionship with those who shared the same "love for quest," the same passion to know the inner life of a city which ever lures me. No, I must except my friend Mrs. Roege, who was with me in Genoa. To her, too, it was the hidden meanings of a city life that wooed. We wandered down along the quay, past the famous old book stalls which are nothing more or less than great iron boxes which open and shut, and which the proprietors close up and lock when it rains, or when they do not wish to watch them. They stand on the old wall which overlooks the river, and they display an indescribable conglomeration of books of every kind in every stage of preservation or destruction. An old opera score hobnobs intimately with a boy's dog-eared school book. A French novel, much the worse for wear, flirts shamelessly with a solemn old scientific work which tries in vain not to notice it. There are old engravings whose right to the name of pictures only the truly understanding art connoisseur could verify. All these gambol together without even the slightest effort at arrangement. We went from here to the spot where all the knowledge of the world is properly assorted, labeled, and dispensed, namely the "Sorbonne." This university, one of the greatest in the world, is housed in a marvelous group of buildings, whose dignity and vast proportions bespeak the influence which this institution has exercised upon the world's thought through centuries of ever-changing concepts. I could have wished to see this more thoroughly, but it is, of course, difficult to achieve unless one has some entrée. I was surprised to learn that the Sorbonne was named from "Monsieur Sorbon," who was one of its founders.

From the university we went to the church of Saint Etienne. This is one of the oldest churches in Paris, or at least is built on the site of one of the oldest. It has a fascinating little gallery all round it, not used for seating the congregation like the galleries in our churches but as a place where the priest may stand. The full name of this church is Saint Etienne du

Mont, I suppose because it stands upon a hill. In this church is the tomb of Saint Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, stories of whose piety and miraculous power meet one at every point. It contains also the tombs of Clovis and his wife Clotilde. Clovis was a worshiper of Pagan gods, his wife a Christian. When the battle was going against him, she implored him to pray to her God. At length he yielded, but like so many of the rest of us, not until there seemed to be no other hope. The battle turned in his favor, and he became a Christian and was the first Christian king in the country which we now know as France. Naturally, then, with both Clovis and Saint Genevieve as object of devotion, Saint Etienne is a shrine for pilgrims from all over France. It has stairways which wind round pillars in a most indescribable manner. Altogether Saint Etienne is utterly individual.

In the afternoon, we went to the Pantheon, which of course is, like that of Rome, the resting place of its country's heroes. It is, however, in structure utterly different from the Roman Pantheon. The tombs are in a crypt below the main floor, and the latter is filled with marvelous sculptures and pictures. One particularly fascinated me. It was the picture of the martyrdom of Saint Dennis. The story is that while Saint Dennis was in the midst of a sermon, the enemies of Christianity cut off his head, whereupon the saint calmly picked up the head, put it on again, and continued the sermon. Looking at the picture, you are really almost convinced of the truth of the legend, so vivid is its portrayal. The gentle Saint Genevieve seems to have been the favorite subject for both painters and sculptors. Everywhere in the Pantheon one sees this gracious maiden. One picture especially represents a night scene in which she broods above the sleeping city like a guardian angel.

On Saturday morning, we joined a touring party for Versailles. On our way we stopped at the famous "Malmaison," literally, "Bad House," so called because it was formerly a hospital for the care of the worst types of patients, those whose illness was the result of their own sins. In 1797, it was bought

by Josephine, wife of Napoleon. He was at the time in Egypt, and on his return he went to her in this house which she had transformed into a beautiful palace, and there from 1799 till 1804 they lived in idyllic love and happiness. The palace literally cries out the name of this beautiful and unhappy woman whose great love was ruthlessly sacrificed to Napoleon's passion for power. Josephine was intensely feminine. She loved to embroider. Some of the rooms still display specimens of her skill. She often, in the years between 1809, when Napoleon divorced her, and 1814, when she died, was compelled to pay her bills with the work of her hands. But this was, our guide assured us, not because Napoleon was ungenerous with her, but because she simply could not keep money. She loved clothes and luxury, and so her allowance was never adequate. We saw the room in which she spent her mornings at work in the company of her daughter, Hortensia. The latter was the wife of King Louis of Holland, brother of Napoleon. After her mother's separation from the Emperor, Hortensia came to Malmaison to be Josephine's companion and comfort. We also saw the boudoir of the Empress. On its walls were twelve little pictures showing as many different ways of doing the hair. Every morning Josephine looked at these and selected the coiffeur for that particular day. If only she had known how much easier it is to wear it bobbed! She might have saved herself endless trouble, and yet an Empress with bobbed hair! She had her boudoir tapestried to resemble a tent because she wished to live as nearly as possible as Napoleon was compelled to live when he was away at war.

Josephine loved her garden, and above all had a passion for roses. She had two hundred and sixteen varieties of these, most of which still bloom in the lovely garden, among them the famed "Malmaison Rose."

Napoleon married Josephine in 1797 and most of that time until 1804 they lived in Malmaison. Then Napoleon found it necessary to move to the Tuileries Palace. When he divorced Josephine in 1809, she returned to Malmaison, and

died there in 1814. Napoleon was six years younger than she, and, it would seem, a great deal more than six times unworthy of her devotion.

I approached Versailles with emotions mingled of eagerness and reluctance. Would Dresden and Potsdam and Vienna and Florence and Rome dim the glory of this, my first vision of old-world splendor? One thing certainly was true, namely that this visit to Versailles had none of the unpleasant experience connected with my first. Our guide was lovely and showed to me every consideration. This summer, Versailles is everywhere thronged with workmen busy with the restoration of the palace, which the gifts of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have made possible. These gifts amount to about fifty thousand dollars, and are to be devoted to the restoration not only of Versailles, but of Fontainebleau and other French palaces. If Malmaison breathed of Josephine and Napoleon, Versailles literally cries out the names of Louis the Fourteenth and Marie Antoinette, to say nothing of Louis the Fifteenth and Sixteenth and that monarch of bad taste, Louis the Eighteenth, who in his zeal to restore Versailles, a zeal untempered by a grain of artistic sense, well nigh ruined the art and beauty of the palace. They call him "the king of bad taste," and say that he gave his contracts to whoever would put on the most paint in a given time. Louis the Fourteenth was a colossal egotist. He called himself the Sun, and that heavenly body was his emblem. In the chapel all the people of the court were seated so as to face, not the altar, but the king, because he said he was the only medium by which they could hope to approach heaven. Before the king rose each morning, the courtiers gathered in the anteroom, each eager for the honor of acting as his valet. As this honor was conferred by no law of precedent or rotation but solely in accord with the humor of the Monarch at the moment, there were many disappointments in store for the hapless courtiers who did not for the moment stand in high favor. Louis the Fourteenth, in spite of all he did for art and the glory of France, must have been an insufferable prig.

In spite of the noise and confusion of workmen, and in the face of all comparisons, I left Versailles with the splendor of my memory undimmed. Perhaps this is because of the tenacity of first impressions. But Versailles is still a dream palace to me. From it we went to the Petit Trianon. This palace was built by Louis the Fifteenth not for his queen but originally for Madame Pompadour, for whom he entertained the "grande passion." But she died before its completion, and it became the possession of the woman who so soon superseded her in the king's affections, Madame DuBarry.

Standing on the shore of the little lake which is the shining way between Versailles and Petit Trianon, it is easy to imagine the king, escaped from the wearisome formalities of his court, taking his tiny boat as the setting sun transformed the lake into a golden glory and hastening to the lady of his heart. And it is easy, too, to picture the lovely Madame DuBarry entering her boat and hastening to meet her lover midway between the palaces. If she sinned grievously against Louis' rightful queen, she paid dearly for that sin, for in the days of the Revolution her connection with the king brought her to the guillotine.

When Louis the Sixteenth became king, he brought his queen, the lovely little Marie Antoinette, to the palace of Versailles. But the young queen soon came to hate the great palace with its noise and show. To escape it and perhaps partly to escape its king, who seems to have been greatly her inferior intellectually, she fled to the Petit Trianon, from which, of course, after the death of Louis the Fifteenth, Madame DuBarry was compelled to betake herself. Marie Antoinette loved the simple life. She loved to spend her days roaming the hills, dressed as a shepherdess. She built a tiny village which we saw. She peopled it with humble folk who tended her cows and sheep and even pigs, and cared for her gardens where she raised all the vegetables and fruit for her little palace. She often went out of a morning and helped to milk the cows with her own queenly little hands. But it was at Versailles that she with her king was finally captured

and taken back to Paris by the soldiers of the Revolution. LaFayette was in command, and he promised them protection. He doubtless did all in his power to keep his promise, and for four years they were practically held as political prisoners and were given freedom and protection. But it is one thing to command an army and another to control the madness of a mob. In the end, the guillotine claimed the king, and a few months later, the gentle queen. I am not recalling all this to tell you what you already know, but simply because as I stood looking at the little village which now lies silent and desolate, the fate of its fair mistress became, not a mere story which I had read, but a living and vivid reality. Perhaps it is this creative spell which constructs anew the people and events of history, which is the magic of Versailles.

On Saturday morning, we went to the Grand Palais. At present this museum has an exhibition of paintings and sculpture for 1926 and 1927. Some of the statues were charming, though not great. Among the pictures were a few lovely little landscapes, but many of them seemed to me merely masses of paint whose significance was as impossible to discover as that of Stravinsky's music. But then, I fear that I am not a modernist in art.

Saturday evening, I went alone to the Opera Comique to hear two little operas, "L'Enfant et les Sortileges," by Ravel, and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," by Massenet. Anything more essentially French it would be difficult to conceive. Both were delightful. The first is the story of a naughty child who grew discontented with everything in general, whereupon the things about him undertook the task of punishing him. The furniture, the toys, the animals, even the flowers all turned against him until at length in despair he utters the magic cry "Mamma," and then all turn to him and take him back to the one supreme source of comfort. It was darling, and very well done. "The Jongleur," you doubtless know, although it was new to me. The part of the Jongleur was taken by Charles Friant, a French tenor of whom I had never heard, but who sang and interpreted beautifully. The best product

musically that they have over here seems to be tenors, and as they are rare birds with us, I marvel that we do not import more of the French variety. After the opera, one of the ushers instantly came to me and offered to get my taxi. I had not the slightest difficulty. Really, I do not see that Paris is any more impossible than Cleveland.

Sunday morning we went to Saint Madelaine. It was a special festival, and the crowds were so great that we really could neither see nor hear so gave it up. We went to lunch at a charming little tea room, and had scones. Do you know them? If not, you have certainly missed something. Sunday evening, we went to hear the opera, "Mignon." The music is pleasing though not great, but the performance was both dramatically and musically most disappointing.

Monday morning brought with it the guide which, through one of the ladies in the hotel, I had been fortunate enough to find. She is French but speaks English very well. If she did not, it would be hopeless. My Italian is poor, but my French simply is not. I had thought that I knew a little, but since coming to Paris have learned that it is easy enough to imagine that a few verbs constitute a language, but they do not. For one thing, every time I attempt to speak French, I think in Italian. How these Europeans speak half a dozen languages in an hour, all with equal fluency, is beyond me.

All the museums close in Paris on Monday. I did not understand why until my guide told me that it was cleaning day. Monday is therefore shopping day. Now it is written in the book that she who leaves Paris without buying at least one Parisian dress might just as well never have been there. Like the "Fair Maid of Ostend," I had "vowed to hold out to the end," against the lure of the shops. But it is just no use. It is in the air. Sooner or later it "gets you" in spite of your utmost resolution. A lady at the hotel told me of a wonderful little place where they reproduce the models of the grand shops. I sought it and found it more than all that she had said. You choose your model, and then they make the dress for you and you alone. This confession of feminine

weakness is going to stop right here. I leave the rest to your imagination, only if you wish to protect your bank account, do not go to these French dress shops.

On Monday evening, I met my dear girlies, and we went to dinner together. We have discovered the most delightful little restaurant. It is called Poule au Pot—"Chicken in the Pot"—and is kept by a Frenchman and his wife who lived for some years in Washington, D. C., and who love America. They are delightful people, and have the most adorable little kitten you ever saw. He says its name is Cicero, and she says it is Billykins, so out of courtesy to both Martha calls him one name and I the other.

On Tuesday morning, we went to the American Express to arrange for my homeward journey. It is a time-consuming business, and has involved several return trips, but the American Express in Paris is certainly a wonderful institution and does more to make Americans happy than anything else so far as practical details are concerned. They are unfailingly kind, and they have every possible arrangement for our comfort and convenience. Also, their charges seem to me perfectly reasonable.

In the afternoon, we went first to Des Invalides. A part of this building is devoted to the care of permanently disabled soldiers of the last war. The rest contains a museum in which the art works have to do largely with the history of France; its greatest treasures are, however, the tomb and chapel of Napoleon. These are as imposing as even his proud spirit could wish. We were most fortunate in our choice of the ideal moment for our visit, for there was a military demonstration to dedicate a tablet celebrating the Mission which for the first time crossed the Sahara desert in an automobile, in 1922. The soldiers were reviewed by the minister of war, and there were addresses by notables. The band played the Marseillaise. I touched the automobile which had been especially constructed for the crossing of the desert. It was unique with wide grooved wheels.

From Des Invalides, we went to the museum of Rodin in

which are models of practically everything which his fertile genius has created, from "The Thinker," to some lovely statues of children. Rodin's sculpture is, of course, so different from that of any other artist, and I am so ignorant of the technic of the art that I feel incapable of expressing any opinion, but to me it seemed so rugged and vast and lacking in detail as to be almost crude compared with the Greek art which I saw in Florence and Rome. It is, I think, always impressionistic, rather than detailed. Of course, the "Thinker" is wonderful. I liked best of all the smaller works, a statue called "The Martyr," not any particular martyr but a representation of the heroic spirit which would meet such a fate calmly. Rodin has also made wonderful statues of Victor Hugo. Indeed, he immortalized in marble or bronze almost all his contemporaries and countrymen who were great in any high achievement. Since Rodin died in 1917, this means that his work is utterly modern, not only in character but largely in its choice of subjects.

Wednesday morning, we went to the Eiffel Tower, and this time I did not stop until I had reached the top, and that means being some 984 feet above the rest of the world of Paris. We changed elevators four times. It chanced to be a marvelously clear day. My guide, who has been there many times, said that never had she seen the view so wonderful. I must admit that when I stood on the top with the glory of sunlight all around me and heard every one exclaiming at the beauty of the panorama, there was a moment in which my handicap seemed a cruel imprisoning mystery, and for hours I found it impossible to be quite content to see only with the eye of the imagination. I had always stupidly imagined that the Eiffel Tower was built to commemorate some French victory. Instead, it was, as you probably know though I did not, built for the Paris Exposition of 1888. We ate lunch in the pleasant little restaurant on the first elevation.

After lunch, we went to the Trocadero, a museum devoted largely to sculpture. It contains reproductions of the doors and statues and tombs of most of the famous cathedrals of

France and it served to stimulate my growing longing to visit and to know this marvelous country outside its capital. Paris is, of course, no more France than New York is America.

Next, we stood under the mighty "Arc de Triomphe" built by Napoleon in 1806 to commemorate all his victories. A list of these is to be seen engraved in the arches. Of these arches there are four, supported by magnificent columns and with colossal statues of Napoleon and his generals: some of these are equestrian and the horses are as wonderful as their riders. But the vital thing to me was the grave of the "Unknown Soldier." It is covered with a round bronze tablet, and as you know from the center of this shines a perpetual flame. What I did not know was that each night at exactly six o'clock a man, always a different one, sometimes a soldier, often a great officer, comes and widens this opening to allow the flame to shine more brightly. On this day there was a beautiful floral tribute from a group of young Canadian girls. The card read, "From the rising of the sun, to the setting of the sun, we remember." We pay thus our high homage to the heroic dead, but ah, what can we do for those who live on maimed, blinded, impoverished, broken in spirit, corrupted in morals? War glorious? Ah, no. War is the supremest degradation to which the human race can fall.

We finished this rather large day with "Sacre Coeur." As this beautiful church stands on the highest point in Paris, it meant a climb of 265 steps, but it was worth it. I loved it. It impressed me even more than it had done last summer. There is about Sacre Coeur a sort of gentle dignity utterly unlike the austerity of many cathedrals.

I said we had finished this day, but that was by no means true. In the evening, my girlies and I went to the Opera Comique to hear "Manon" by Massenet, in case you do not happen to remember. If Cleveland had an opera company, as it should, I would be ashamed to admit that I had never heard this well-known opera. But as it is, one certainly cannot be expected to go to New York every time one wishes to hear a particular work, or at least—this one cannot. "Manon" is

lovely, and if the Opera Comique does not present artists of the first rank, at least it may claim singers of ability and whose work displays great earnestness.

We were obliged to devote Thursday morning to the tickets. I am sailing from Southampton on July 9th, on the cabin ship "Carmania." Incidentally, I am going to London on Tuesday the 28th by the Air Route. Now do not think I have deserted my senses. Really I think it will be easier than changing trains and boats, and—well, the truth may as well be out, I have always wanted the experience, and now I am going to have it. Over here they seem to think nothing of it. It has caused not even a thrill when I tell them, but I fancy that it will give me several.

On Thursday afternoon, the girls and I went to Théâtre Champs-Elysées, to hear Shaw's "Saint Joan." To me it is the best of the Shaw plays, and heard here in Paris, it was doubly significant. The title rôle was taken by Sibyl Thorndike, an English actress of great gifts. It was so lovely to hear once more a play in my native tongue. After the play we went as usual to our nice little restaurant where we feel utterly at home. We visit with the proprietor's wife, who is charming, we play with the kitten, and generally own the place. We all agreed that we were perfectly willing to have an evening at home.

I had intended to go to the Louvre on Friday. My little guide does not know art; therefore, it was necessary to secure a special guide. When we inquired, we found that they charged $2.00 an hour. This was altogether beyond me. At first I felt baffled and disturbed, for the Louvre one must see, or at least attempt to see. But my friend the American Express once more came to the rescue. They said they would furnish me with a guide for sixty francs for the day if I would wait until Saturday.

Accordingly, we went to Notre Dame on Friday. We lingered long in this historic church, and my guide showed me much more of its structure and decorations than I saw last year. We also visited what is known as "The Treasures."

These are of priceless worth, and can be seen only with a special guide, and by paying for the privilege. Here is the coronation robe of Napoleon. He was the only king of France who was crowned in Notre Dame. By the way, he displayed on that occasion his usual initiative. The Pope, who had come clear from Rome to perform the ceremony, was about to place the crown on the head of the Emperor, when Napoleon took it from his hands, remarking that as he was the greatest ruler, he must be crowned by the greatest, and that was himself. Modesty does not seem to be a virtue of the French kings, if one is to judge either by Louis the Fourteenth or by the great Emperor. We saw crowns of kings and queens, including that of Marie Antoinette. We saw one of the largest diamonds in the world. Of course, I was not allowed to touch any of these priceless things, and so had no temptation to try to escape with any of them. Nor did they greatly interest me. Pictures, statues, music, the creations of the geniuses of the world, seem to me far more fascinating. But this is perhaps because, never having had jewels, I am incapable of appreciating them.

From here we went to an institution for the blind. First we saw the industrial department, and it was wonderful. They make many things which we do not; among these are lovely tooth brushes and hand brushes, and I also saw a dear little baby carriage, the body of willow, the wheels of wood, most skillfully wrought with the turning lathe.

The people were very courteous, and showed us everything. From there we went into another building, or at least we tried to, but at first it seemed rather impossible. The porter opened his window a very little way, and said that we could not come in. After much urging, which my guide did in voluble French, he grudgingly opened the door.

A scrub man quite deluged us with water, and we were left to wander about and search for the office as best we might. Finally, I spoke to a young blind man, evidently a student, who directed us upstairs to the apartment of the superintendent. In answer to our ring, a little Frenchman came to the door, his face covered with shaving lather. He seemed in-

finitely annoyed, so we apologized profusely, although three in the afternoon did seem a peculiar hour for shaving.

He retreated, but soon reappeared, shaved, although not in his right, or at least not in a pleasant, frame of mind.

We asked a few questions about the school. He replied laconically. Once, when my guide ventured to ask an explanation of something which we did not understand, he interrupted sharply, saying, "Stop! Let me speak, and I shall tell you all you need to know."

I did gather that the school is a musical conservatory for advanced students. I heard some one playing a pipe organ. I wished so much to see some of the work, but dared not ask the privilege.

I deeply regret that I could not learn more about the school.

On Saturday morning, which, by the way, was yesterday, I went at last to the Louvre. Of this, the most marvelous of all the museums, I shall not attempt to write; first, because it is too vast to be seen in any one day with any sort of understanding; second, because my guide, while very kind and patient and acquainted in a way with what the Louvre contains, does not know comparative art, and could not make me see the pictures in any such way as I saw them through the eyes of my wonderful Miss Fawcett in Florence. The Louvre was begun in 1541, by Francis the First. Strangely enough, the name means "wolf," and has nothing whatever to do with the art, but comes from the fact that on its site was a forest full of wolves. The large court in front of the Louvre witnessed one of the most tragic events in all history. Here on August 24th, 1572, Saint Bartholomew's Eve, occurred the terrible Huguenot massacre.

The first great hall of the Louvre is known as the Caritid Room. (At each end is a great bowl.) The acoustics of this hall are remarkable. My guide had me stand by the bowl at the entrance; then he went to the other end of the vast room, and spoke to me almost in mezzo voice. I could hear him perfectly. This room was once used to present plays

for the French kings. It certainly would be heaven for an opera singer with a naturally small voice. This room contains many marvelous statues, most of them stolen by Napoleon, many from the Villa Borghese in Rome.

Here also is the original of the great Venus de Milo. In the Louvre I met once more my beloved friends of Rome and Florence, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Rafael. The most famous of all the works of Leonardo da Vinci, the Mona Lisa, is here. It was stolen by an Italian in 1911 and was gone for nearly three years. The thing happened on a Monday when the Louvre was closed, as always, to be cleaned. He was a painter working about the place, and because the great picture was by his countryman, he thought that it had been stolen by the French. He therefore cut it out of the frame and took it. For months, it was in his trunk. He finally took it to the Italian authorities, and they promptly returned it to France. King Francis the First paid to the artist a large sum for this picture. Leonardo was his favorite painter. It seems that kings had their own particular painters. Rubens was the painter for Henri de Navarre. There is an entire room devoted to his family: Henri, his first wife, Marguerite Valois, her daughter, Elizabeth of France, his second wife, Maria de' Medici, whom he married by proxy, sending his uncle for the purpose because he had seen her photograph and fallen in love with it. She bore him the coveted son, who was none other than Louis the Thirteenth, father of the great Louis. The mother of Louis the Fourteenth was Anne of Austria. You see, I learned more French history yesterday than I did comparative art.

Of the French masters, I know almost nothing. Corot and Millais are, of course, household words, but most of the others are strangers to me. However, if reading will make them friends, they shall not be so by this time next year. The Louvre has, besides pictures and statues, remarkable collections of all sorts of beautiful things: furniture, ivory, jewel-boxes. Of the last, there were great numbers. But all these things are under glass or guarded by railings, and may not

be touched. The richest treasures are the Gobelin tapestries, the colorings of which are beyond description. I should like to buy an inch. There are people who are allowed to copy the pictures in the Louvre, and sell the copies right there. One lady was making lovely miniatures.

My guide took me for lunch to the most interesting little French restaurant where the workers from offices and banks and stores eat. At the table next mine were two lovely girls who reminded me of all my dear, dear bunch at home. I spoke to them, and found that one was Italian, from lovely Genoa.

Today it is Sunday, and it rains. This morning we went to the famous American Church of Paris. It is very large, and I had understood very much a social center, though no one happened to speak to us. Tomorrow is my last day in "La Belle Paris." Ah, will I ever see it again? It is so that I felt about Berlin, and Munich, and Florence, and Genoa, and Rome. And now for Merry England.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION,
37 CHARLES ST., BERKLEY SQUARE,
LONDON, ENGLAND.
July 1, 1927

At last, I have reached the land of promise, the land of the daily bath without extra charge, the land of grape fruit for breakfast, and of toast and roast and matchless tea; land of fresh towels and spotless linen, of eager little page boys ever at hand to help; land where my mother tongue is spoken by my chamber maid far more beautifully than I can hope to speak it myself. Merry old England! I reached this goodly heritage of the Saxon race, exactly as the birds reached the Northland in the early Spring, namely, on wings; great, white wings which bore me more than three thousand feet above the earth and flew through space as swiftly and as securely as do the wings of robin or thrush. A miracle? Yes, a miracle

of the genius of man and the power of God. I think my friends thought that I had parted with the small amount of "gray matter" with which I was originally endowed, when I decided to come to London by air. However, this was the viewpoint only of my American friends. Here, they do it so constantly that it scarcely gives them a thrill.

Monday in Paris was a rainy day. In the morning I went to my dress-making shop and finally disposed of the task of fitting my dresses. Then we attempted to see the Bastille, but, like everything else in Paris, it was closed on Monday. We were so sorry that we had not gone before. I lunched for the last time at the little tea room which has been such a pleasure, tried to shop a little, but Paris in the rain is about as difficult as any spot on earth under like conditions. In the evening, we went to our dear restaurant and said good-bye to the friends who had made us so much at home. Mrs. Goubert, wife of the proprietor, had secured for us tickets to the little English theatre. This theatre is devoted to the presentation of art plays. Our own Mr. Herrick is one of its most ardent supporters. The theatre is very small, and I suppose the prices must be proportionately large. At any rate, I had attempted to buy tickets and given it up because they were so expensive. The manager takes his meals at the Goubert restaurant, and through him our kind hostess procured tickets for us. The play of the evening was "The Fanatics." It was a most interesting presentation of the viewpoint of the young men who have returned from the war to find most things wrong about our present-day life and philosophy, and who, in an effort to evolve what shall seem to them a workable scheme of things, have swung very far to the other extreme and wish to destroy all existing institutions. The play was strong and was presented exceedingly well, but like so many present-day dramas, or at least, so it seems to me, it fell down hopelessly in the last act, and utterly failed either to carry conviction or to maintain interest.

My girlies left very early next morning, and I said good-bye to them with sharp regret and a sense of loneliness.

A special bus takes passengers from Hotel Eduard Sept to the Paris Airdrome. We began our flight about twelve on Tuesday morning. Everyone else was weighed before we left. I do not know whether they thought me too insignificant to count; at any rate, they did not weigh me. There were eighteen passengers on the plane, some of whom seemed to be much disturbed by the motion. To me the whole experience was a delight. I felt as if I were floating through space to join my dear mother. Some of the time we were thirty-five hundred feet above this tiny ball which we call the world. Crossing the channel, the sun shone brightly through the windows, but we could not see the water for the cloud-fabric which lay below us and upon which we seemed to be riding as upon a gray stretch of road-way. We reached London, or rather the Croydon Airdrome, about half-past two, having made the trip from Paris to London in less than three hours.

When I stepped from the plane, a kindly person who introduced herself as the stewardess took me in charge. When we came to the claiming of my baggage, I discovered that my beloved typewriter was not to be found. Now I guard that typewriter with my life, and never allow it to leave my hand. But my guide in Paris seemed rather to resent my feeling that this was necessary, and insisted on looking after it herself. It was many days before any trace of it could be found. The sequel proved that it had never left my hotel in Paris, where it was finally traced and sent to me. This was the only fly in the ointment on that memorable day, but I suppose one must not expect too much.

I came directly from the hotel which is the air station in London, to the English-speaking Union. I learned of this most delightful club through my physician and friend, Dr. Metzenbaum of Cleveland, who is at the moment in Paris. He told me how much he and his family had enjoyed their sojourn here. Although it is really a club, I was not required to take a membership to stay for a short time. I found on arrival, not only that they had reserved a room for me but

that one of the young ladies in the office had interested herself to secure a guide. That very evening the lady called upon me. I found her a delightful Englishwoman. She is proving a kindly and efficient guide as well as a gentle and helpful friend. The first evening at dinner, I disgraced myself by eating much more than any proper and delicate maiden lady should be guilty of consuming. The food really is exactly like what we have at home. Near me, at a neighboring table, were some lovely, cultured people, an English canon and his wife and their hostess, a charming American lady. I could not help over-hearing some of the conversation, and I must confess that I did not try very hard, for it was extremely interesting. The canon told a lovely story which I hope he will forgive me if I purloin. He said that a little lad, the son of a bishop, had been taken by his father to the zoo. After gazing with rapt attention for many minutes at the hippopotamus, he said, reflectively, "Father, I have looked at this hippopotamus for a very long time, and I do not believe that he is much interested in God." I wonder if there are not times when I convey the same unfortunate impression to people who watch me too closely.

London so cast its spell upon me that on Wednesday morning I went to the American Express and changed my sailing from July 9th on the "Carmania" to July 16th on the "Aurania." In the afternoon, we visited the Wallace art collection. It was begun by Sir Richard Wallace (1800–1870) and enriched by succeeding generations of the family and finally given by Lady Wallace to the nation. It is a collection of paintings and sculpture. The pictures represent largely French art, although there is a room of Italian and Flemish masters wherein I met my old friends Rembrandt and Van Dyck, as well as some of my beloved Italian masters. There are also pictures by English artists, notably Reynolds and Landseer. I suppose the latter is not one of the greatest, but a picture of his which he calls "Crumbs from a Rich Man's Table" made to me a great appeal. It portrayed a beautiful Saint Bernard dog with

canine aristocracy in every line, even to his collar. He was gnawing a bone, rich and luscious, and, standing near, watching with hungry eyes, was a wretched little mongrel.

Here, as in the Louvre, I was greatly handicapped by my ignorance of French art. I am told that the Wallace collection, though not the largest, is one of the finest of this school. It has a remarkable collection of furniture, especially clocks. There are clocks of every design, representing every variety of workmanship. There is also a fine collection of miniatures, but I loved the clocks best of all.

On Thursday morning, we walked in the Strand, saw old King's College with its historic buildings clustered round a court. We were trying to decide what we should do for the afternoon, when, suddenly, we came upon the Strand Theatre. Outside, it proclaimed the fact that this was matinee day, and they were presenting the "Spook Sonata." Now a play with so ghostly a title would, I felt sure, at least be something out of the ordinary. We found it easy to procure tickets, as the play is new. We had a lovely lunch, walked down to the Thames, and watched the boats that darted in and out. It all gave me a marvelous thrill. I am afraid my enthusiasm seems a bit childish to my guide, with her native English reserve, but she is very patient. The play began at two-thirty. It lived up to its name in the matter of spookiness. It was a weird conception by the Scandinavian, Strindberg. It held your interest every moment through the first two acts, but here, again, the last act, to my mind, failed to be convincing although the actors gave it every opportunity to be so. Perhaps the critics will not agree with me. After the play we went for a rented typewriter, which, I am sure, was the first that the Corona Company ever made. I have failed to mention the fact that it rains. Did you ever read a statement to that effect in these pages before? I hope that after I and my hoodoo have left Europe, they may have some sort of respectable weather.

Armed with umbrellas, we started on Friday morning for the Tate Gallery. On our way, we passed the famous old

church, "Saint Martin in the Fields." I do not know Saint Martin, and must learn his story. The presiding genius at present is one whose likeness to his master all men know. He is known as "Dicky Shepherd," and the humble folk of London adore him. The church has a large stone portico with a façade of columns. It is surrounded by an iron fence, but Mr. Shepherd insists that the gate be left open every night, and in the crypt of the church on any evening, you can see the pitiful spectacle of poor creatures, both men and women, lying on the hard stone, wrapped in whatever poor covering they may possess. They sleep there when they can pay for no other spot. The church is very old, and has the high-backed, carved seats with the book rests on the top. The pulpit is very high, almost on a level with the gallery, which also has seats. Naturally, the English churches are utterly different from those of Italy or France. Being Protestant, they are without the crucifix, and the many other external symbols of worship. They have simplicity and dignity which greatly appeals to me, though perhaps not the artistic beauty.

The Tate Gallery, like the Wallace collection, is a monument to the artistic taste and the generosity of an old English family. It is perhaps richer in treasures of art than the Wallace collection, but many of these have been added since it was given to the nation. It represents largely the works of English artists, and has a wonderful collection of both Watts and Sargent. For me, however, the greatest appeal was made by the Turner rooms. However wide may be the difference of opinion among the initiated regarding this artist, as his works are described to me they possess a marvelous lure. The coloring, the delicacy, above all, the power of subtle suggestion with which they intrigue the imagination, seem to set them apart in a class quite their own.

This afternoon, we went to St. Dunstan's, the institution for blinded soldiers. Ah, cruel it seems to me, these splendid fellows, so young, so vital, doomed to walk in darkness through a long life. And for what? Who is the better, or what country is more content, for all this dreadful sacrifice of the

youth and beauty of the world? Will the rulers of men go on demanding this supreme sacrifice, simply that their glory may be enhanced? Will the law of love never supersede the lust of power and greed of possession? St. Dunstan's, or St. John's Lodge, as it is now called, has done a wonderful piece of work, and a large majority of the men whom they undertook to prepare for life under these altered conditions have gone out to their homes, and are working with a greater or less degree of success to support themselves and their families. Some have even been able to return to the professions and occupations which were theirs before the war. St. John's Lodge is in the beautiful Regent's Park. Today the society for providing "sunshine" homes for blind babies was having a sort of garden party in the park. We went over and took tea there, and for once there were three hours when it did not rain.

On Sunday morning we went to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, that great and popular church where Charles Spurgeon used to preach. That I chose this rather than St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey was solely due to the fact that I knew my father would have wished it because of his great admiration for Spurgeon, whom he probably now knows personally although they never met on earth. The Tabernacle holds six thousand persons. It was not full, but there was a fair-sized congregation. The minister, though doubtless a good man, is certainly no successor to the great Spurgeon.

When we came back, we stopped at Piccadilly Circus, which means what we call circle. I get a marvelous thrill every time I walk on Piccadilly, the Piccadilly of Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot. We lunched at one of the famous Lyons restaurants, of which there are many in London—popular prices and a lovely orchestra. After lunch, we took a bus and went out to Hampton Court.

This palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey for his own residence, but he gave it—under pressure—to Henry Eighth, that vigorous monarch who either got what he wanted from people or took off their heads. Henry lived in this palace with all his hapless wives. At present a large part of it is devoted

to a sort of "Old People's Home" for impecunious persons of very high rank. I am sure that these aristocratic residents must hate the throngs who invade their precincts, especially on Sunday. In fact, Sunday is a very poor day to visit the palace, or, for that matter, any other public place of interest. It is a free day, and the crowds are very great. But my time is so limited that I felt that I must do something on that day.

The palace contains one thousand rooms, four-fifths of which are occupied by the royal pensioners. Of the remaining, comparatively few rooms are open to the public. To see the great kitchen and wine cellars, a special ticket must be purchased, but it was worth while. Six men could easily stand in the great fireplace. It was easy to conceive how the "Yule Log" burned for twelve days and twelve nights in this enormous stone cavity, easy also to imagine roasting an ox over its flame. There were six covered braziers on which great copper caldrons could stand, and the caldrons themselves were there. The gravy spoon was as big as a garden rake, though it had been used until it was very light in weight. There was also the oven made of great stones, in which the bread was baked, and a smaller fireplace over which the pots could hang on cranes. In the wine cellars were the pieces of wood on which the casks had stood, now almost turned to stone. The cooks must all have been men. Women could never have handled these great utensils.

Above, in the great hall where Henry Eighth held his court, are eight beautiful pieces of tapestry representing the life of Abraham. Many of the pictures were collected by Henry Eighth; notable among these are the "Hampton Court Beauties" by Kneller and the "Windsor Ladies" by Lely. The latter are marvelous portraits of these royal ladies. Among the tapestries are some copies of the famous Rafael cartoons. The English palaces differ from those which I saw in Germany in that the rooms are not kept furnished. The furniture is displayed in certain rooms, but many of the chambers are almost bare, and they do not reproduce the vivid impression of being still inhabited which Potsdam and Schönbrunn gave. The gar-

den at Hampton Court is very beautiful, and here the illusion is far more potent. One can easily fancy little Anne Boleyn wandering among the flowers as a child, when she was waiting-maid to Henry's sister Marie, and when, as yet, no shadow of her tragic doom had touched her. On the whole, I loved the Hampton Court garden almost better than the palace itself.

On Monday morning, I went with a party from the English-speaking Union to Westminster Abbey. Of this historic spot I feel utterly incapable of writing. For one thing, a party of impatient young people who wish to see it all in two hours is not conducive to the creation of that dreamy, poet-haunted atmosphere which should belong to Westminster. Also, it was the day when the school children were admitted, and it was crowded and a bit hectic. I shall try to go again with a personal guide. True, I stood on the graves of Charles Dickens, of Gray, of Robert Browning, who lies here pathetically alone, Elizabeth being buried in Florence. This seems to me, somehow unfitting. Wordsworth, too, was there, and Milton; and these monarchs of the realm of the spirit interested me more than did the material rulers whose resting places are marked by chapels and statues and insignia of royal state. To me, the famous wax works were almost grotesque. These are effigies in wax of the kings. They were carried before the coffin at the funeral in order that all the common people who could not read should know who was being buried.

The organists and musicians who have officiated at Westminster in successive generations are buried near the organ in a spot all their own. There, one saw such names as Purcell, Clementi, and others. To me, the grave of the unknown soldier in Westminster, with its long inscription, is less beautiful and impressive than that in Paris, where he rests under the beautiful "Arc de Triomphe" with God's open sky above and lovely flowers which are always being placed upon it. I shall not be content until I have seen Westminster again under rather different conditions.

The choir of Westminster gave a Handel concert on Mon-

day evening. I was much disappointed that I did not know of it until Monday morning. We had bought tickets to see Sir Martin Harvey, in the "Burgomaster of Stilmonde," and it was impossible to exchange them. Sir Martin Harvey seems to be considered by many as one of the greatest actors in England. I went with high expectations, and so far as native endowment and perfection of technic are concerned, I was not disappointed. But to me it seemed little short of tragic that such high talent should lend itself to such unworthy purpose. The "Burgomaster of Stilmonde," although by no less a master than Maeterlinck, is one of the most rabid of those creations to which the war gave birth. Its every line breathes that spirit of hate, of resentment and exaggerated nationalism, which is at the root of all war. It tends to fan anew the flame of that fire which has so recently seared and devastated the world. Has England, then, such a dearth of dramatists that it can find nothing better or more opportune to proffer a London public than an out-worn war play? That this public accept and applaud amazed me. That they would not do so if it were presented to them by an artist less really great than Sir Martin Harvey, I like to believe.

Tuesday morning, I went alone to the British Museum. That is, a messenger boy came and took me. I had previously arranged to have one of the regular Museum guides. I certainly had a marvelous one. His name, by the way, is "Carnie," and he certainly knows that vast collection in every detail. For three hours and more, he patiently explained to me everything. He had previously secured for me a permit to touch everything not encased. This, it seems, is a privilege which has almost never been granted to any one. I appreciate it proportionately. Among the many statues in the first large hall, a series of the Caesars in chronological order, interested me very much. Nero had the most cruel mouth and a very weak chin. Augustus had, to my touch, a beautiful, strong face, with a nice straight Roman nose. Among the Greek statues, naturally the "Venus de Milo" interested me most.

There was a statue called, "The Boy with a Thorn in his Foot," which is so life-like that one wishes to help him remove the thorn.

Among the collections of jewels, the "Rothschild" collection is, I suppose, the richest. There are diamonds, one of which would ensure me freedom from want for the rest of my life. In one of these collections there is something which contains every one of the precious and semi-precious stones mentioned in the Book of Revelations, some of which I had imagined no longer existed. To me, strangely enough, the manuscript room was most fascinating. There were manuscripts from Chaucer, Milton, etc. There was a manuscript of Gray's "Elegy," letters written by queens and kings and generals. Among the ancient manuscripts is a Chinese dictionary which occupied more space than my entire library. My guide explained to me as well as he could, considering my limited intelligence, something of how the philologists have discovered the keys by which they have deciphered the hieroglyphics on ancient Egyptian, Syrian, and South American tablets and tombs. It is marvelous to me, how, by comparing the way a certain sign or letter is made on one of these, they finally arrive, a letter at a time, or even a curve at a time, at the meaning of the writing. I suppose every one except myself has known that the Greeks wrote in three ways: left to right, right to left, and in a zigzag vertical, which is called "the horse and plough" writing because it looks about like the way a horse makes a furrow with a plough. Among the more modern manuscripts, the one which naturally interested me most was that of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony, with the composer's own notations and his signature. It was the only musical manuscript we could find. I suppose the most remarkable thing in the British Museum is the department of Egyptian and Syrian antiquities. These occupy room after room and include tablets, statues, columns, tombs, and every conceivable thing. There was one bas-relief of all the things these ancient ladies used for their toilet. It included mirrors of various sizes, a little knife for the cuticle, soap boxes which stood open with the cake of soap

inside, and which were, for all the world, in shape and style, like mine. There was even a hairpin. So do not flatter yourself that you have anything over your Egyptian cousins of remote times.

But of all the marvels in this wonder palace, the thing which fascinated me most and to which I begged my guide to take me back again and yet again was the great Strassburg astronomical clock. It was this clock which a few days ago recorded the eclipse with absolute accuracy. It was made by one Isaac Habrecht, a German, for one of the Popes in 1587. It was for two hundred years in the Vatican. Then it was removed to the British Museum, where it has been for a long time. But since it came to England, every clockmaker in London and many in other parts of the world have tried in vain to make it go. It baffled all the experts. Two years ago, the British Museum locksmith not only made it go, but put every detail of its complex and marvelous mechanism into perfect working order. To him, from that moment, was entrusted the sole care of the clock. Once each day, at high noon, he winds and looks after it. No one else may touch it. It is his child, and he loves it with passionate devotion. So modest is he that he will not permit the guides to point him out as the man who finally succeeded in making it go. We went back to the clock at noon. When I said something complimentary about the man who had been so clever as to solve the mystery, the custodian merely said, "Yes." It was not until afterward that I knew that he was the man. He allowed me to put my fingers on everything which it is possible to touch with any sort of safety to the mechanism. I saw "Old Father Time" with the hour glass, the wonderful revolution of the sun and the moon, even the great weights which control the working. The clock has everything imaginable, tiny figures representing hours, days, and years, the earth, the sun, and the moon in correct position, figures representing the seasons. At noon, after it has struck, there is a moment of silence; then tiny bells ring, and a tiny cock comes out, spreads his wings, and crows. Somehow, the wonder of this clock thrilled me more than all the antiquities. But

perhaps that is because clocks are a mania with me. I have been sorely tempted to buy one of those with the Westminster chimes, of which there are so many in all the London shops.

I also saw the famous "Rosetta Stone." It is so immense that it is impossible to conceive how they ever brought it from the Nile. On one side a piece is broken out. Otherwise, it would be quite regular in shape. One thing which impressed me about the ancient peoples was that they worshiped everything, from the sun to their own bodies. The symbols of their worship were seldom beautiful, like those of the Greeks, but often grotesque and hideous. For the first time, I begin to comprehend how supremely difficult it must have been for the leaders of the Jewish people to hold them to the idea of one spiritual God, surrounded as they were by all this worship of the material. The marvel is that, in the midst of all this degradation of thought and life, any man should have had the spiritual vision to write, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

At the English-speaking Union, the table d'hôte dinner is served from seven to nine, at which witching hour, it ceases to be a dinner and becomes supper. Then you can order anything you like. I love supper, and have taken to waiting until nine o'clock. The head waiter, a nice, kind old gentleman who is most proud of the fact that he was at one time in America, always serves me himself. He not infrequently tells me what to eat and brings it without further ado. Tonight he said, "Now I have prunes for your dessert." Now I am usually most obedient, but tonight prunes decidedly did not appeal to me. When I demanded ice cream, instead, the truth came out. Both the ice cream and the strawberries were gone. "Oh, well," I said, "never mind. I will take my coffee without dessert." Whereupon, in exactly the wheedling tone he would employ to a naughty child, my guardian said, "But you see, I have whipped cream with them. Now I know you will try?" I yielded at once, and when he brought them to me, bathed in rich cream and with all the stones carefully removed, I was forced to admit the wisdom of being a good, obedient child.

On Wednesday morning, we went to St. Paul's. The present building is at least the third to occupy this site. Indeed, ancient records seem to show that a temple to Diana may have stood on this spot. In the seventh century, Ethelbert, king of Kent, built what for those days must have been a magnificent structure. He endowed this with the Manor of Tillingham in Essex. This Manor still belongs to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, and is probably the oldest tenure in all England.

This structure was destroyed by fire in A.D. 1067, and its successor was two centuries in building. It is still spoken of as "Old St. Paul's." In the later days this church was much abused. In its nave, Oliver Cromwell stabled his horses. Tentative plans for its rebuilding were crystallized after the fire of 1666, which destroyed almost all London. The design of the new structure was the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and its achievement was the crowning glory of his life. Begun in 1675, it was opened for service in 1697 and completed in 1710. Unlike so many great artists, Sir Christopher lived to see the fulfillment of his dream. When he became very feeble, he used to insist on being carried once a year to view the work of which he was so justly proud. But it would seem that dishonesty among contractors is nothing new. Instead of the solid stone pillars which Sir Christopher Wren supposed were supporting the immense dome, there were columns faced with ashlar and filled with rubble. It has become absolutely necessary to replace these, and at the present, the sacred hush of St. Paul's is violated by the clamor of some thirty-five great drills, and the workmen swarm everywhere.

Many portions of the building are wholly shut off from visitors. But when one reflects that if this were not so, the great dome might sometime fall, perhaps killing hundreds of persons; one is quite resigned to the inevitable.

St. Paul's is in the form of a Latin cross, and in design bears a marked resemblance to St. Peter's in Rome, but here the likeness ceases. The decorations and chapels did not seem to me as beautiful. Twenty-two steps lead up to the church.

In the vestibule is Holman Hunt's picture, "The Light of the World." The ceiling of the dome presents eight paintings by Thornhill, illustrating the life of St. Paul, but the dome is so high that these can be seen to advantage only from the "Whispering Gallery." This gallery, named from its peculiar acoustics, is much more than half way to the top of the dome. If you place one ear to the wall, you can hear the slightest whisper from the opposite side. The dome is flanked on each side by quarter domes. To me this is one of the marked characteristics of the architecture of St. Paul's.

In the crypt, which is at least in part old St. Paul's, is the "Painter's Corner." Here lie Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Sir James Lawrence, Henry Turner, Holman Hunt, and of course, Sir Christopher Wren. His grave has no monument. It is marked by a simple tablet which reads: "Reader, if thou seekest his monument, look about thee." This simple inscription, which is unfortunately written in Latin, seems a beautiful and adequate tribute. There is also in the crypt a lovely monument to Florence Nightingale, who eased the dying hours of so many soldiers. I would rather have been she than Lord Nelson, who commanded them to battle.

We had intended going to Windsor on Thursday morning, but it rained. On Thursday afternoon, we went back to St. Paul's to hear the four o'clock service. This I did in hope of hearing a really fine boys' choir. I was utterly disappointed. To be sure, not all the choir was present, but if they had been it does not seem to me that it could have been wonderful. I must confess that I have been everywhere disappointed in the church music which I have heard in Europe. Not once have I heard a choir which for a moment compares with the Mendelssohn Choir, or even with that of St. John's the Divine in New York.

On our way to St. Paul's, we passed a small church whose very existence my guide had not known. We wandered in and were rewarded by a view of one of the most exquisite little temples which I have seen in all Europe. It is called "St. Lawrence Jewry," because this used to be a Jewish neigh-

borhood. The inside of the church is all wood most exquisitely carved. Fluted columns support a simple dome. Carved altars and seats are everywhere. One of the doors is as fine a specimen of wood-carving as I saw even in Germany, the land of wood-carvers. The church dates back to 1259, and is the corporation church of London. Here the Lord Mayor comes just before he takes his oath of office. The lady in charge was very kind to me. I sat, not only in the Lord Mayor's chair, but also in that used by Charles First, when he rededicated this church after it was rebuilt. I must confess that I did not in the least feel like a Lord Mayor of London, far less a king of England.

Thursday was my guide's last day with me. She was leaving London in a few days, and found it impossible to give me any more time.

On Friday morning, I found myself faced with the necessity of finding a new guide and also of hunting a room. The English-speaking Union, as a rule, keeps one person no more than a week. This is, of course, in order to make it possible that all their members should be able to enjoy their privileges. I am not a member, and they have already extended my time several days, so that I could ask no more favors. The problem of seeking a hotel without a guide loomed a bit large until I suddenly remembered that wonderful institution, "The London Messenger Service." I do assure you there is nothing like it. I could go all over London in absolute safety with those little fellows. I believe they could be trusted with anything; I know they can with your life, and what those little boys do not know is not worth the trouble of knowing. With my small guide, I sought Cook's. They tell me that London has never been so crowded with tourists. Even Cook's, with all their resources, found it most difficult to find a hotel for me. At last they secured a room at this hotel, which is called The National. It is very ordinary; also I suppose for me it suffers much by comparison with the English-speaking Union, which is so marvelous. However, it answers the purpose. In the matter of finding a guide, I was more fortunate. Miss

Wren, the secretary of the Union, knew a young lady who she thought might be willing to assume the responsibility of me for a few days. She therefore found for me, in many ways the most wonderful little comradé I have had in all my wanderings. She is a trained nurse, but oh, such a young one. Her queer little name is Owie Hunter, and she comes from the far land of Australia. If they have any more like her, I want to go there. She is small, but she can certainly move anything on earth which stands between her and what she wishes to accomplish. She has, incidentally, the most beautiful eyes, and I am sure that she owes to these some of her power to work her will with every one. She most unselfishly hastened a pleasant lunch party and came to help me move on Friday afternoon.

On Friday evening, we went to dine at my favorite Lyons. At this particular Lyons, the orchestra is lovely. It reminds me of my favorite Renascente in Milan. It is always crowded, and this evening was no exception. We were obliged to ask permission to sit at a table already occupied by two young ladies. I cannot recall just how we entered into conversation, but it led to an acquaintance which I shall cherish all my life. These young English girls were exactly the type which most appeals to me because they are just like my own dear bunch, capable, self-reliant, intelligent young women, occupying positions as secretaries and filling them perfectly, I am sure. Like so many others over here, one of them carries in her heart a double wound dealt by the war, which took from her both her brother and her lover. She wears her hurt with that fine dignity which makes of it a "Cross of Honor" more noble than any king can confer. To have been in her presence for an hour is a thing to cherish for a lifetime.

On Saturday morning we went to the Kingsway Theatre, to buy tickets for "Mariegold," a play which, some one had told me, was not war and not a sex problem. The theatre is small, and we were fortunate in being able to secure tickets.

We spent the rest of the morning in the National Gallery. Here every great artist, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, greeted me

anew, to say nothing of the English and French artists whom I know less, but must learn to understand. When we reached the Titian room, a party from the University Travel Bureau had gathered to listen to a lecture by Professor Fanning. We ventured to add ourselves to the group, and I learned more in a quarter of an hour than I had ever known or dreamed, not only about Titian, but also about all my beloved Italian masters, from Perugino to Rafael. I learned one thing which I shall never forget, namely, that Venetian art really should be seen in Venice, in its native environment with that peculiar atmosphere, and beneath that matchless Italian sky which gave it birth. After the lecture was over, I went to Professor Fanning and confessed my theft. He was most gracious, and asked us to come to the next lecture on Monday morning. I regret that I cannot avail myself of the privilege. One thing I have resolved: I am coming over next time with the University Travel Bureau. Heaven grant there may be a next time.

In the afternoon, we went to London Tower. It was a rash thing to do on a Saturday, and the crowds were so dense that, with a guide less capable, I might have regretted it. As it was, between Miss Hunter, and a fine, big "Beef Eater," as the Tower guards are called, I got on beautifully. The Beef Eaters were a guild formed centuries ago, I think during the Crusades. London Tower was built originally as a fortress, and must have been almost impregnable. Perhaps we think of it far more as a prison wherein perished so many of England's noblest blood, including the two little princes whom we have always supposed to have been killed by Richard the Third (though an English gentleman tells me that recently this has been thought to be a slander on Richard), Lady Jane Gray and her noble husband, and Sir Walter Raleigh. Time would fail to enumerate them. The tiny chapel where they are buried and where many of them received the sacrament on the last night of their lives, is well spoken of as "the saddest spot on earth."

In the Jewel Tower are kept all the royal jewels, including

the crowns of the king and queen, worn each year when they open parliament. The coronation crowns with their priceless diamonds are also here. That of the King's crown was originally the largest diamond of the world, weighing some five hundred and fifty carats. It has now been cut, and a part of it is in a pedant which the queen wears. Nowhere can one behold such an array of glittering gems, but all their glory cannot lift the shadows which hang over London Tower.

I wanted to see the peculiar costume and cap worn by the Beef Eaters, and one of them kindly submitted to being touched. It is a marvelous creation of red and gold but it looked hot and uncomfortable.

In spite of the crowds, one of these big men carefully guided us round the Jewel Tower, and told me every detail about the display. The only thing which I failed to see was the tower wherein Sir Walter Raleigh passed so many weary years. The crowds were so dense that we gave it up.

After London Tower, we needed the delightful contrast which "Mariegold" supplied. A more charming little play I have never seen. It deals with the early Victorian period, and the scene is laid in Scotland. The cast was splendid, and the Scotch dialect was delightful.

The National Gallery, London Tower, and "Mariegold" made a rather large day.

There is one thing which this hotel can claim, namely, a very good little orchestra. If this narrative is becoming a bit incoherent, the blame is theirs. They have just been playing "Tannhäuser," and doing it well. So how can I be expected to write?

Sunday morning, both Miss Hunter and I had sense enough to rest. We met after lunch, going first to the Temple Church. This unique house of worship is in the very heart of that historic structure, or rather collection of buildings, known as "The Temples." They had their inception in the dream of twelve knights of the Crusade who, returning from the Holy Land, dreamed of creating a civilization in which law and religion should walk hand in hand. They called them-

selves "Knights Templars," and while, perhaps, their dream was never realized, still they certainly exercised a great influence upon both the political and the religious life of England during the centuries immediately following the Crusades. The Temple is the only round church in London. Within it are the tombs of these Crusaders, with a statue upon each. These statues lie prone, and the position is supposed to indicate in how many Crusades the knight has fought. If only his feet are crossed, then he was in but one. If the limbs are crossed almost up to the knees, then he was in two or more of these wars. The one which I touched could claim the latter distinction. He had a strong face, and looked as if he might have intimidated more than one Saracen. The choir at the Temple Church really is as nearly an exception to what I have said about European church choirs as any which I have heard. The Temples are large buildings built around courts, with fountains and beautiful little plots of grass and flowers. They are entirely devoted to law offices, and in these many of the legal gentlemen live. Perhaps the most distinguished person who lies in the little Temple cemetery is Oliver Goldsmith.

From the Temples we went to Hyde Park. I had passed this beautiful oasis in London's heart many times, but had not walked in it. It is too well known to need words of mine, but I must pay my tribute to the lovely statue of Peter Pan which is the shrine of so many childish hearts. The statue is the work of Sir George Frampton, friend of Barrie. It is an exquisite figure of Peter, with groups of fairies, each group different, and birds and snails and flowers all round his feet. The fairies are enchanting little creatures in every pose which it is possible to conceive a fairy as taking. Looking at this statue, even the most hardened skeptic must answer Maude Adams' invariable question, "Do you believe in fairies?" in the affirmative. When the statue was finally completed, Barrie begged that it might be set up over night so that the children would come and find it there the next morning. The kiddies actually believe that Peter sailed from his island in the Thames

and landed on the shore just where they found him on that June morning.

Six o'clock on this memorable Sunday found us at the Guild House. This wonderful spiritual and social center is widely known. Every one knows that its real genius, to whom it owes its unique and potent place in the life of London, is Miss Maude Royden. Every activity of Guild House, and they are legion, is inbreathed with the spirit of this marvelous woman; a spirit at once so fearless and so tolerant, so dominating and so gentle, so profound and so simple, so vivid and so perfectly poised, that it seems almost beyond human attainment. Until you have felt the thrill and the power of her, you cannot know Maude Royden. She preached that evening, in reply to a letter she had received, on "How can the pacifist hope to stand aloof if there is another war?" One sentence in the letter read, "One might stand apart from one's country in the days of her prosperity, but not to share in her suffering, this is too terrible." Miss Royden said that she firmly believed that it was infinitely easier to be a soldier and die for one's country than to be a "conscientious objector." I have seldom seen any one who was so perfectly fair, so capable of seeing and understanding the viewpoint of every sort of person, as Miss Royden. She seems to possess a sort of sixth sense by which she can instantly grasp the reason behind the reason for what people feel and think. To have heard her once, is a liberal education and a spiritual uplift. It would seem to me that the mission of Guild House is to put life into the dry bones of ultraformalism. When we left Guild House, after having stayed for the open discussion after the service, Owie took me to her little flat and gave me coffee, and then I took a taxi to my hotel and called it a day.

On Monday morning, we attended to some business which grew out of the fact that we had decided to take a three days' motor tour. I had registered for a Cook's Tour of Oxford and Stratford, and had deeply appreciated the fact that they were willing to take me. But after I learned that Owie drives

a car and was willing to go with me, I felt that I could, perhaps, see more with a personal guide.

On Monday afternoon, we went to Liberty's magnificent store. Nowhere in the world, I am sure, is there another just like it. On the top floor, they have a display of houses, furnished exactly as a house should be furnished. Each room is decorated as it should be for the particular type of house which it represents. You can see everything from the king's palace to the perfectly appointed tiny bungalow for the humblest "newlyweds." Really, it is difficult to say which is the most fascinating and suggestive of happiness. On the whole, I think I would give the palm to the bungalow. It is so fascinating to see how much beauty and comfort can be achieved with comparatively little cost. Just by way of local color, we were caught in a storm on the way home, and literally drenched. It failed, however, to dampen our ardor for our trip. Nor did the fact that the next morning dawned gray and forbidding disturb our serenity.

We left London about ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, and thus began an experience which is the crown of all this wonderful year. Did I say year? Incredible it seems to me that this perfect experience should have been mine. It is a miracle great enough to make faith in all miracles easy.

We stopped first at Eton, that historic school which has been the determining factor in the character of so many of England's greatest men. In the chapel is a memorial window to the 1157 Eton men whom the war took as its tragic toll. The window was designed by one of the Eton masters. There is also in the chapel a lovely Burne-Jones tapestry, and a picture of Sir Galahad by Watts, given to Eton by the artist himself. He began this picture, and then, for some reason, threw it aside. Later, someone asked him to finish it. When it was completed, he gave it to Eton on condition that it should hang in the chapel. There is also a lovely carved screen by Grinling Gibbons. In one corner are some dreadfully narrow little seats, straight and most uncomfortable. These are for

the younger boys and are known as "knife boards." The name is entirely appropriate. Heaven pity the poor youngsters who must occupy them during the chapel exercises! There is a great chair which the king occupies when he comes to inspect Eton.

The upper school dates back to 1690 and the lower to 1480. In every available spot, on walls, on stair balustrades, on the steps, are carved the names of the boys. At first they did this themselves, but now, in self-defense, the school authorities employ an expert to do this for each class as it graduates. Shelley's name was there, carved very badly by the poet's unskillful hand. William Pitt, Gladstone, and a multitude of others, evidenced the achievements in man-making of this wonderful institution. I learned at least one secret as to the method by which this has been accomplished. In one of the rooms stood a great block of wood rounded over the top. When we asked what it was for, the guide replied, "That is the caning block." "But," I exclaimed, "surely it is not used now?" The guide touched it, and remarked significantly, "It is still warm from having just been occupied." The hapless young sinner leans over the block on his stomach, and takes his birch oil from the rear. Moreover, the guide informed us that there is nothing between the birch and the boy. When I insisted that I considered this a relic of barbarism, the guide pointed to some of the great names which were everywhere in evidence, and remarked: "Madame, does not the result seem to justify the method?" I was compelled to admit the truth of his claim. If our schools could produce as many great men as Eton has done, perhaps it would be worth while to test the method. Certainly I know some American boys would not be the worse for the experience.

From Eton we went to Windsor. The two are so close together that they seem almost like one town. From the terraces of Windsor one can look over to the athletic fields of Eton where, someone has said, England has really won her battles. One enters Windsor Castle with a sense of awe and reverence for all the history for which it stands. This stately

structure crowns a hill from whence it looks down upon London, and all the glory and shame, the poverty and wealth which constitute the life of this great city. Of course, we saw only the very small portion of the castle known as the "State Apartments." While the royal family live much of the time at Buckingham, still Windsor is one of their homes. They always go there during the festive sport season. In the stately halls of Windsor walk the personalities of Charles the First, Charles the Second, and Queen Victoria. Everywhere one sees the insignia of the Knights of the Garter, which guild was founded by Charles the First. Their motto, "Honi soit qui mal-y pense" (Evil is to him who evil thinks), can be seen carved on the walls and tablets. The Charles the First dining room has beautiful wood carvings by Grinling Gibbons. These show flowers, fruit, fish, etc. There are many beautiful portraits by Van Dyck, who was the favorite of Charles First. Notable among these are several of Katherine of Braganza, Charles' queen. This famous lady of Portugal brought with her as a part of her dowry the City of Bombay, thus laying the foundation of British possessions in India. There is a Rubens room devoted almost entirely to works by this master. I wish that I knew of which king he was the favorite. We saw the bed chamber where royal guests sleep when the king entertains at Windsor. The great drawing room is in gold and white. Recently they have been redecorating the palace. When they came to this room, they had expected to be obliged to replace all the gold which had stood for a hundred years. But when it was washed, its color was undimmed and needed no restoration. In the Waterloo chamber is perhaps the largest seamless carpet in the world. It required seven years to make it. In the corners are the royal insignia. The long table in this room seats eighty persons. Here the king entertains his more personal guests. The room is also used as a royal theatre and has fine acoustical properties.

The guard room, as it is called because it was so used when the queen had her apartments on this side of the castle, contains numberless banners of the battles of Blenheim and

Waterloo. When we asked the reason why there were so many, the guide explained that, on a certain day each year the descendants of the Duke of Marlboro and the Duke of Wellington each bring to the king one of these flags. This represents all the rental which they pay for their vast estates. This tenure is, of course, in recognition of the service rendered by these generals in winning these great battles. It will hold as long as they have a male heir to inherit. At present, the real guard room is on the other side of the palace, and is not shown to visitors. But this summer, when the blinded soldiers from St. Dunstan's were in camp, they were invited to Windsor and were shown this room, which is ordinarily never open to visitors.

Everybody has read of the "Queen's Doll House," but I doubt if it is possible for one to conceive it without seeing it. I always supposed that it was Windsor castle in miniature; instead, it is Buckingham Palace. It was given to the queen, and it represents literally years of labor. Since its construction, hundreds of people have sent her things for it. In fact, there are glass cases full of these tiny objects for which there is no room in the house itself. Every room in the palace is perfectly reproduced, from the state drawing room to the baths with their tiny appointments, even including the cakes of soap, no larger than the end of your finger; the kitchen with its pots and pans and the pantry with its jars and dishes. The queen exhibits the doll house for the benefit of her pet charities, of which she has many. If you have, like myself, had some sort of idea that King George and Queen Mary are not popular in England, dismiss it at once. From all that I heard, I am certain that these simple, sane, democratic sovereigns are as deeply beloved as they certainly richly deserve to be.

From Windsor we went to Oxford. We stopped at a tiny village named Coln-brook, and went into an old inn which, I am sure, must have stood on that spot at least two hundred years. It looked ready to tumble down, but it is still a tavern. We passed quaint, adorable little villages with their half-timbered houses, and their tiny gardens—always the

gardens, no matter how small the house, and always beautifully kept. We passed the famous village of Broadway, considered perhaps the most beautiful in all England. All the sidewalks were grass, with flagstone paths leading down to the street from each house. Unlike all the other villages, it had not a single hedge or wall, to divide one little garden from the other. Everywhere else there were stone walls covered with thick hedges beautifully green and often in flower.

We saw a signpost marked:

MORETON IN THE MARSH
BOURTON ON THE HILL
STOW IN THE WOLD

All these names were given in full. This was rural England for which I had so longed, and I loved it.

It was after seven when we reached Oxford. Owie knew a lovely lady who took us in for the night. After we had washed up a bit, we went to old Christ Church College to hear the bell of old "Tom Tower" strike its one hundred and one strokes at nine o'clock. This is a tradition so binding as to amount to a law. The man who founded the college made this provision in his will. It is Oxford's curfew, and is unfailing. However, the old guard told us, that, a few nights before we were there, something had gone wrong with the clapper, and it stopped at 72. I asked what he did about it, and he replied, "Took a hammer and struck the rest out of her." England's traditions are as inviolable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and more sacred to the heart of the Englishman. Oxford has many shibboleths, the pronouncing or failing to pronounce which stamps you either as belonging to the elect or as hopelessly outside the sacred circle. High Street is always "The High." Christ Church College is always "The House." Worcester is "Wagus." The martyr's memorial monument is "Magusmemoggus." The River Thames where it flows by Oxford is called "Isis." It resumes its name afterward. Into the Thames at this point, flows

the Cherwell, pronounced by the English, "Charwell," on the same principle as they pronounce clerk, "Clark." The English seem to feel that we have a language quite our own, and utterly unworthy to be associated in any way with their king's variety. Their speech is, in fact, much more elegant and finished than ours, but some of its peculiarities, as for example, their way of pronouncing *e* like *a,* seem as strange to us as our clipped, inelegant speech seems to them. One gentleman told me that before he took his present position, they asked him if he could speak and understand "American."

Of course, it is now the long vacation in Oxford, and the men are not there in any great number. On Wednesday morning, we visited the beautiful garden of St. John's College. I have seldom, if ever, seen so lovely a spot with its roses and lavender and its tall trees. The rock garden is wonderful. It is made entirely of rocks, terraced, and covered with every kind of plant which will grow on rocks. It was the work of a man who died recently after serving St. John's for years as head gardener, and his memorial is there in the form of a tablet. The rock garden is in itself sufficient to give distinction to St. John's. And oh, the birds! Every sort of singing, soaring bit of living color inhabits these English gardens.

All the colleges have an outer court, then the cloister, sometimes pillared and sometimes walled, and then the lovely garden. When the cloister is walled, it has openings for windows, but without the glass. We visited next Magdalene College, spelled as above but pronounced "Maudlin." This I do not in the least understand. It is not merely Oxford slang. It is the way in which the college is always spoken of everywhere in England. I tried but failed to learn a historic reason for this as well as for the name of Tom Tower. In Magdalene, we walked in what is known as "Addison's Walk," where he is said to have composed his earlier essays. We also visited Merton, the oldest college in Oxford. It has a wonderful library. I saw a book chained to the shelf as they always used to do. I wanted to see the famous "New College" but we felt that we must get on to Stratford.

How shall I worthily describe or fitly praise that most beautiful, most enthralling spot, "Stratford-on-Avon"? Here, indeed, walks the stately spirit of noblest England. Here breathes the presence of her greatest bard, and here dwells her past in hallowed wedlock with her present. Standing in Anne Hathaway's little cottage, in which nothing has been altered since the days when she graced it with her fair presence, the past becomes present, and Shakespeare lives again, with all that group of noble geniuses, which made his time the crown of English letters. In Anne's cottage there is just one thing which is not the original, namely, a leather water-container shaped exactly like a pitcher. One enters the living room with its deep fireplace, beside which stands the ancient salt box, its brick oven with wooden doors inconceivably heavy, which our guide, a lady, by the way, and most charming, said is one of the only two with wooden doors left in all the British Isles. The bedroom where slept Anne's father and mother, with its high-post wooden bed which her father so prized that he made special mention of it in his will, the little room where Anne slept with her sister, even the tiny room occupied by the maid, all this is there with, somehow, its atmosphere unchanged by time. Anne's father, like the father of Shakespeare, was a man of means and consequence. Until about thirty years ago, the Hathaway family actually lived in this cottage, and when it was sold to the Shakespeare Memorial Society, they moved to another house in Stratford, where they still live. Shakespeare's family, on the contrary, was extinct within two generations after death, his grand-daughter Elizabeth being the last of his house. In the Hathaway cottage there was a queer leather flask in which they carried their beer or wine when they took a lunch. It had a hole in one side, and when I asked about it, the guide explained that when the flask began to leak, the father cut out a piece so that all in the household would know that it must not be used. He used the piece to mend his boots, and the bottle they hung on the wall as a catcher for odds and ends.

In walking back to Shakespeare's house, we passed the

home of Marie Corelli. I somehow got the impression that Stratford was not specially proud of her. When we reached the Shakespeare home, there were such crowds of tourists that we decided to wait to see it until morning. The Shakespeare Festival was on at Stratford, and we bought tickets for "Macbeth," which was the play for the evening. As you know, the Shakespeare Theatre has recently been burned, and Stratford is making a desperate effort to raise money to rebuild it. The ground has already been secured. It is to be, not on, but very near the site of the old theatre. The theatre which they are at present using is not large but serves fairly well. Imagine the thrill one feels in hearing a Shakespeare play in the very spot where it was written. The actors are chosen from the most promising graduates of the school at Oxford. The part of Macbeth was ably taken by a Mr. Walter, and that of Lady Macbeth by a Miss Green. She was exceedingly fine. If the performance lacks something of the experienced finesse which the standard set by Sothern and Marlowe has taught us to look for, it was certainly both vital and sincere and gave goodly promise that these great artists would some near day have worthy successors.

Thursday morning, we rose betimes (you see, I am falling into Shakespearian period English) and betook ourselves to Shakespeare's house. The event justified our wisdom in having waited, for there was almost no one there, and the guides gave us their undivided attention. The house is surprisingly large, about sixteen rooms. Shakespeare's father was a well-to-do wool merchant and occupied at one time or another all the public offices in the gift of Stratford. His name is mentioned some sixty or more times in the records of the town. To me, the interest of the house centered in the collection of Shakespeare's manuscripts. Like all writers of his time, he sold his plays outright to any theatre manager who would take them. We saw manuscripts, for which he received perhaps six or seven pounds, which are now worth thousands of dollars. The only letter left of all his correspondence is one written to him by his son-in-law, and it asks to borrow

money. I am sure there are fathers-in-law today who would tell us that history repeats itself. In the Shakespeare house, much more has had to be restored than in the home of Anne Hathaway, perhaps because, for several centuries, it was occupied by strangers who could not feel for it the devotion that the members of the Hathaway family felt for their ancestral home.

We found that the play for Thursday evening was to be Sheridan's "Rivals," introduced, I suppose, to break the tension of the Shakespeare tragedies. I am quite sure that my best friend would never presume to claim for me that my enthusiasms are ever tempered by common sense. On this occasion the balance was lost altogether. In the same breath in which I said how much I would love to hear the "Rivals," I added that I had always longed to take an auto ride which should last all night. Now, instead of scorning this suggestion as an insane folly, as she should certainly have done, my little guide's sporting spirit was at once challenged by it, and before we left Stratford to see Warwick Castle, we two mad children had bought tickets for the play that evening and planned to drive to London afterward. This was the more ridiculous because we had had some trouble with our car. As we started for Warwick, I said to Owie, "My dear, did you get petrol, before you took the car from the garage?" (petrol being the English term for what we call gas). "No," she replied, "we have enough." My one pet terror is being stranded in the midst of a garageless waste without gas, so I remonstrated rather forcibly, realizing that we had already traveled many miles on our supply. Now my little Owie has the best disposition in the world, but that morning she was tired, and she finally told me rather sharply that she was looking after the car. All went merrily until we had gone about three miles out of Stratford, then, bing! the car stopped. We hailed a passing car, and begged it to send us the A. A. man whom we had passed just as we left Stratford. Then we waited. In time he came. I had learned the wisdom of silence, and said nothing, but when I heard the drip, drip

of the gas into the tank, I smiled, and then my little girl gave it up, and we laughed long and mutually over her discomfiture. She admitted that she was apt to be a bit casual and trust to luck rather than take precautions, and promised to let my bump of caution rule the rest of the trip. These A. A. men are marvelous, and save the lives of tourists everywhere in England. They have everything from a screw driver to a gallon of gasoline, and they are true knights of the road, always ready to serve you cheerfully and without demanding tips.

We reached Warwick without further adventure than narrowly escaping the killing of a dear little rabbit, who indiscreetly took a chance. To me, Warwick Castle is even more beautiful than Windsor, perhaps because nature has lavished her richest treasures upon it. The river kisses its feet, and the protecting hills enfold it in their embrace. There are over seven hundred acres in the castle grounds alone, and the estate is much larger. The present Earl of Warwick and his young wife occupy the castle as their home. They are somewhat socialistic in the best sense of that word, and their guests represent many types and every social class. We saw, of course, only the state apartments. These consist of a series of rooms, all opening into each other. The art which adorns these spacious apartments represents not only Rubens and Van Dyck but also Reynolds, Velasquez, and other more modern painters. The lovely vista made by these rooms ends in the great banquet hall, where the Warwicks have for generations entertained their noble guests. The whole is now lighted by electricity and heated by hot water, these modern improvements having been added by the late Earl. On festive occasions, these apartments must be beautiful beyond description. In the banqueting hall, there is an immense old copper container said to hold one hundred and twenty gallons. It was used to make porridge for the whole castle family. Someone, describing a party once given there, said, "It was filled with whiskey and lemon and sugar, and the ladies and gentlemen stayed until twelve."

As a fortress, the castle dates back to the days of William the Conqueror. It must have been well-nigh impregnable. In the stone wall surrounding the keep are square holes through which they used to pour boiling pitch down upon the approaching enemy. The castle was remodeled by Fulke Greville. This interesting member of the Warwick family was purveyor of the king's household. He was, moreover, a poet of no mean ability, and at the moment, an effort is being made to collect his poems. He seems to have been a most interesting man. He was unmarried but took great interest in the castle. He has recently had a descendant who seems in many ways to have greatly resembled him. He held the same office in the king's household and was also a bachelor. He died but a few months ago. We wandered about the lovely, terraced grounds which slope down to the river on one side, and up to the hills on the other. In one of the small conservatories is a marvelous Grecian vase of great antiquity. It was found near Naples and dates back to at least 500 B.C. Sir William Hamilton, who at that time was Minister to Rome, sent it as a gift to his cousin, the Earl of Warwick. Every one knows the strange story of Sir William Hamilton and the child of the slums whom he married and of whom he made so great a lady. Also, every one knows what a vital part Lady Hamilton played in the life of Lord Nelson, but wandering about the grounds of Warwick Castle, they all seem very real, not at all like the more or less mythical personages of your English history text books.

We went to the church where are buried the Warwicks for generations. The Greville chapel was lovely. In this church also are buried some of the family of Lord Leicester, Earl of Dudley, although I believe that he is buried at Kenilworth. The eleven-year-old son of the Earl of Dudley by his second wife, the successor to the hapless Amy Robsart, has a tomb here. He was called the "Imp," evidently not because he was bad, but as a sort of pet name. His statue with his dog at his feet, and a tiny coronet on his little head,

is lovely and appealing. Here also is the tomb of the greatest of the Warwicks, known as the "King Maker."

Kenilworth is but seven miles beyond Warwick, and we had fully intended to go on to see its ruins. But when at last we emerged from the church, it was too late. We had just time to get dinner and pack our belongings before the play.

The "Rivals" was delightful. We laughed anew at Mrs. Malaprop and sympathized with poor Lydia, although she was, I must admit, not very appealing. It was nearly eleven o'clock when we turned reluctant faces toward London. Of course, we were perfectly sure that we knew the way, of course we had maps and a flash light and all the rest, and equally, of course, we got lost. No two people with a grain of sense would have attempted to drive from Stratford to London in the rain and darkness. Certainly, no two sensible persons would have attempted to take a way different from that by which they had come merely because it was supposed to be shorter. It certainly did not prove to be so for us. We made just one wrong turn, but one is quite enough. Of course, my little girl hated to admit that we were lost, but when at last I broke my enforced silence and casually remarked, "Owie, dear, do main roads in England have grass growing in them?" she calmly replied, "I do not think they do." We wandered about hither and yon. Anything more dead than England at night it would not be possible to conceive. Not a light was visible. At last we caught sight of a glimmer in a tiny cottage, and aimed for it. Owie took her courage in her hand, and sounded the knocker which always serves instead of a bell in England. The door was immediately opened by an old man, clad in that outworn garment known as a "nightshirt," which dangled around his bare legs. Owie apologetically explained that we were en route for London and were lost. Our old gentleman had evidently taken out his false teeth, and he talked through a heavy beard, but at last we gathered that if we went round to the left, then round to the right, we might reach Brackley and at blessed Brackley we could find the main

road to London. Our old gentleman made it rather plain that he entertained grave doubts as to the respectability of a young lady who was traveling about at that hour of the night. He intimated that she "be for no good." I only hope he did not take cold. Among other things, he explained that he lived alone, and I teased Owie unmercifully, telling her I was sure she would have been more than glad to dispose of the relentless chaperon.

However, we did reach Brackley, and we did strike the main road, and we did ride calmly into London town about six A. M., more dead than alive. We stopped at one of those most Londony of all London institutions, the "coffee stall." We got some coffee which was so bad we could not drink a drop. But on the whole, we agreed that we had fared much better than we deserved, and also that we would do it all again.

In spite of our all-night ride, we met early that afternoon. I bought a hat. When is a woman too weary to buy a new hat? Also, we bought flowers for my little dinner party. I had written the two English girls whom we had met at the Lyons the week before, inviting them to join us there for a farewell dinner party on Friday evening. And on my return I found a note of acceptance awaiting me. That dinner party is a thing to remember all my life.

On Saturday morning, Owie, the faithful, came and took me to the Waterloo Station. To Southhampton was but a little hour or so, and then, on board the "Aurania."

The hour has struck. The "Aurania" breaks anchor. My beautiful, wonderful, unbelievable year is ended. Is it, then, because I am disloyal to my birth land, or because I have ceased to love the adored friends who are my life, that the hot tears fall? Ah! I am sure that this is not true. But this old world grips me. There is so much to see, so much to learn. There are so many unfinished experiences, so many unexplored treasures. Then, too, there are all the new friends, no longer new, but interwoven with my very heart. Shall I never see them again? They gather round me in this hour.

My little maid Mizzi in Berlin, who could never do enough for me to satisfy the measure of her love. My beloved Fräulein Heilbrun, who labored so patiently to teach me her lovely German speech, all the maids who served me so eagerly in Munich, in Milan, in Florence and Rome. There was Anton Lang, that saint of God, who honored me with his benediction. There were Mr. and Mrs. Huddleston, American Vice-Consul and wife, of Milan, who made their home a haven to me. There was Mrs. Roege, who showed me lovely Genoa, and my darling Maria Borchetta, who taught me Italian and showed me the beauty of utter selflessness, as I had never seen it before. In Florence, my wise teacher and guide, Miss Fawcett and my friend, Miss Williams, to say nothing of the young Padre and our journey to Rome. And there, in that city of wonder and mystery, my little guide, Annie Belart and all the friends at Hotel Italia. On the way from Milan to Montreux, there were my lovely lady from India and her husband, whom I met only in those brief hours, but whose kindness I shall never forget. In beautiful Montreux there was my dear Mrs. Gordon-Smith, who constituted herself my guide and gave me two such perfect days. In Geneva, my wistful, gentle, little Helene. In Paris, my two lovely girls, Inez and Martha, and my faithful guide, Miss Girardin. In London, ah, London, kind Mrs. Brigstocke and my dear, dear Owie Hunter, and the two lovely English girls whom we met and in whom my heart so instantly recognized kinship. Last night we had dinner together in the same restaurant where just a week before we had met. They brought me red roses and tender words, and wonderful intellectual stimulus and companionship. We are going to write at least once a year, each to the other. We sat around the little table, bright with flowers, and listened to the music: Owie from Australia, these two friends from London, and I, from the land of the Stars and Stripes, and we felt the wonderful sisterhood which knows no country save the kingdom of the spirit. Ah, yes, and there was the nice Italian boy, whose name I do not even know, but who brought me coffee the morning of my night journey from Rome back to Milan.

All these, and many others whose lives have touched mine in the past year, and who are a part of my "Calendar of Saints."

Is it, then, any wonder that the tears fall? Shall I ever pass this way again? God alone knows. But of this I am sure. Life is immeasurably bigger and finer and more intelligible for this marvelous experience. I am kin to all the world. My family of adoption are of every race and kindred. I am en rapport with all the beautiful, wonderful creations of genius of all time, and of every race. Above all, I know that love transcends race and environment and clime, and that it is the supreme heritage of life.

Once more let me pay my tribute of unpayable gratitude and love to the Wonder Lady who has given me this, the supreme experience of my life, and the one perfect happiness. May all God's angels guard her and may her tribe increase.

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